Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

IOLA, KA

The New
Frances Tipton Hunter

Arthur Somers Roche

Ben Ames Williams

Zane Grey

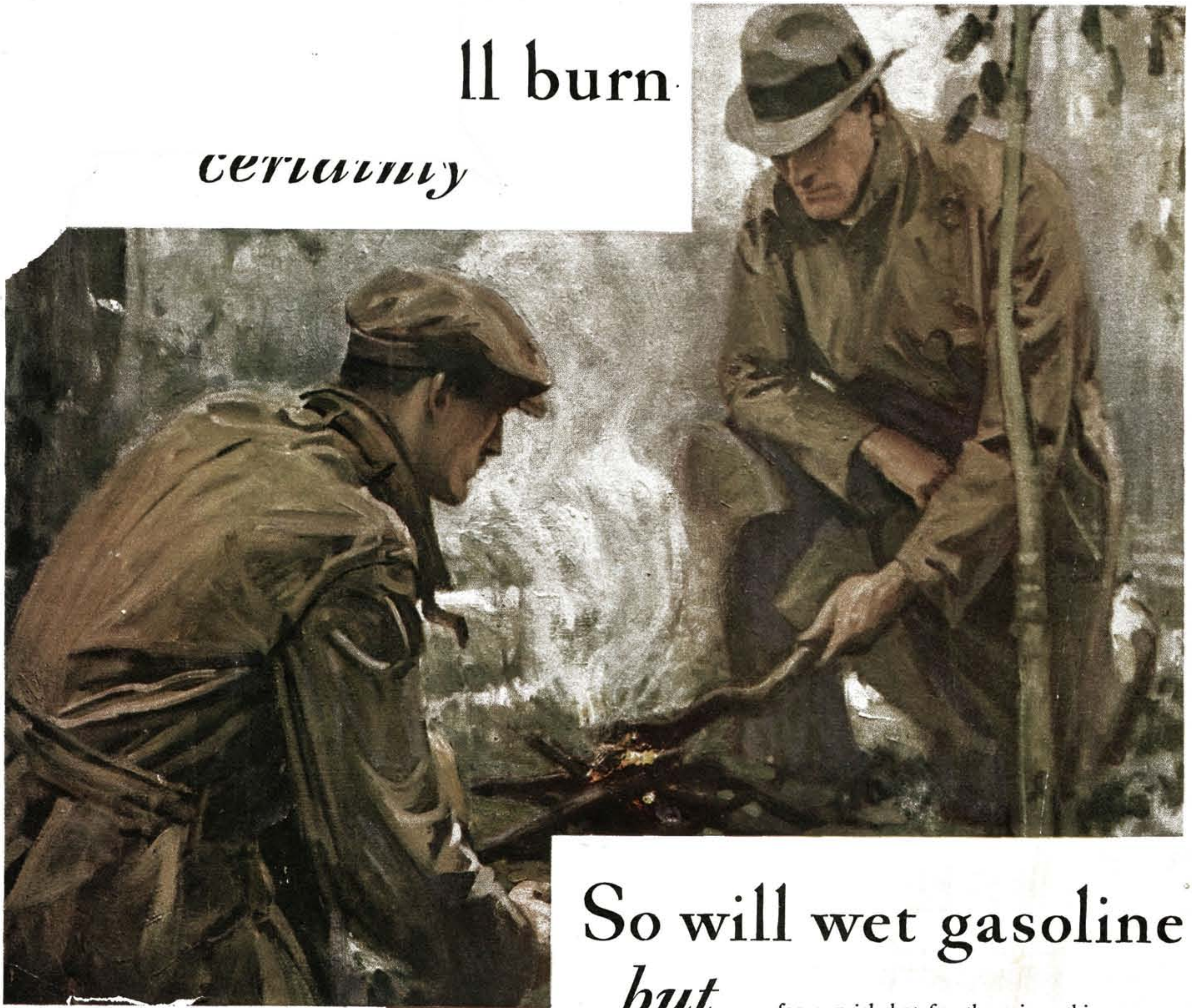
H. C. Witwer

-5, 1929

Oct. 1929

ll burn

certainly



So will wet gasoline

but... for a quick hot fire there is nothing like *dry* wood. And for a quick response to the spark there is nothing like *dry* gasoline.

Such a gasoline is the *new* and *better* Texaco. It forms a completely vaporized mixture of gasoline and air, a *dry* gas, which ignites instantly and burns completely. It releases all the power designed into the engine of your car, yet costs no more than ordinary wet gasoline. *It's better because it's dry!*

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ATOMIZED

1. A wet gas is an atomized mixture of gasoline vapor in which are suspended drops of raw gasoline.

2. These drops of raw gasoline form an uneven mixture which resists the action of the spark.

3. Result: Destructive crankcase dilution, difficult starts, slow acceleration—a sluggish motor.

DRY
VAPORIZED

1. The *new* and *better* Texaco vaporizes so readily that it forms a dry gas—an active mixture of gasoline and air.

2. This pure, dry gas responds instantly to the action of the spark.

3. Result: Lightning starts, rapid acceleration, smooth action—power!

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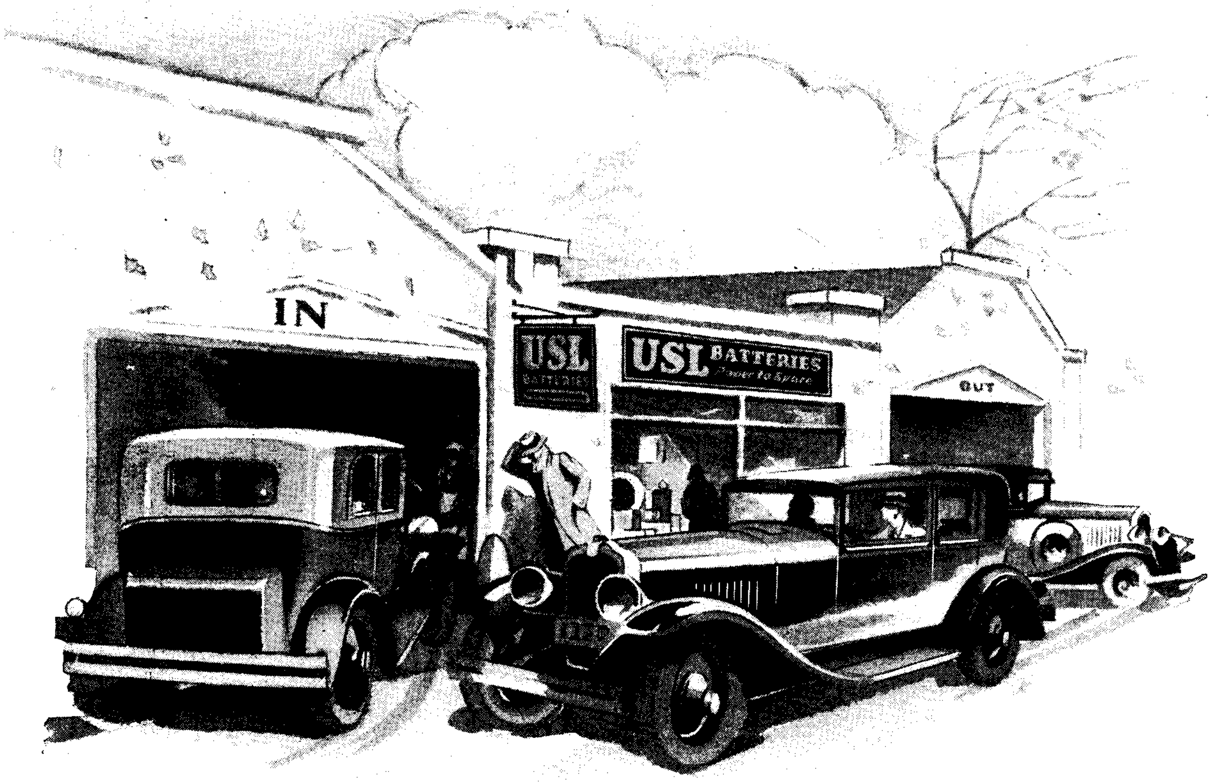
IN
USL BATTERIES
USL BATTERIES Power to Spare
OUT

IT'S mighty poor battery economy not to anticipate that first cold wintry morning when the oil in your motor has hardened to a gummy stiffness, binding pistons and bearings to almost metallic tightness.

Consider what you are apt to pay for lost time, inconvenience, service calls, recharging and rental batteries when your battery fails to start your car.

Compare the liberal trade-in allowance which your USL Dealer can make you *now* with the "junk value" allowance you will get after cold weather has ruined your battery.

Why not save the service cost, use the extra trade-in allowance, add a few dollars and enjoy carefree driving this winter with a new, dependable USL.

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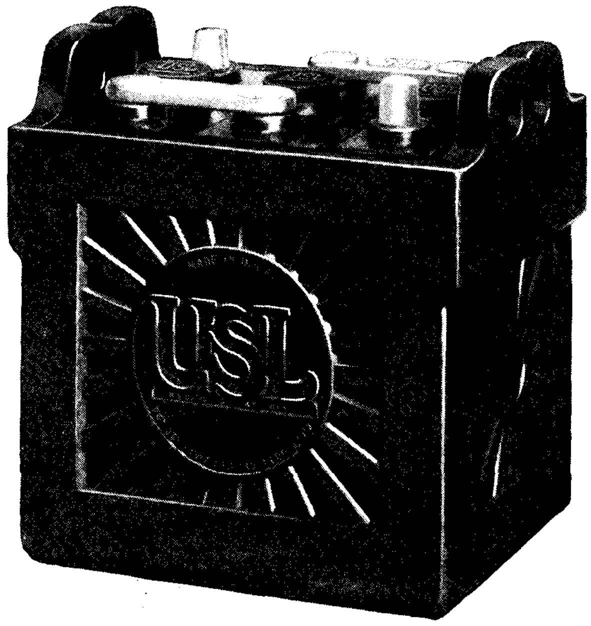

You pay no more for the surplus cold weather starting power built into USL batteries. In fact, USL prices are surprisingly low.

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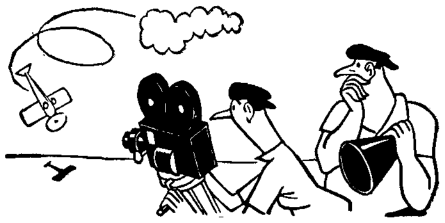
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

JEROME BEATTY takes a movie hero's double *into an airplane crash from* which the lad emerges minus a leg. He adds a smart girl named Katy O'Brien and a tall dark man for love and luck. And into this fine foundation he stirs a theater option and a palpitating scenario. You consume it while it's hot. It's called Stout Heart.



WHEN Peter B. Kyne told us he'd like to write a story about the sons of a family named Gatewood we said: "Go ahead, Peter, it sounds promising." Peter went ahead—far ahead of our expectations. You'll meet these Gatewoods next week. They took the last line of the first verse of that noble old song—America—seriously. Fought for it for four generations and then declared a little war of their own in behalf of a lady named Hopkins—and won.

"Mud in your eye, old settler," grinned Lee Gatewood IV, to his father, toasting the victory and the lady.

"Let freedom ring," responded Lee Gatewood III, solemnly.

And that's the title of the yarn: Let Freedom Ring!

WE SENT Walter Davenport to the Carolinas with instructions to strip the textile mill troubles of all propaganda and befogging side issues and fetch us the answer to all the strikes and shootings. With a mountain philosopher, Mr. Plenty John Carstair, Mr. Davenport trooped the Piedmont, making lots of friends and apparently enjoying every mile and minute of it. The piece is called When the Mountains Labor.

A LONG time ago we took Ring Lardner into our confidence and told him that there was nothing we could do to prevent the Chicago Cubs and Connie Mack's Athletics playing a world series, provided they won their pennants. Mr. Lardner showed some surprise but agreed to write the result of that titanic struggle in advance, so that we wouldn't have to worry about it at a time when we would be much too busy to go to the games. We publish it next week and if the Athletics win don't blame us. Mr. Lardner told us he knew baseball and we were weak enough to believe him.

AND if that isn't enough, there is Zane Grey's Yellowjacket Feud to continue, and George R. Preedy's fascinating serial, The Prince's Darling, and stories and articles by Laurie York Erskine, Grantland Rice, William Almon Wolff, Charley Paddock, John B. Kennedy and more.

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300 MILES TO THE GALLON! What'll your motor car eat when the oil wells go dry?

Page 12—Zane Grey

THE YELLOWJACKET FEUD: A thrilling novel of the untamed West.

Page 14—H. C. Witwer

PUNCH AND RUDY: The last complete story of a great humorist.

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CHIEF BRIGHT PATH: The greatest football player of all time.

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? If you could play bridge.

Page 75—Edwin E. Slosson

CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD: You ought to try it.

Page 78—Editorial

Any Week

FRANK GODWIN, who does such neat jobs of illustrating for Collier's, invited us out to his country home last week. We said we were too busy.

"As a special inducement," said he, "I'll call for you in my airplane. Take us no time at all to fly out."

"When," we asked, "did you buy an airplane?"

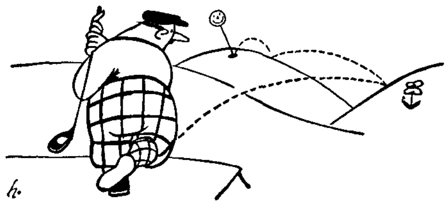
"Didn't buy it," he said. "Couldn't be bothered. I made this one myself. It has a lot of new features and you'll like its—"

"No we won't," we shouted. "We're not going."

But he's still working on us. Not that we pay any attention to him.

AND here's a letter from Mr. Harvey MacDowson of Kansas City telling us that all this stuff of Grantland Rice's about golf being difficult to master is rot. Even to admit that you are not golf's master is proof that you will never shoot below a hundred.

"I have been playing golf two years," writes Mr. MacDowson, "and am now ready for the first time to play eighteen consecutive holes, a thing I have never done before. My system makes *poor golf impossible*. First you pick the course you are going to do your playing on. Then you take your clubs and a few balls and start out to learn the first hole. You play the first hole and no other until, presently, you just mechanically do that first hole in par or under. You get so you can't do it any other way.



"Then you take on the second hole and play that until its par is as natural to you as your feet. And so on until you have all eighteen holes down."

We were just about to applaud Mr. MacDowson when something made us wonder what we'd do if we ever tried to play any course except our own club's.

WE'VE just come from Virginia where a deep-sea fisherman told us that he gives most of his scant reading time to Collier's. One thing puzzles him, he said. What are our political affiliations, if any? To what party do we belong? We told him we hadn't signed up with any.

"Well," said he, "maybe you're right. Sort of leaves you free to bear down heavy on any of them, according to who needs it most at the time. Yes," he went on, "it's got so that even the Democrats ought to get a rap on the knuckles occasionally."

FRANCES TIPTON HUNTER is the creator of the cover on this issue of Collier's. On February 9th last we published the picture of a boy and a dog painted by Miss Hunter. Up to this writing we have had requests for 94,852 separate copies of that painting, and still the requests come in. Evidently the young Philadelphia artist knows her boys and her dogs.

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Both ROUND UP and THE WAVE have been Guild selections. The long awaited novel, THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY by Ellen Glasgow, is the Guild book for August. These are books you *want*; books you will read whether you are a member of the Guild or not. Join the Guild at once and realize a considerable saving on twelve chosen books a year. Get full information *now* and consider the Guild plan at your leisure.

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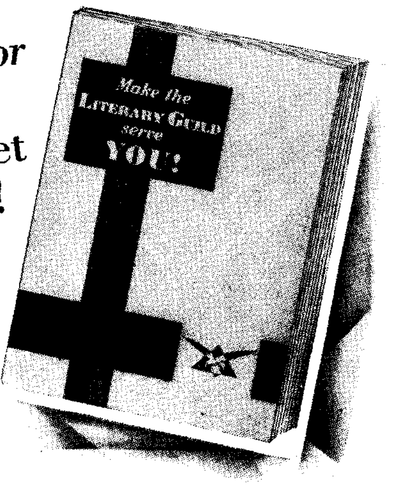

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"..if I could only *see* them first"

Well, here's how Armstrong Floors look in a $50,000 Indiana home — and an offer of a whole bookful of style-setting interiors

HALF decided . . . even though the idea of permanently beautiful Armstrong Floors throughout your home sounds good. You like the thought of the new freedom from floor-cleaning drudgery that the Accolac-Processed surface offers. You certainly approve of the wide choice of patterns and colors—scores of smart designs that fit into every decorative need.

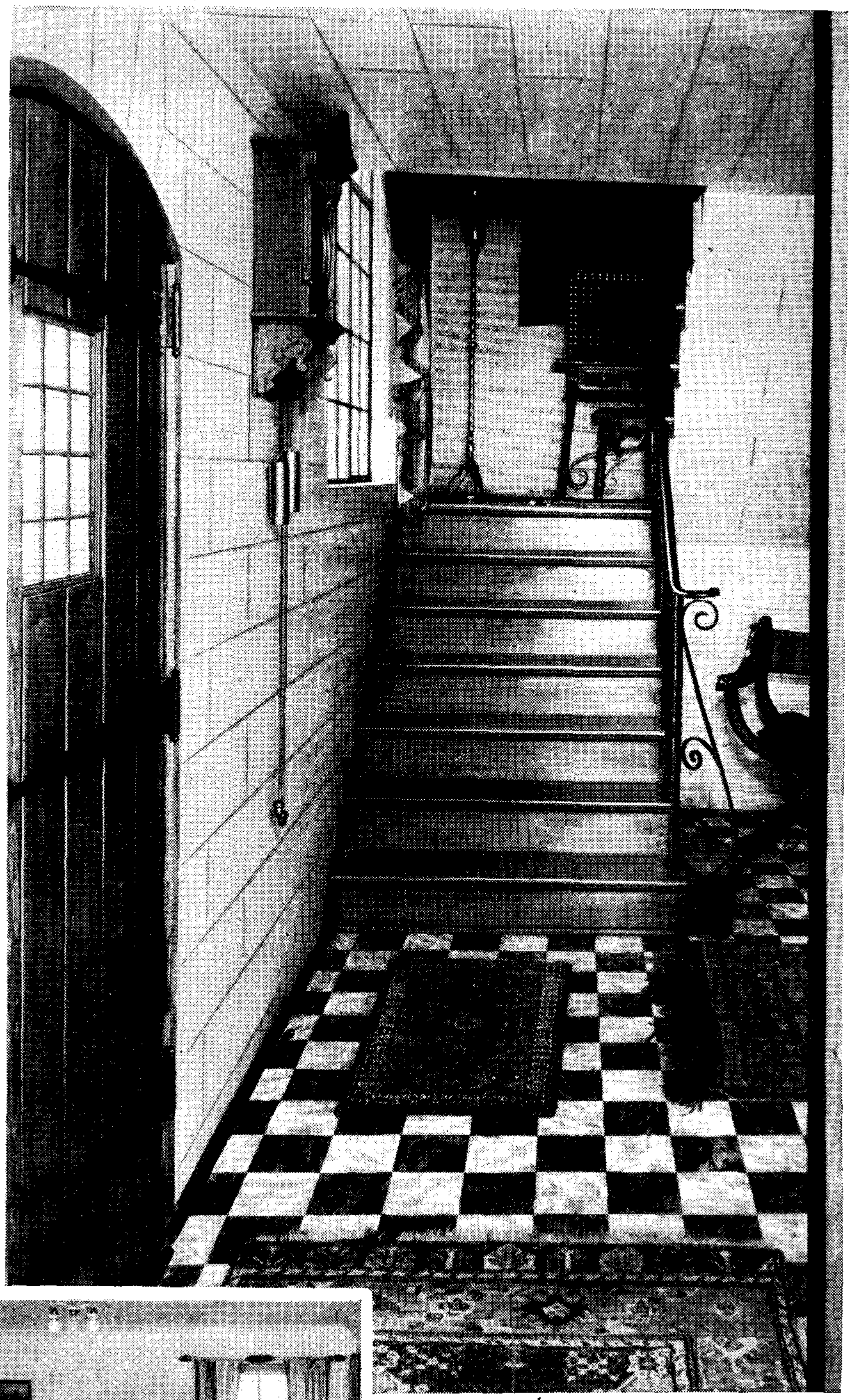
Still you wonder, and rightfully so, just how Armstrong Floors will look in your own home. And the best way we know of showing you is by peeps into the homes of other people who have selected Armstrong's Linoleum Floors for every room in the house.

On this page are a few camera studies taken in a home in Mishawaka, Ind. Each month in Modern Priscilla you have seen others. These particular rooms were planned by Miss Geraldine Grovelski, teacher of ceramic art. More than $50,000 was spent to make this home modern in every respect.

But that doesn't say Armstrong Floors are expensive. In fact, the price range is quite generous; some of the most fashionable effects will fit into a modest "just-married" budget.

We wish you could see this home in all the richness of its natural color, for then you could better appreciate the importance of the floors in each well-planned color scheme. We can, however, let you see full-color reproductions of many other rooms all planned by expert decorators if you will write for "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Its title is more than a promise. Hazel Dell Brown, its author, has filled its pages with helpful advice, ideas that any home decorator might well copy.

Won't you please let us send you this new book, let us show you how modern Armstrong's Linoleum really looks in smart, up-to-date homes? A letter enclosing 10¢ to cover mailing brings it to you promptly. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 923 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



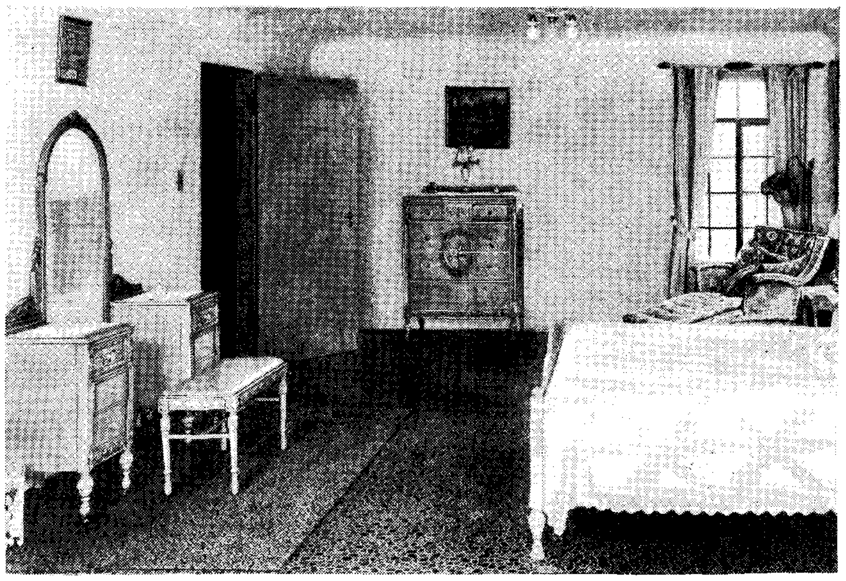
As you step into the entrance hall of this $50,000 Indiana home, you are welcomed by a Handmade Marble Inlaid Armstrong Floor, design No. 83.

◆ ◆ ◆

Below: In keeping with the other fine furnishings of this dining-room is the Armstrong Floor, Embossed effect No. 6060.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Ⓐ



Bedroom in the Grovelski home. Walls are seagreen and ivory. The floor that suggested this restful color scheme was Armstrong's Linoleum in an interesting pebblestone effect. All the rooms in this Indiana home have appropriate Armstrong Floors.

* * *

Just a corner of the kitchen in the Grovelski home, Mishawaka, Indiana — enough though to show one good-housekeeping idea, a spot-proof, stain-proof floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. This particular design is Embossed Inlaid No. 6028. Each color goes through to burlap back. This floor is laid for long wear, too—firmly cemented in place over builders' lining felt.

* * *

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Collier's The National Weekly for October 5, 1929

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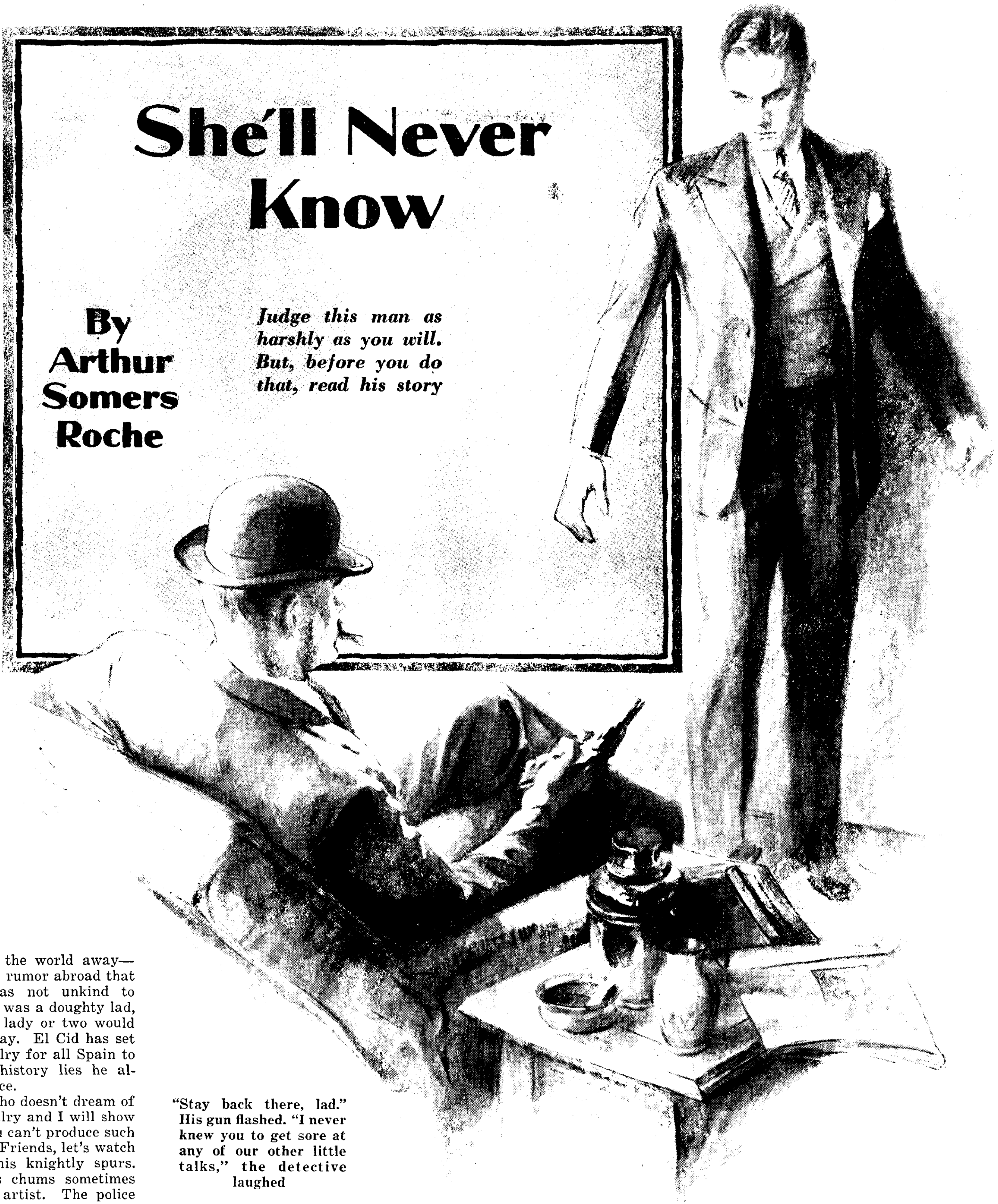


She'll Never Know

By Arthur Somers Roche

Judge this man as harshly as you will. But, before you do that, read his story

"Stay back there, lad." His gun flashed. "I never knew you to get sore at any of our other little talks," the detective laughed

ANTONY tossed the world away—but there is a rumor abroad that Cleopatra was not unkind to him. Bayard was a doughty lad, but he knew that a lady or two would throw a smile his way. El Cid has set an example of chivalry for all Spain to follow, but unless history lies he always had an audience.

Show me a man who doesn't dream of reward for his chivalry and I will show you a chevalier. You can't produce such a man? Well, I can. Friends, let's watch Dinky Dolan win his knightly spurs.

The Dink, as his chums sometimes called him, was an artist. The police of three capitals knew all about him except the one vital thing—proof. Five times he had been taken to Headquarters in New York, but each time he had been released. Once his picture and measurements had been taken, but a shrewd lawyer, mouthing about the indignity to which his thoroughly respectable client had been subjected, compelled an impotently furious detective bureau to destroy these records.

The foreign car, the apartment on West Fifty-seventh Street, the swank tailor and all the other appurtenances of the wealthy young bachelor, were not paid for by the trustees of the Dolan estate, because there wasn't any Dolan estate. Nor were they paid for by the fruits of Dinky's labor, because he labored not, as the term is understood. He didn't even gamble, and when irate detectives questioned him as to the source of his wealth, he merely laughed at them.

"That's your job, pals," he would say, "to find out."

"Some day I will," grimly threatened Detective Lanehart.

"I'll break the Eighteenth Amendment that day and buy you a drink," laughed Dinky.

"I'll break it now. Let's have a shot," suggested Lanehart.

"Why, Mr. Lanehart," said Dinky reproachfully, "you know I have no bad habits."

"Except stealing jewelry," said the detective.

"What a strange illusion," mocked the Dink. "But I suppose something has to be wrong with a man to make him become a detective. Do you have chills, Lanehart? Ever have rumblings in your ears?"

"THE only rumble that bothers me is what I hear about you," retorted the detective feebly.

"See no evil, hear no evil," [illegible]inned the Dink.

"Get out," said Lanehart.

Lanehart spoke to the chief [illegible]

"These damn' statutes ar[illegible] things make me sick," he said. "There's a man that I *know* is the slickest stone thief in the country. But I can't get a thing on him, because the law won't let me touch him without proof."

"Booze?" asked the chief.

"Never touches it."

"A woman can sometimes make a man talk."

Lanehart shook his head.

"Not that boy. He says he has no bad habits and he hasn't. He doesn't run around with crooks; he doesn't play the races or Broadway. I've had him tailed for two solid months, and he was just a young man about town. Belongs to a fairly decent bridge club, where they play five-cent stakes. No higher. Not a thing in the world against him, except that his bank deposits are always in cash, and the fact that he has no ascertainable source of income."

"Those things alone wouldn't make you suspect him of being a jewel thief," said the chief.

Lanehart nodded admission of the imputation.

"Gurney, when he was sent away last time, wrote a note to young Dolan. I read it. He warned the young feller that he'd meet his finish. I got the note from the stool that was supposed to give it to Dolan. Why would an old fence like Gurney write such a letter to a man like Dolan, unless the young chap was in the same racket?"

"Well, I hope you get him," said the chief.

"I WILL," promised Lanehart. "But he's so damned slick. Two months without a false move, and one day after we quit tailing him, Mrs. Van Ingen loses her pearls."

"And old Van Ingen will lose me my job if we don't get them back," growled the chief. "He's been to the commish, to the mayor—think Dolan got them?"

"I know he got 'em," snarled Lanehart. "I'd give my hope of promotion to slap him in a cell."

"Nice, likable young bird, at that," commented the chief.

"That's what makes me despise him," said Lanehart. "He could make an honest living—got ability all right—but prefers to be a crook. He's the kind of a lad, if he were straight, I'd wish to have for a son. But he's rotten."

"Too bad," said the chief. "Well, you and me, Lanehart, ain't got the job of reforming thieves. Our job is to pinch them, and hang onto them."

Lanehart looked grim. "If I ever get that baby right, I'll hang onto him," he promised.

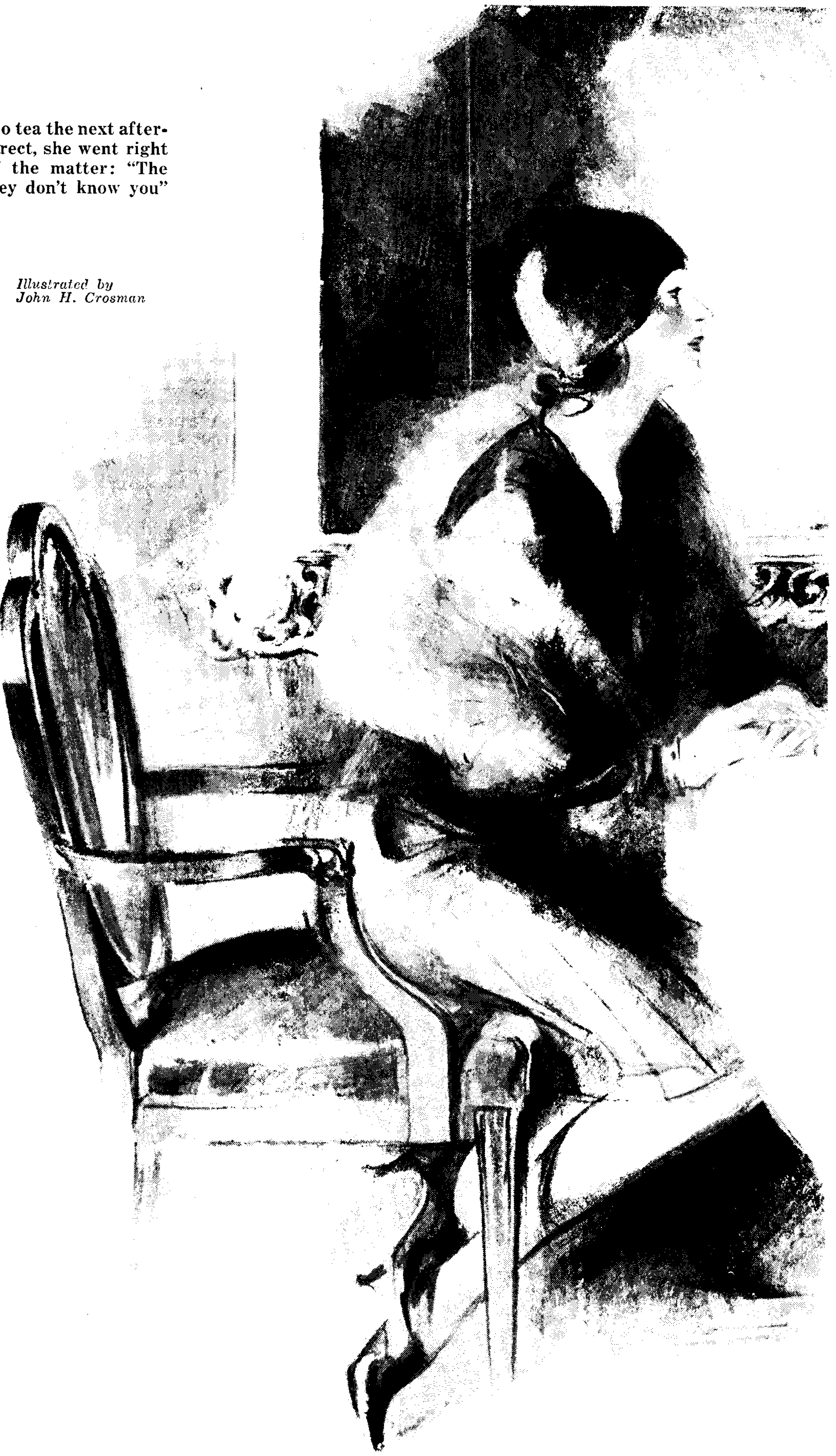
But Dinky Dolan, the most capable jewel thief in America, was not at all frightened by the attitude of Detective Lanehart. A slum had produced Dolan. He had sold newspapers, been a messenger boy, hopped bells in hotels, and this last occupation had been the one to set his feet upon the downward path.

He had seen people with money living luxuriously. Ambition to better himself materially had been aroused by the spectacle of lavish expenditure. But his cool young brain had balked at the years of hard work which must intervene before wealth became his. The men who had labored to amass a fortune were too old to enjoy it when it came.

THUS he reasoned, because his idea of enjoyment was to own fast cars, to have racing boats, to learn games and play them well. That there was pleasure in a career never occurred to him.

So, one day, when a patron of the hotel let a diamond bracelet fall to the floor, Dolan did not pick it up and restore it to its owner. He had been ascending the service stairs on his way to the fourth floor, the service elevator being momentarily at the top of the building. The guest who had rung was notoriously a giver of big tips, and the magnitude of the gratuities depended on the speed with which his calls were answered. So Dinky had run up the stairs.

The woman with the bracelet had passed an open door on the third floor. Dinky had seen the bracelet fall. There was no one else in the corridor. As she entered the elevator, Dinky slipped a hand across the doorsill and retrieved the ornament. The guest did not discover her loss until some hours afterward. By that time the bit of jewelry was cached by Dinky in a hiding place remote from his boarding house.



Dinky took her to tea the next afternoon. Frank, direct, she went right to the heart of the matter: "The Mantons say they don't know you"

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

A reward of five hundred dollars, no questions asked, was offered for the return of the bracelet. Dinky reasoned that if the owner would give so great a reward, the trinket would probably fetch much more when sold. He waited for four months, until absolutely certain that no possible suspicion could attach itself to him. Then he quit his job and with his savings moved to another city. Three weeks after he had arrived there, he found a fence, a receiver of stolen goods, and sold the bracelet for two thousand dollars. The fence, noting his youth, tried to bluff, to scare him, to acquire the bracelet for a few hundred dollars. But Dinky, hard even then, laughed threats away. He got his price, moved back to New York, and got another job.

Now he did not depend on accident. He sought opportunities to steal. He became one of that vast army of migratory hotel employees that summers in the North, spends spring and fall in the mountain resorts, and the winter in Florida or California. For five years he followed the humble vocation of a bell-boy, and at the end of that time, always careful, always refraining from taking an unnecessary risk, he had laid away in various banks sums amounting to almost forty thousand dollars.

Also, he had learned the technique of his profession. He had discovered that hotel guests, returning from parties late at night, were careless about their jewels. He learned that many people, afraid of fire, do not lock their doors at night, lest flight be impeded even a second. He learned to distinguish imitation from real jewelry.

He learned other things, too. He learned, from observation, how to dress correctly, and he cultivated a low speaking voice. He was ready to branch out. And, at twenty-two, he did branch out. No longer a bell-boy, but as a guest, he frequented the resort hotels of America and Europe. Handsome, soft-voiced, well-mannered, he found no difficulty in scraping acquaintance with all classes and conditions of people. He hid his lack of education by a cloak of taciturnity which did not, however, completely hide a certain natural charm.

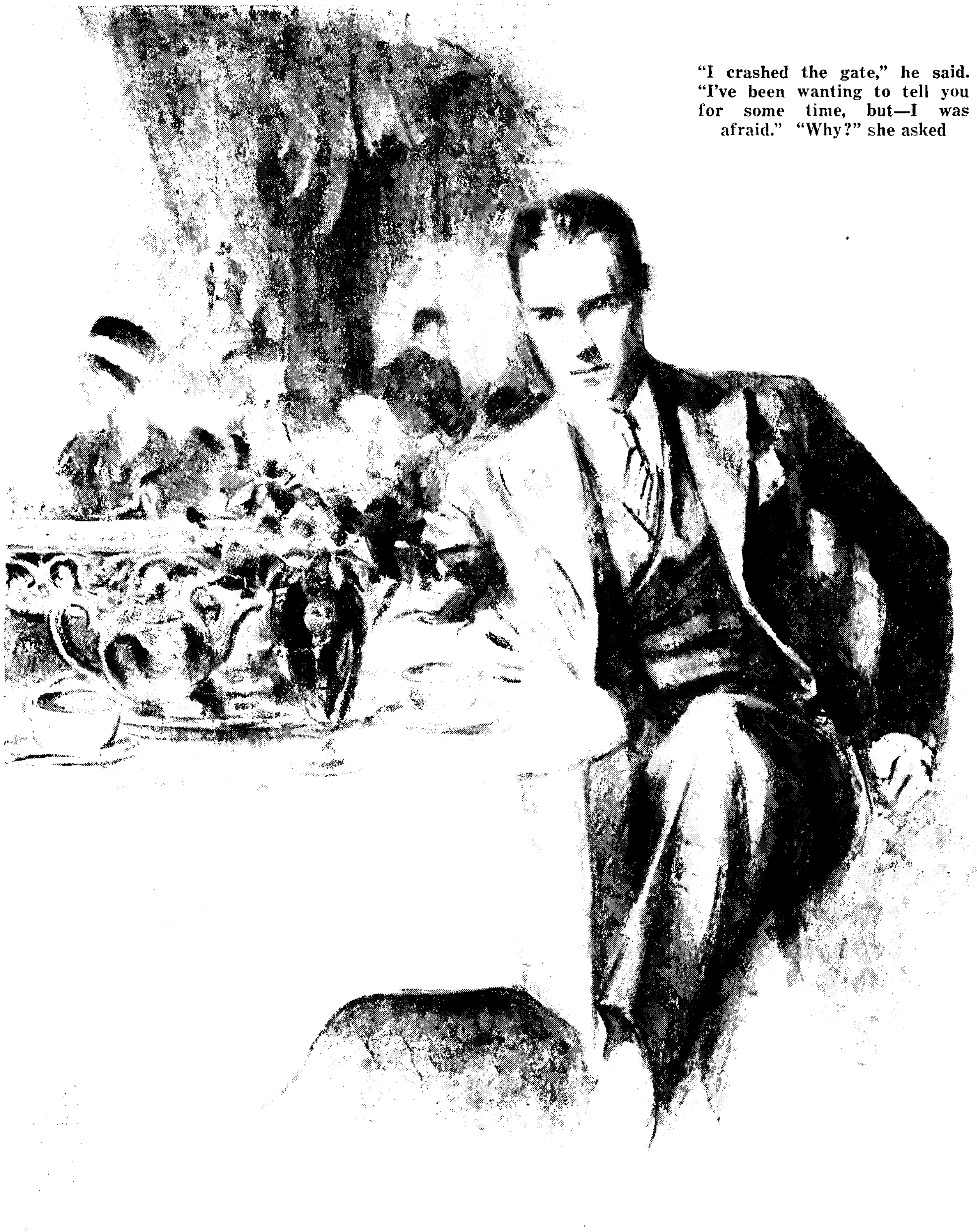
Vague about his personal affairs, he discouraged inquiries, yet did not give offense in so doing. He practiced the technique of detaching bracelets or necklaces from the wrists or throats of women for hours at a time, using pieces of furniture for models. He mastered the art of entering a room in utter silence. At twenty-seven he was an absolute master of his profession.

HE LEARNED to ride, even swung a polo mallet occasionally. He played good tennis and fair golf. These activities brought him into contact with people who invited him to their homes. But, strangely, he never accepted such invitations. He knew that over a period of days he would expose his ignorance, his lack of upbringing. He was ill at ease with well-bred women. And for the other kind he had no use at all.

With men it was different. He joined a decent bridge club, and in a quiet way was popular. But he knew that to be too popular meant to invite scrutiny of his affairs and this he avoided. By the time he was thirty-five he'd have half a million, he frequently told himself. Then he'd quit. Maybe he'd meet some nice girl who'd never suspect....

Those occasional invitations to visit police headquarters never alarmed him. He never sold a jewel until months after he had stolen it. He sold what he stole, nearly always, in towns remote from the scene of the theft. Except for Gurney, he never dealt twice with the same fence.

But it was after Gurney's arrest, and the intercepted letter of advice from the convicted crook, that Dinky became more of a recluse. Two or three places were barred to him already, because po-



"I crashed the gate," he said. "I've been wanting to tell you for some time, but—I was afraid." "Why?" she asked

lice interest in him had become known. And, because he was aping a gentleman, something of the pride of the thing he imitated crept into his soul. He didn't want people to shun him because he was what the police termed a suspicious character. He'd wait until he had his half-million. Then, in another land, under another name . . .

And then he met Sallie Comerford.

He was dining alone at the Vanmore. A couple of well-groomed lads were seated at the next table. He could overhear their conversation.

"What's the party upstairs?"

"The Manton girl's coming-out party."

"Let's go."

"Don't know her; haven't a bid."

"Let's crash it."

"O. K."

Dinky pursed his lips. He'd heard of such things, but never realized how coolly it was done. He'd like to go to the Manton girl's coming-out party himself. Probably a lot of old dowagers would be there, loaded with ice, and a man might advance himself quite a stage on the journey to the half-million mark.

If these two young fellows could "crash" their way into a party, why couldn't he? True, he wouldn't know anyone there, but if it was a big jam, that wouldn't matter. The worst that could happen to him would be a polite invitation to depart, and he'd risk that. Gosh, he'd read in the papers about the plans for this party. Wasn't the Manton girl one of the greatest heiresses in the country? Even if he didn't turn a stroke of business, it would be a party worth attending.

HE LINGERED over his coffee, and departed in the wake of the two young men. He followed them into an elevator, alighted at the same floor, and was close behind them as they deposited coats and hats with an attendant. He stood beside them as, at the ballroom entrance, they spoke to another attendant.

"Forgot our cards," said one. "We are Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Jones."

The attendant glanced down a list of names. Opposite most of these names were check-marks. Dinky saw a name opposite which was no check.

"Mr. Wilson Jones and Mr. Marston Reynolds are already here," said the attendant coldly. "If you young gentlemen wish to avoid arrest you'll get out quickly."

Crestfallen, the two youths departed. The attendant looked uncompromisingly at Dinky. Dinky grinned.

"That takes nerve," he commented. "Much of it go on?"

"More than you'd guess," replied the attendant.

"Might be crooks," said Dinky.

The attendant shrugged. "Probably are. Your card, please?"

Dinky laughed out loud. "Forgot mine, too," he said. "Nam James Junot."

The attendant gave him a quick glance. Dinky had assumed the name opposite which there had been no check-mark. Dinky glanced down the hall along which the two youths were hurriedly proceeding.

"There ought to be a law against that sort of impersonation," he remarked.

His indignation dissipated the last doubt in the attendant's mind.

"Go right in, Mr. Junot," he said.

Five hundred people thronged the great ballroom. Chatter of voices, blare of the saxophones, shuffle of feet, flash of jewels, scent of perfume, and one face that banished all the others.

Across the polished dancing floor she sat. Incredibly, she was alone. Something must be wrong with the world, or with that portion of it represented here. Otherwise, two hundred men would have been on their knees adoring her; the orchestra would have been playing a chant of worship; and she would have been elevated upon a throne.

So, at least, Dinky Dolan felt. For she was the most beautiful thing he had ever looked upon, and he had seen thousands of pretty girls. To the average onlooker she was an extremely pretty girl; but for every pretty girl in the world there is one man to whom she is Venus reborn. To Dinky Dolan she was that.

GONE without warning was his resolve to let girls alone until the half-million had been achieved. The still unsold Van Ingen pearls should rest upon that lovely throat. . . . Not this girl! Good Lord, she must never dream that he. . . . He laughed at himself. Why, he didn't even know her, probably never would know her. . . . Why not? She was alone, partnerless, for the dance just beginning.

All caution left him as he crossed the floor. He was not in love with her—yet—but, he *must* know her. Oblivious of everyone else, he crowded his way through the dancers and bowed before her.

"May I have this dance?" he asked.

She looked up at him, the faintest frown of doubt upon her low broad forehead.

"Why—I—"

"You're Miss Randolph, aren't you?" he asked.

"Why, no, I'm Miss Comerford," she said.

He was not abashed. When a Sallie Comerford enters a man's life, he is foolish to let the matter of a surname hinder acquaintance.

"Of course," he said. "How could I make such a mistake?"

Her violet eyes glinted roguishly. He was a most personable young man, this artist among thieves. Further, he was a bit more mature than most of the men present.

"And you are—"

"Frank White," he glibly lied.

"I'm sure," and her voice was demure, "I've never met anyone named Frank White before."

"You've met him now," he pleaded. "After all"—he was daring—"dozens of people here know us both. And this music—we'll miss this dance."

TO HIS charm she yielded. And so it began. He sent her gardenias the next day; he called the day after that; within a week he was head over heels in love, in love as he had never dreamed he could be.

"Who is this young fellow, White?" Sallie's father asked one day.

Sallie blushed.

"He's apt to be your son-in-law, Daddy," she replied.

Old Comerford embraced his daughter.

"Whoever my girl wants," he said, "will be welcomed by her father. But—we ought to know something about him, Sallie. Where'd you meet him?"

Sallie told him. And that evening her father laid the results of a few discreet inquiries before her.

"The Mantons never heard of Frank White," he said. "They asked their daughter if his name had been sent in by any friend of hers. The girl went over the invitation list. No such name on it. Sallie, dearest, I'm not saying a word against the young man—but find out something about him."

Dinky took her to tea the next afternoon. Frank, direct, she went right to the heart of the matter.

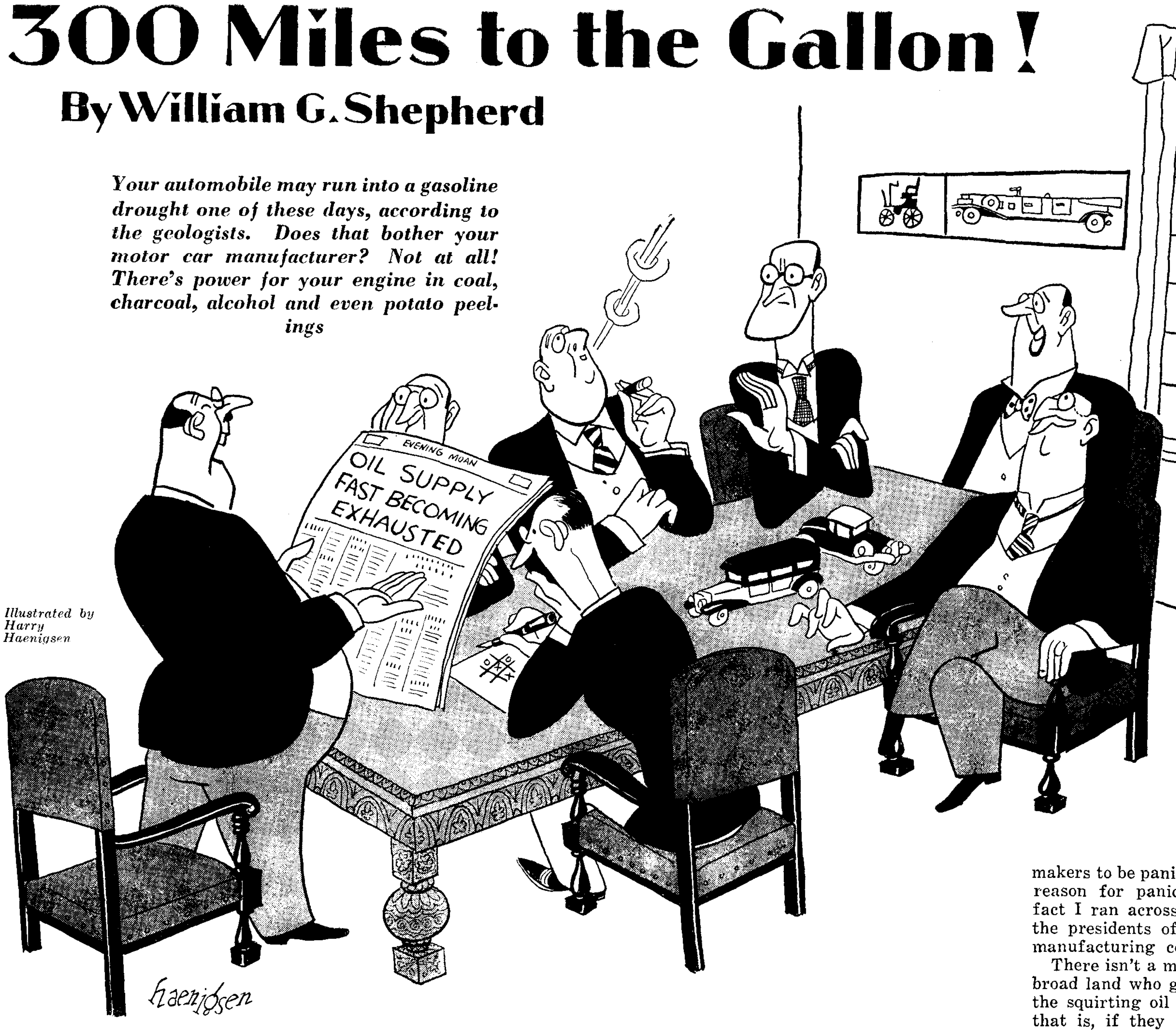
"The Mantons

(*Continued on page 56*)

300 Miles to the Gallon!

By William G. Shepherd

Your automobile may run into a gasoline drought one of these days, according to the geologists. Does that bother your motor car manufacturer? Not at all! There's power for your engine in coal, charcoal, alcohol and even potato peelings


EVENING MOAN
OIL SUPPLY FAST BECOMING EXHAUSTED
Haenigsen

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

IF YOUR automobile engine purred as smoothly as that one you'd be the proudest driver in America. It stood on its block in the Detroit experimental laboratory, running like a clock.

"How'd you like that engine in your car?" Charles F. Kettering asked me the question. He's a General Motors man. By inventing among other things the self-starter, he widened the field of car ownership from big-muscle boys alone and made it possible for the frailest lady, in her daintiest frock, to start off in her car by the mere touch of her satin slipper on a small pedal.

Of course you'd like an engine like that, pulling your car.

"But look here," he said. He took a cork from a small bottle and moved it slowly under my nose. The damp cork had no distinctive odor. Then he moved the cork before a small aperture in the engine. It was like giving a human being a full sniff of pepper.

One whiff of that chemical made the engine sick. It slowed down. It began to knock as if it were pulling a ten-ton truck up a steep hill.

"What would you do if your engine knocked like that?" asked Mr. Kettering.

"I'd get out of the car and send for a repair man."

"Wait a minute." He pulled a cork out of another small bottle. My nose again failed to note any distinctive odor, as he passed it before my face.

He moved the cork, somewhat rapidly, before the aperture through which the engine was breathing.

Sledge hammers began to pound within the cylinders. The great room resounded to the noises of a boiler factory.

"What would you do if your engine started to knock like that?" shouted my guide above the tumult.

"I'd throw the family out of the car and we'd run for our lives."

"But everyone would tell you something was the matter with your engine, don't you think?"

"Not the slightest doubt," I roared.

"Some mechanic would pull it all apart for you, put it together again and charge you a pile of money, wouldn't he?" persisted the big-chested man.

"I'd expect to pay a lot to get an engi oflike that fixed."

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rue

The Reviving Sniff

"But you and I both know there's nothing wrong with the engine," insisted Mr. Kettering. "You heard it running noiselessly, a couple of minutes ago. Nothing has happened to the engine. Whatever *has* happened has happened to the fuel.

"Let me show you what a good engine this really is," he continued.

He permitted the engine to take a half-second sniff from a cork removed from a third diminutive bottle.

It was like turning off the power from a riveting machine. The knocking stopped almost instantly. Faster and faster moved the flywheel. Its sound became the soft hum of a top.

"It could barely turn itself before," said Mr. Kettering. "But now it's ready to take care of itself and do a big job besides.

"I've shown you this," he explained, "just to illustrate my point that we are only beginning to know gasoline as a motor fuel. The time is bound to come," he told me, as we walked out of the now almost silent room, "when we shall get more power out of gasoline. There's enough power in one gallon of gasoline, if you could utilize it all on mere car push, not taking into consideration engine friction and so forth, to drive a small car on a level paved road, at twenty miles an hour, from Chicago to Detroit. That's about three hundred miles.

"Today, a gallon of gasoline drives this same small car only twenty miles. We'll have to get that mileage up, and we'll do it too."

I had gone to Detroit to ask certain men who make our cars what they plan to do when comes that supposedly dread and dismal day which sees the last ounce of motor fuel taken from the oil wells.

I didn't find a single sign of panic in sight. Oil men of the nation, together with governors of various states, were preparing for the great June oil conservation congress in Denver, by which the companies hoped to get together to prevent unnecessary flowing of oil. President Hoover, only a few weeks before, had announced to a group of newspaper men in the White House offices that there would be no more drilling on government lands; that there would be "conservation of oil in this administration."

Not long before, experts had said we have only nine billion barrels of oil in the earth and that ten years will see the end of it, at the present rate of use. There was enough for automobile makers to be panicky about, if there was reason for panic. But the first real fact I ran across in my search among the presidents of the great motor car manufacturing companies was this:

There isn't a motor car maker in this broad land who gives a whoop whether the squirting oil wells give out or not, that is, if they don't expire suddenly before other fuels can be prepared in sufficient quantities. The day of panic about a possible oil shortage has been wiped off the calendar of the future.

"What of it?" asks the car manufacturer, when you query him about the remote day of dry oil wells. "We're ready for it, when it does come.

"There'll be more cars running on the highways, after the last oil well has run dry, than there are now."

The motor car makers are going ahead complacently under the threat of a petroleumless world. This means that you and I, from this day forward, may step on the gas without a single fear that we may be selfishly ridding our children or our great-great-grandchildren of fuel for their land, air or water transport. Our present quota is an average of ten barrels of gasoline a year, per car. Use all you want.

Troubled Waters

This is not saying that there wasn't a day when the thought of dry oil wells and dry gasoline tanks at filling stations did make motor car makers sick at heart.

Just before the great war both the car manufacturers and the oil men got "jumpy" over the situation. Indeed, they held a conference to see what could be done.

What would be the use of car makers putting floods of gold into automobile plants for the future if the flood of oil were to cease and the gasoline would climb to a luxury height?

You and I—millions of us—would have been without cars today, both because of the high cost of cars and the high cost of fuel, if both the oil men and the car makers had not plunged blindly ahead, about fifteen years ago, determined to believe that somehow the problem would be solved by science, in their laboratories. They couldn't know what oil the Lord has stored away in the heart of the earth; but they had an almost childlike faith in the brains that He had stored away in human heads. Just like fool Americans they plunged ahead.

Whenever motor fuel goes *too* high in price the motor car factory must cut down production. Indeed in European countries, where motor fuel has been high in price, the motor car has never even had a good start, because of lack of mass production.

With gasoline some years ago at sixty-five cents a gallon in England—even while crude oil was right under her surface, ready to be taken out, as was proved by striking oil in ye one lone oil well of old England, known as Hardstoft No. 1—is it any wonder, what with high motor car taxes and a few other economic obstacles, that the automobile never got a fair start with the masses in that land?

Speed from Spuds

Similar conservatism, instead of American plunging, here in the United States just before the war, when people everywhere were talking about failing oil supplies, might have kept the automobile out of our reach.

As it is—here's our American motor car selling all over the world and American automobile plants being erected throughout the world. I talked with a man in Detroit the other day who has been erecting an American motor car assembly plant in Bombay! And as for worries about the oil supply, they have all passed away. I have talked with many oil men and many motor car makers on the subject. The solution of the "gas" problem is a new thing—but the ghosts of automobile-deserted highways and oilless oil wells have been laid. We can say good-by to our oil fields forever, if worst comes to worst, and ride away in motor cars driven by cheap fuel that never squirted through an earth-piercing pipe. In proof:

One of the busiest little worriers, some years ago, about the future oil supply was John N. Willys.

"I was named as head of a committee of our nation-wide association of automobile manufacturers to get at the truth about our oil supply," he told me. "I gave a dinner in one of the New York clubs, to which I invited both oil men and automobile makers. At my right sat one of the leading oil men of the nation; at my left sat another.

"I chatted with my right-hand neighbor, first.

"'What about the nation's oil supply? How long will it last?' I asked him.

"'Don't worry a minute about it,' he replied. 'My company owns great oil lands which it doesn't intend to touch for years. We won't take out the oil in those places until prices begin to rise considerably above the present rate. There's enough oil in the soil of America to last us for generations.'

"That was encouraging. Later in the evening I turned to my left-hand neighbor.

"'I don't want to go off half cocked on this oil proposition,' I explained to him. 'What do you think of the oil situation?'

"'Oh, it's very grave! Very grave!' he answered. 'We are likely to see the tapering off in the supply at almost any time. Something must be done.'

"There I had both sides of it.

"But now I have reached the stage, as a motor car maker, when my emotion regarding the oil supply is one of total unconcern. Automobile engineering is reaching such a high degree of exactness that I am persuaded that our streets and roads will abound in motor cars long after the petroleum supply runs out—if it ever does. We can trust our engineers for anything and everything.

"Why," he added, "our research men could make practical automobile engines that could run cars on alcohol distilled from potato peelings, if necessary to. They're always finding out something new about getting more power out of fuel."

Laboratory equipment for automobile engineers is improving as rapidly as are motor cars. We can do things today that we couldn't have hoped to do in 1920. For instance, we now have implements for measuring the intense heat within each engine cylinder. We knew that the three front cylinders in a six-cylinder engine were always cooler, and therefore yielded less power than the three rear cylinders. This was because the fan is placed at the front end of the car and also because the cooler water was taken from the radiator directly to the front cylinder which needed it least. Gasoline which would fire easily in a hot cylinder would not serve so well in the cooler ones. On a new model, therefore, we are taking the cold water into the engine back between the fifth and the sixth cylinders. This will give equal heat to all six cylinders. This is an example of how the less volatile gasoline than that of other days may be used because of better carburetion. It shows how engineers are helping motor car manufacturers to reach new refinements.

The Good Old Gas

Now Mr. Willys let no cat out of the bag when he mentioned the "less volatile gasoline of today."

It's perfectly true, and the oil men have made no secret of it, that gasoline isn't what it used to be. In this big job of making our petroleum supply stretch as far into the future as possible, the oil men have taken more gasoline out of a gallon of crude oil than they used to. They were forced to do this, both to keep the price of gasoline within the range of motor car users and to meet competition among themselves. To get one gallon of gasoline, say fifteen years ago, the oil men had to take almost eleven gallons of crude oil out of the earth; today they give you a gallon of gasoline which they have secured from only two-and-a-half gallons of crude oil.

The point of the matter is, however, that methods of building engines and of extracting engine fuels have been so improved that we get over four times more gasoline power out of one gallon of crude oil than we did fifteen years ago.

And I'm underestimating this calculation, because, as Roy D. Chapin, chairman of the Hudson Motor Car Company, told me, "The motor car industry every year has been giving the public more mileage per gallon of gas."

The chances are, indeed, that, on a basis of motor car fuel, science, both in the oil and in the automotive industries, has multiplied the motor car power of our oil wells by six or seven. Mr. Chapin told me of further laboratory study that has helped to achieve this.

"Automotive engineers, some years ago," explained Mr. Chapin, "decided that we had better study gasoline, as well as engines. It was a splendid decision. But money was needed as well as science.

"There is a great joint organization, known as the American Petroleum Institute, that serves the oil men with study and information. There is also a great joint organization known as the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce which serves the motor car maker in a similar fashion. Both of these great organizations were persuaded by the engineers to put up money on a fifty-fifty basis, for experimentation.

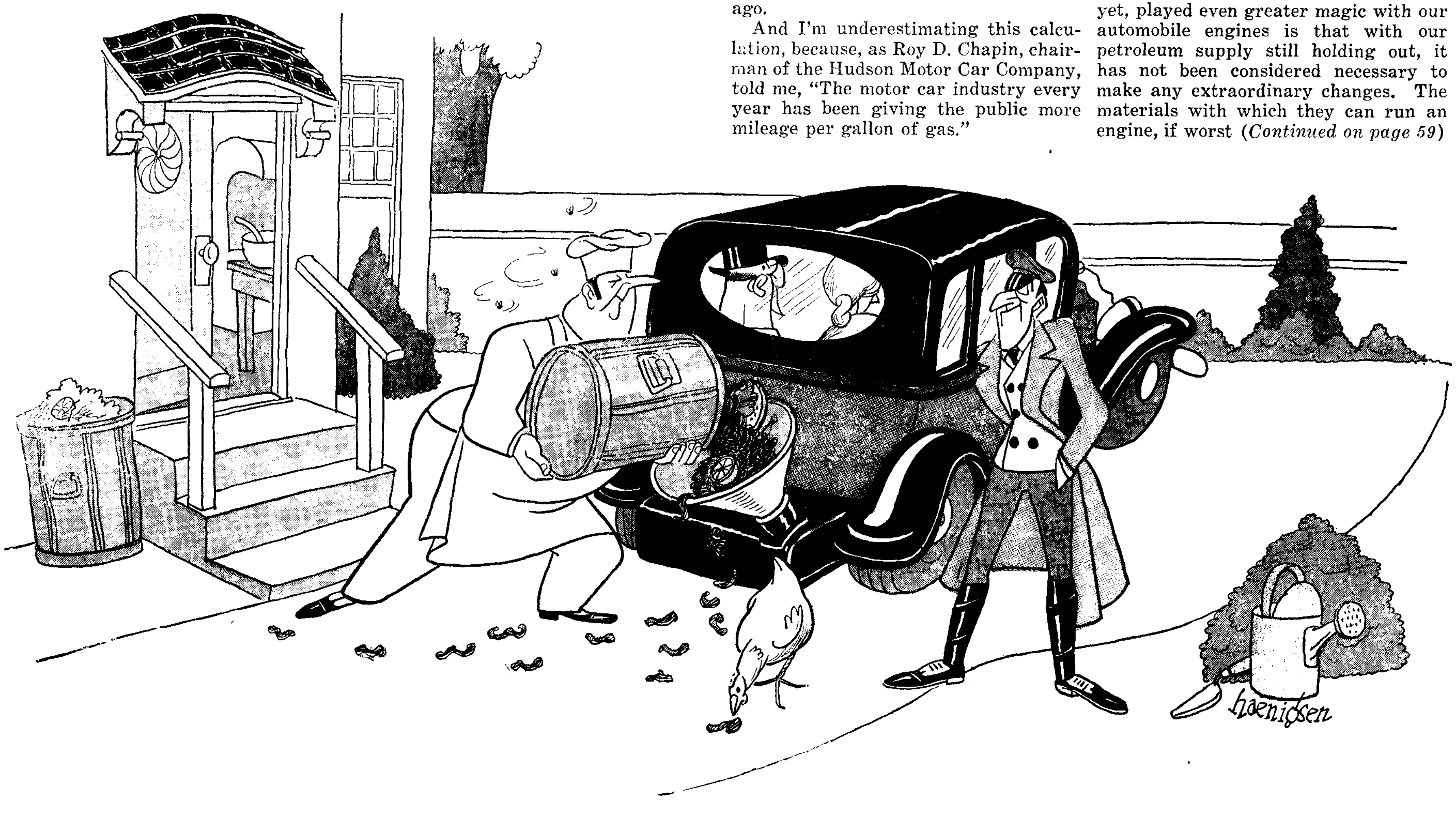
"The Bureau of Standards in Washington, one of the most effective departments of the government, made room in its Washington laboratories for the experimenters and lent us great aid.

"This study, in the Bureau of Standards, together with what we have learned about fuel and engines in research work in our own engineering departments has resulted in helping every motor car maker in America to give the public an engine that operates more efficiently, with the less explosive gasoline that is taken from oil today, than those operated ten years ago with more highly refined gasoline.

Making Each Drop Count

"We've changed the inlet of gasoline in our motors, changed the situation of our valves, changed our carburetors and even changed the location of our spark plugs, all with increased efficiency, because of new things we are constantly learning about gasoline and gasoline engines. We're going to make gas go a long way farther than it used to go."

As a matter of fact, the only reason that our automobile engineers haven't, as yet, played even greater magic with our automobile engines is that with our petroleum supply still holding out, it has not been considered necessary to make any extraordinary changes. The materials with which they can run an engine, if worst (*Continued on page 59*)



The Yellowjacket Feud

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far: Trouble is brewing between the Hash Knife Outfit, a gang of cattle rustlers, and the Diamond Outfit, led by Jim Traft, a young Easterner and nephew of Jim Traft, a wealthy Arizona cattle king. The Hash-Knifers have been stealing cattle from Traft's Yellowjacket ranch; and the Trafts are sure, but cannot prove, that George Bambridge, a crooked ranchman, is secretly in league with them.

Jed Stone, leader of the outlaws, is a dangerous antagonist. But young Traft, too, is a fighter. He resolves to establish Bambridge's guilt, and "clean up" the outlaws.

While making his preparations, Jim receives a letter from Gloriana, his sister in the East. She is coming to visit her uncle! The news creates great excitement, and on her arrival, Gloriana receives a royal welcome.

For an excellent reason, however, Jim's emotions are mingled. He is engaged to little Molly Dunn, who is a lovely girl, but uneducated. He is desperately afraid that Gloriana will neither understand nor appreciate Molly. In trepidation, he prepares for the inevitable meeting.

But before it comes, he receives a rude shock. His sister makes a confession. She tells him that one Ed Darnell, a handsome scoundrel, has jilted her and disappeared. She has come West to avoid the gossips.

Jim listens sympathetically. Then— "I haven't told you all—and what seems the worst to me," says Gloriana.

III

"GOSH!" ejaculated Jim, with a sinking sensation in his chest. "Perhaps you'd better not tell me more."

"Jim, I met Ed Darnell in the station at St. Louis," went on Glory, hastily, as if eager to impart what seemed important. "Quite by accident. I had to change trains there and wait five hours. And it was my bad luck to run into him first thing.... Well, he raved. He made a thousand excuses. . . . The liar! The thief! . . . I absolutely refused to have any more to do with him.

"Yet I was scared stiff of him. He had some queer power over me. But I had sense enough to realize I despised him. Then he threatened me—swore he'd follow me. And Jim—that's exactly what he'll do. He knew, of course, about Uncle Jim, the rich ranchman. Mother gabbed a lot. At first she was fascinated by Ed. I didn't tell him where I was going, but he could find out easily. And he'll come. I saw it in his eyes. . . . And that'd be dreadful."

"Let him come," replied Jim, grimly. "I hope he does. It would be a bad move for Mr. Darnell."

"What would you do?" queried Gloriana, with all a woman's curiosity.

"Glory, you're out West now. It'll take you some time to realize it. . . . I'd impress that fact upon Mr. Darnell pretty pronto. And if it wasn't enough, I'd tell Curly Prentis."

"That wonderful-looking cowboy!" exclaimed Gloriana. "He seemed so kind and nice. He wouldn't hurt anyone."

Jim laughed outright. Gloriana would be the tenderfoot of all tenderfeet who ever struck Arizona.

"Glory, I'm engaged," he blurted out suddenly with a gulp. "I'm engaged to a real Westerner."

"Real Westerner? What do you mean by that? Uncle Jim was born in the East. He couldn't be Western."

"He's pretty much so, as you will discover. Molly was born in Arizona. She's about eighteen. Twice in her life she has been to Flagerstown, and that is the extent of her travels. She lives down in the Cibeque, one of the wildest valleys in Arizona."

"Molly. Molly what?" queried Glory, her white smooth brow wrinkling and her fine eyes dilating and changing, as she bent them upon Jim.

"MOLLY DUNN. Isn't it a pretty name?"

"Rather. But sort of common, like Jones or Brown. Is *she* pretty?"

"Glory, I reckon there's only one prettier girl in the world, and that's you."

It was a subtle and beautiful compliment but somehow lost upon Gloriana May.

"How about her family?" came the inevitable interrogation.

"Arizona backwoods. And that's as blue-blood as the skies out here," replied Jim, rising to the issue. "Her father was ruined by a range feud between cattlemen and sheepmen. Her mother has been a hard-working pioneer. You will learn what that means. Molly has one brother. Slinger Dunn. I don't know his first name. But the Slinger comes from his quickness and use of a gun. He has killed several men—and shot up I don't know how many."

"Desperado?" gasped Gloriana.

"Of course an Easterner would call him that. I did at first. But now he's just Slinger to me—and the very salt of the earth."

Dismay, consternation and sincere regret succeeded one another on Gloriana's expressive face.

"Dad called me the black sheep of our family," she said. "But I'm afraid there are two. . . . It'll kill Mother. . . . Jim, they have no idea whatever of all this. Dad brags to his friends about you. How you are in charge of his brother's big cattle ranch. Nothing of this—this you tell me, ever crept into your letters. I know them by heart."

"That's true, Glory. I left out the real stuff which was making me over. And besides it all sort of bunched just lately. . . . Look here." Jim unbuttoned his flannel shirt at the neck, and pulled his collar back to expose a big angry scar on his breast.

"My heavens—what's that?" she queried, fearfully.

"My dear sister, that's a bullet hole," he replied, not without pride.

"You were shot?"

"I should smile. I lay in the woods two days with that wound. Alone!"

"Some desperado shot you?"

"Yes, one of the real bad ones."

"Oh, Jim," she cried. "I hope—I pray you—you didn't kill him."

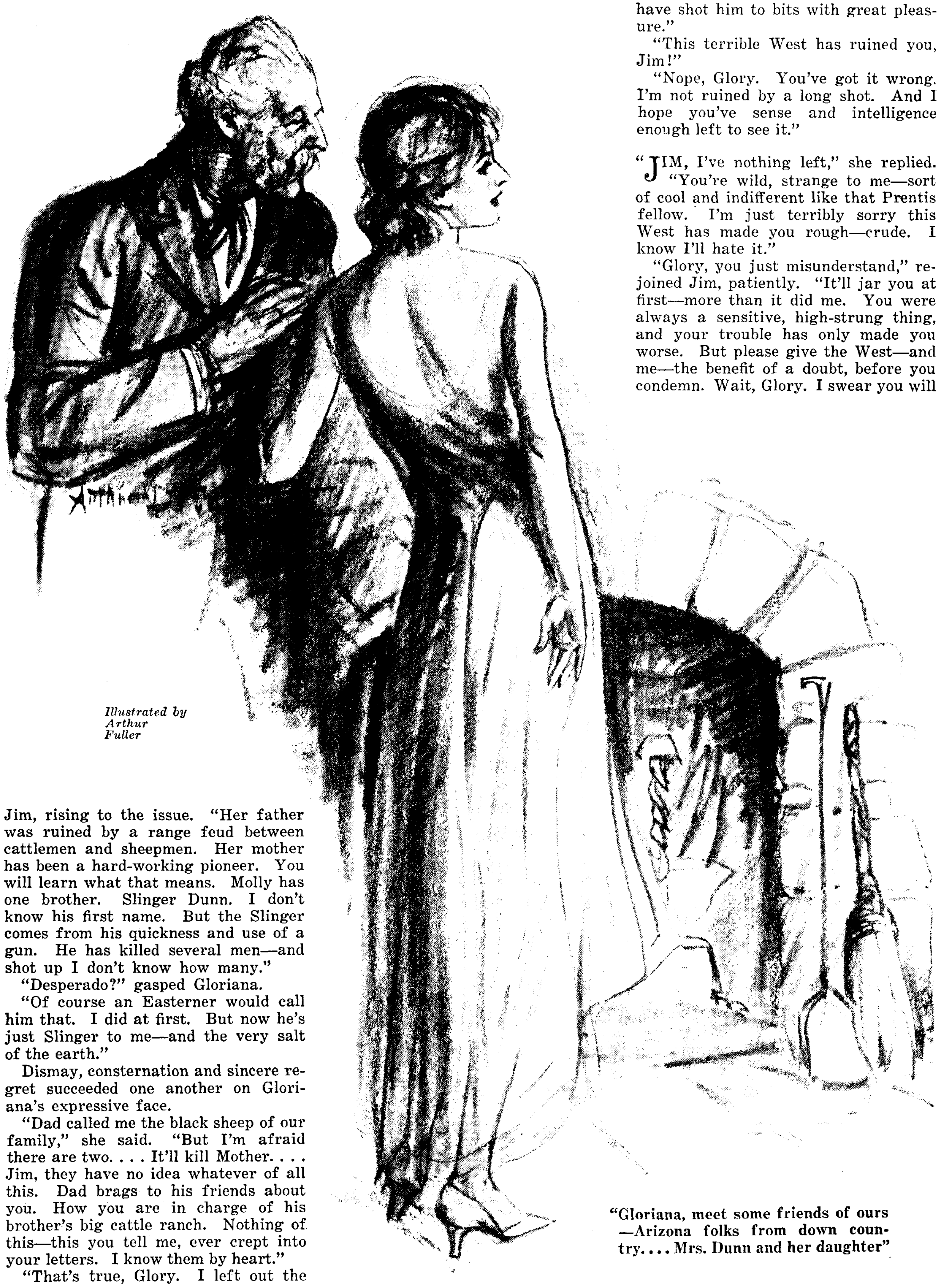
"It turned out I didn't, Glory—which was darn lucky. But at the time I'd have shot him to bits with great pleasure."

"This terrible West has ruined you, Jim!"

"Nope, Glory. You've got it wrong. I'm not ruined by a long shot. And I hope you've sense and intelligence enough left to see it."

"JIM, I've nothing left," she replied. "You're wild, strange to me—sort of cool and indifferent like that Prentis fellow. I'm just terribly sorry this West has made you rough—crude. I know I'll hate it."

"Glory, you just misunderstand," rejoined Jim, patiently. "It'll jar you at first—more than it did me. You were always a sensitive, high-strung thing, and your trouble has only made you worse. But please give the West—and me—the benefit of a doubt, before you condemn. Wait, Glory. I swear you will



Illustrated by Arthur Fuller

"Gloriana, meet some friends of ours—Arizona folks from down country.... Mrs. Dunn and her daughter"

gain by that. Not have any regret! Not hurt any of these Westerners."

But he saw that he made no impression on her. He had shocked her and it nettled him. She had quite forgotten already how kindly he had taken her dereliction.

"Where is this Molly Dunn?" asked Gloriana, curiosity strong.

"She's here."

"In this house?"

"Yes. She and her mother. I fetched them up from the Cibeque. Molly is going to school. It's great—and a little pathetic the way she goes at study. Poor kid—she had so little chance to learn. . . . I expect to marry her in the spring, if I can persuade her."

"Persuade her!" echoed Gloriana, with a wonderful flash of eyes. "I daresay that will be extremely difficult."

"It probably will be," replied Jim, coolly. "Especially after she meets you. But Uncle Jim adores her and he's keen to see me married."

"Well, I deserve it," mused Gloriana.

"What?"

"A dose of my own medicine."

"Glory, I don't want to lose patience with you," said Jim, slowly, trying to keep his temper. "I can understand you. For I felt a little like you do, when I landed out here. . . . Now listen. I'm glad you've come to me. I'm sorry you've made mistakes and suffered through them. But they are really nothing. I predict the West will cure you in less than a year. You won't know yourself. You could not be dragged back to Missouri."

GLORIANA shook her beautiful head in doubt and sorrow.

"If you only hadn't engaged yourself to this backwoods girl!" she said, mournfully.

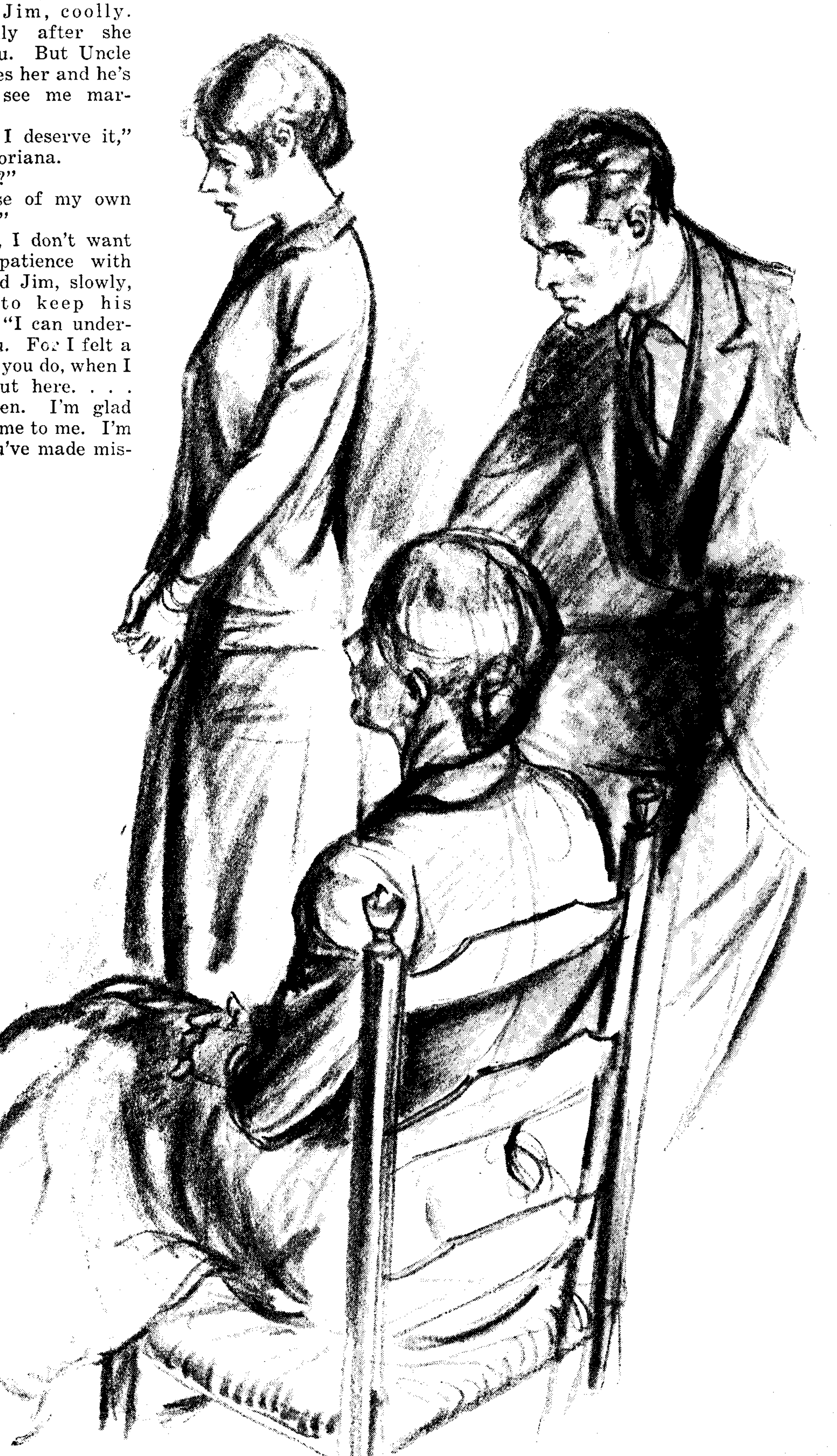
"But she saved my life," declared Jim, hotly. "She fought a fellow—one of those desperadoes you mentioned—fought him like a wildcat—*bit* him—hung on him with her teeth to keep him from murdering me as I sat tied hand and foot. . . . Saved my life until her brother Slinger got there to kill Jocelyn."

"The wretch!" exclaimed Gloriana, in passion and horror. Her face was white as alabaster and her eyes great dark gulfs of changing brilliance. "Did this Slinger Dunn really kill him?"

"You bet he did and two other desperadoes. They shot Slinger all up. He's in the hospital at Flag. I'll take you in to see him."

"Wonderful!" breathed Gloriana, for the moment thrilled out of her disgust and horror. "But Jim, why all this bloody murdering? I thought you worked on a cattle range."

"I do. That's the trouble," said Jim, and forthwith launched into brief narrative of the drift fence and subsequent events which led up to his capture by the Cibeque gang, of Hack Jocelyn's arrival with Molly, who had consented to sacrifice herself to save Jim, of Jocelyn's treachery and how Molly fought to keep him from killing Jim until Slinger got there.



When Jim concluded there was ample evidence that Gloriana did not lack heart and soul, though they were glossed over by restraint and sophistication. This reassured Jim in his stubborn hope that Gloriana was undeveloped and needed only the hard and wholesome contacts she was sure to get in Arizona.

"But Jim, you can't *marry* a girl who bites like a little beast, no more than I could the brother who kills men," was Gloriana's grave reply.

"I can't—can't I?" retorted Jim. "Well, I am going to marry her, and I'll think myself the luckiest fellow on earth."

Plainly she thought he was out of his head or that Arizona had broken down his sense of values. But she did not voice either conviction.

"Gloriana, I think I'd better take you in to meet Uncle Jim—and the Dunns," concluded Jim.

"Yes, since it has to be," she replied, soberly. "Give me time to make myself presentable. Come back for me in fifteen minutes."

"Sure. I'm curious to see what *you* call presentable," said Jim, and went out whistling. Nevertheless his heart was heavy as he proceeded down the hall toward the living-room.

Jim found his uncle alone in the living-room. "Hey," he said, "when are you going to trot my niece in?"

"Pretty soon. She was tired and wants to clean up after the long ride."

"How is she, Jim?" he asked, anxiously.

"White and thin. Looks wonderful, though."

At this juncture Molly and her mother came in, and it was certain Jim had never seen Molly so pretty, so simply and becomingly attired. He did not see how Gloriana could help admiring her.

"Oh, Jim, did your sister come?" she asked, eagerly.

"You bet. Curly and the boys were there with me. It was a circus."

"I shore reckon," agreed Molly, her eyes round and bright. She was excited, trembling a little.

"I'll fetch Glory in pronto."

"Does she look sick, Jim?"

"Well, you won't be able to see it," laughed Jim. "She'll dazzle you."

"Oh, I—I'm crazy to see her," exclaimed Molly.

JIM went out and thoughtfully wended his way to the west wing of the huge ranch house. In a certain sense this event was a thrilling and happy one, but in the main it was shadowed by misgivings. He tapped at Gloriana's door, and at her call he entered.

He stared. Was this lovely white creature Gloriana Traft? She wore a pale blue dress, without sleeves, and cut somewhat low. She was slender, but there was not an ungraceful line about her. And she had a little color in her cheeks, whether from excitement or from artificial means Jim could not tell.

Jim hurried her down the hall to the living-room, and opened the door for her to enter. When he followed and closed it Gloriana was advancing quickly to meet the rancher.

"Wal—wal! So you're my niece, Gloriana!" her uncle exclaimed. "I remember a big-eyed little girl back there in Missouri. But you can't be her."

"Yes, I am, Uncle. I've merely grown up. . . . I'm so glad to see you again." She gave him her hands and kissed him.

"Wal, it can't be, but if you say so I'll have to believe it," he said, quaintly. "I reckon I'm powerful pleased to have you come West. . . . Gloriana, meet some friends of ours—Arizona folks from down country. . . . Mrs. Dunn and her daughter Molly."

The mother appeared embarrassed at the introduction; Gloriana, graciousness itself. Then Jim experienced a sort of fright as this lovely sister and the little girl so precious to him faced each other. Probably Jim was unaware of his intense scrutiny of both. But as a matter of fact he held them both on trial.

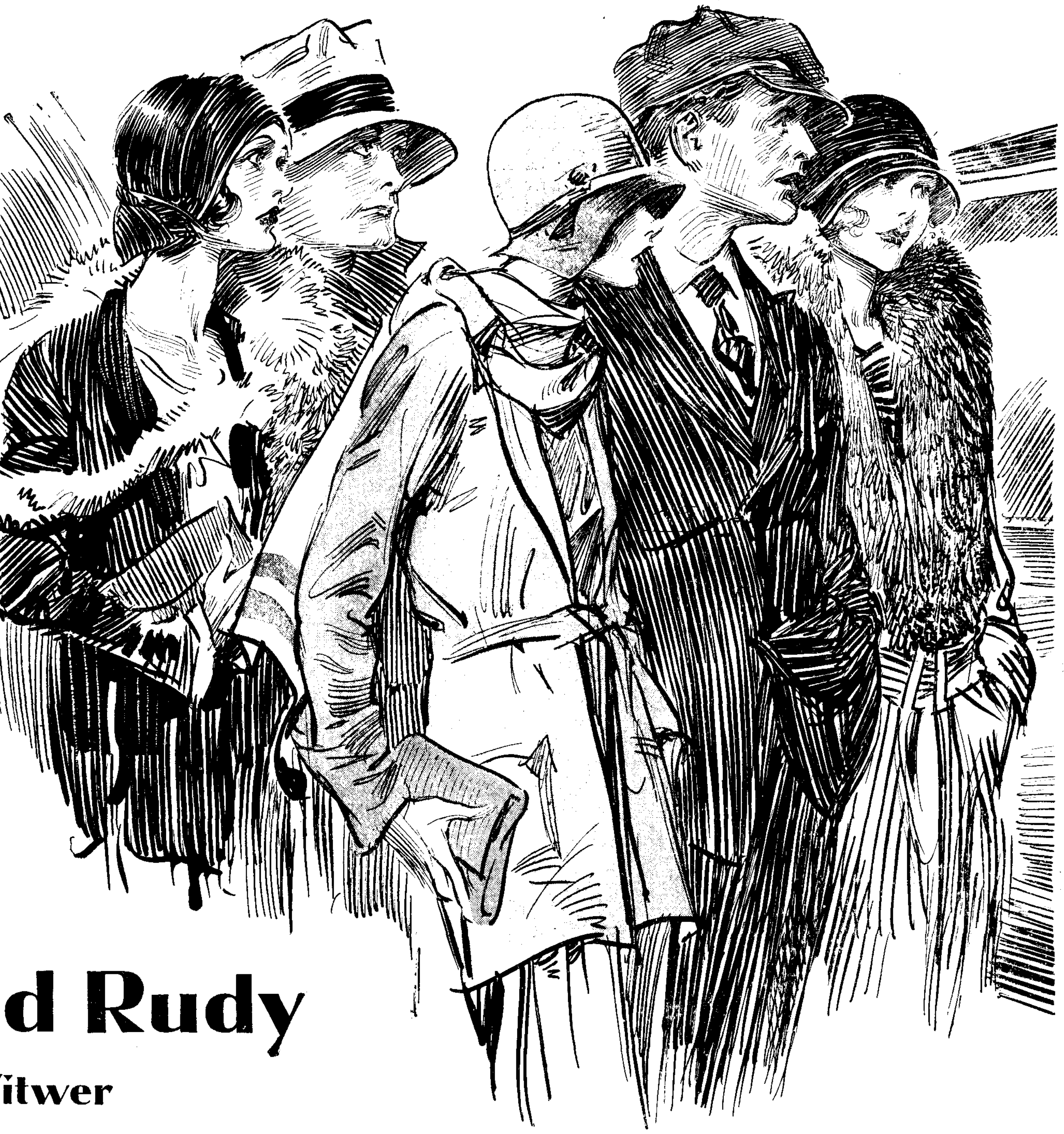
"GLORIANA, I'm shore happy to welcome you heah," said Molly, with ample sweet warmth. She was tremendously impressed—Jim had never seen her so pale—but there was no confusion for her in this meeting. Her eyes had a shining earnest light. Jim could not have asked more. She was true to Molly Dunn. She was Western. She had stuff in her. Never in her life had she been subject to such an intense and penetrating look as Gloriana gave her. Jim's heart leaped to his throat. Was Glory going to turn out a terrible snob?

"Molly Dunn! I'm glad to meet you," replied Gloriana, cordially, and she was quick to accept the shy advance of the Western girl. She met Molly's kiss halfway. Jim almost emitted audibly a repressed breath of relief. But he was not sanguine. Gloriana appeared the epitome of perfect breeding, and she was too fine to let the Western girl outdo her in being thoroughbred. Yet heart and soul were wanting. And it gave him a pang to see that Molly had already fallen in love with his sister. If Gloriana would only give the Western girl the smallest kind of a chance!

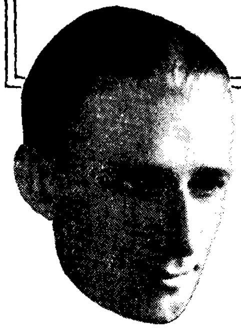
"You shore don't look sick to me," said Molly, her dusky eyes on Gloriana. "You just look like you didn't eat an' sleep enough, an' run aboot in the sun."

"I don't. That's just what ails me."

"You're (*Continued on page 63*)



This is the last story the late H. C. Witwer completed for Collier's. The next in the series was begun immediately but the author was able to write only ten pages of it. That unfinished story, the last of Harry Witwer's work, will be published in an early issue of Collier's



Punch and Rudy

By H. C. Witwer

In which that eminent Success Developer and Philosopher, Alexander the Greater, tries to squeeze a fortune from a lemon

NEW YORK—*Rudy Klein knocked out Rough House Wales in the first round of a scheduled ten-round bout here last night. The men were heavyweights.*

Them newspaper guys! *Nothing* gives 'em a kick. Hard-boiled Henrys which yawns at four-alarm fires and falls asleep at gang wars. The baby which wrote the above clipping I just come across in my knickknacks would probably of dismissed the burning of Rome like thus:

Rome—This slab burned to the ground last night while a man rendered a theme-song on a violin. The man was Emperor Nero.

Well, fellow admirers of the time-payment idea, tune in and I'll give you the entire box-score of the most sensational fight since David slapped Goliath as stiff as Hoover's collars. They was much which led up to it—oh, ample!—and when it was all over they come a thrill which made the scrap itself seem just the horse's de oovers of a grand feed. Patience, I pray thee, and I'll tell all, sparing nobody, regardless of rank and position. As they say of the Eighteenth Amendment, it's all in fun.

In case you don't recognize me at first glance and can't spare the time for a second, I'm Joe (Handsome) Green, manager of the Wildcats, a team whose spectacular spurt for the flag in the National League a few annums ago, will be remembered by many and forgotten by many more. In a scant seven weeks we bounded from the cellar to third place, mind you, and would of went higher but for two reasons—New York and Chicago.

HOWEVER, to get out of the ball park for the nonce (field *that* one!) leave us motor gayly to my home and see what we find there, bearing in mind that it's the last gasp in bad manners to pan your host's trap. We turn into one of the snootiest rues in Gotham, stop before a towering apartment house of a design which proves that every now and then a architect which takes a drink can be found, hop off in a gilded elevator and arrive at my glittering duplex flat (pronounced "suite"). What a cave! The rent would stop any more famines in China and the natives thereof is my beautiful spouse Alice, a Winter Garden factory-special; her kid sister Lily, a smaller and hey-hey model; her cousin Alexander Hanley and his plenty better-half, Eve. There's the line-up, good people; now settle back on the cushions and watch a snappy game.

My dashing, smashing Wildcats, which had to be rode from dawn to dusk to keep 'em on their toes, wasn't one fifth the worry to me which Lily and Alex was. Originally a denizen of Vermont, Alex caught New York napping 'way back in the days when people used matches to light cigarettes and before the Big Apple got hep to him, he'd hit a homer as a supersalesman of horseless carriages. He then tossed his job to the winds, christened himself "Success Developer" and plunged head first into the game of showing others how to duplicate his remarkable feats of making Lady Luck and Dame Fortune—two noted women which plainly thought Alex was the cat's. What this egg done for *me*, his cousin through romance, was to keep me manicuring my nails with my teeth by trying out his cruel go-getter sales-talks on me before the radio, the Rotary and game in season got a load of 'em. Here's a sample—nothing less than case orders considered:

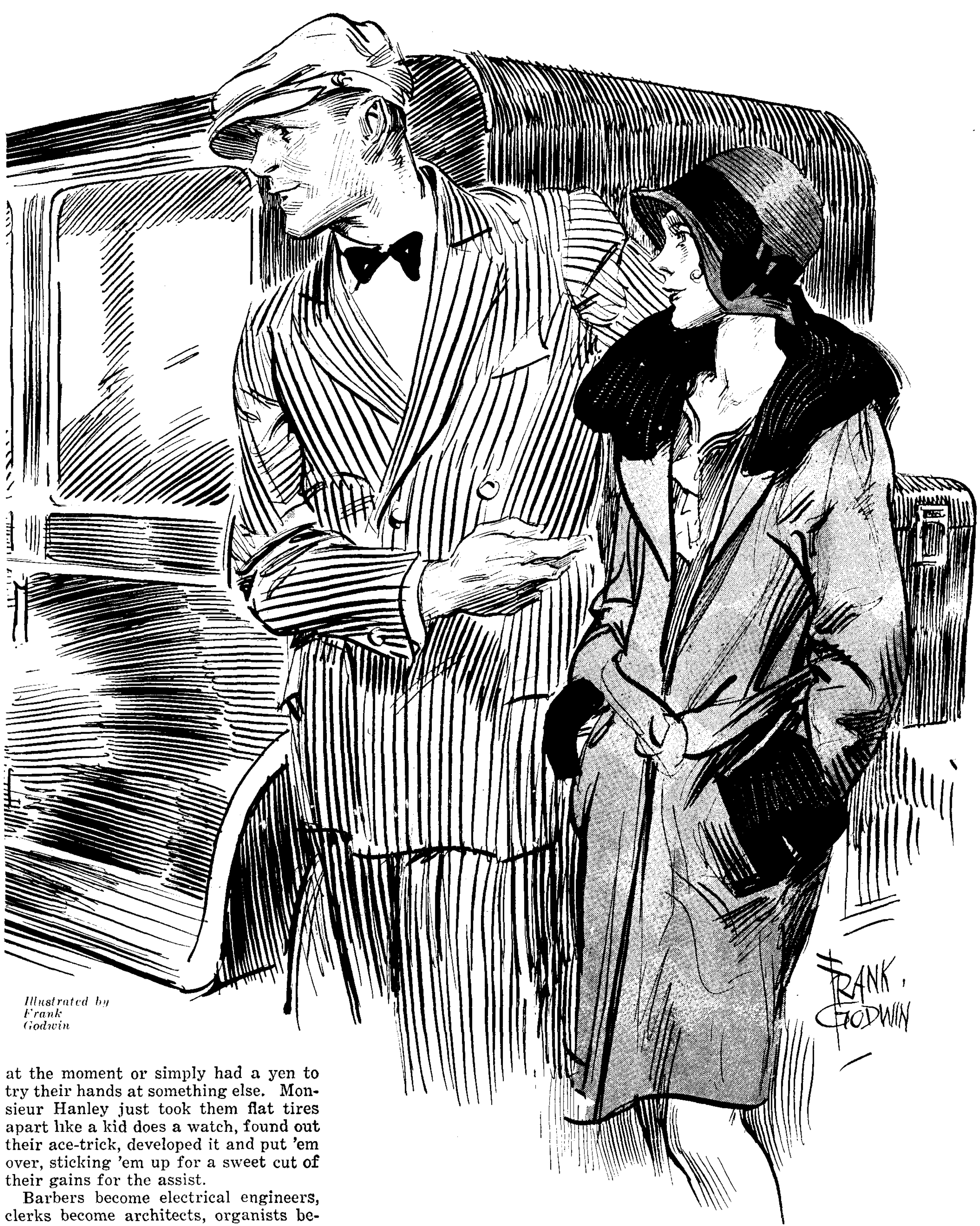
"Massinger, able English poet who functioned three hundred years ago, held that ambition was for princes only, declaring that in common man it was a vice. Many of his famed and cynical contemporaries, including Shakespeare, agreed with him, disregarding the fact that it was ambition that enabled them to reach the heights they'd attained. By various great minds, ambition has been assailed as envy, avarice, discontent, jealousy, conceit, even mortal sin.

"However, call it by whatever name you will, ambition wiped out forever as a human attribute would wreck the globe! The world would come to an immediate standstill and we're traveling in such a terrific pace these miraculous days that a sudden stop would be catastrophe. Ambition is the fuel that's driving us steadily forward to sensational advances in aëronautics, the arts, science, economics, invention, machinery, transportation, the eternal caste or class problem, even usually ponderous religion. Ambition knows no routine grooves or ironclad rules, which by the very reason of their being ironclad often become rusty.

"But mark you, and mark you well, ambition cannot be taken straight, for in that form it's simply a deadly stimulant that kills its victim with the bitter poison of frustrated hopes. Ambition must be mixed with imagination, courage, initiative, action, ability. Without these ingredients it's impotent. For instant, no matter how ambitious a goldfish may be, all it can ever hope to do is get in a glass bowl. Don't be a goldfish!"

Now you tell one.

BESIDES that pungent line of hooey, this toothache had a flash office in Wall Street where he followed his shameful calling by dealing with mugs of all trades and professions which was flops



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"Your *wife?*" explodes Lily. "Do you mean to tell me you're a married man?" "And how!" Rudy grins cheerfully

at the moment or simply had a yen to try their hands at something else. Monsieur Hanley just took them flat tires apart like a kid does a watch, found out their ace-trick, developed it and put 'em over, sticking 'em up for a sweet cut of their gains for the assist.

Barbers become electrical engineers, clerks become architects, organists become artists, chauffeurs become aviators and Alex become rich. Had Al Smith secured Alex's services, I'm satisfied there'd be a different boy in the White House today.

His latest exhibition was changing one George Milton, a fifth-class lawyer, into a first-class geologist in full view of the audience. Young Mr. Milton then rolled up his sleeves, hitched his trousers and discovered oil on a dilapidated farm, much to the joy of the dumfounded owner which immediately cooked up a drilling company and slipped him some stock. A swell break for Alex, which had fifty per cent of Mr. Milton. Watkins, my mustache cup!

Speaking of gladiolus, this geologist had likewise made some headway with the fair Lily, gentle readers, but my dizzy sister-in-law had tired swiftly as usual. She give him his unconditional release without no more explanations than that she was getting a trifle nauseated hearing about nothing but rocks and soil and shale foundations.

That lad just needed a new routine. He had the appearance of a picture star and the personality the radio announcers thinks they has, but his material was horse feathers. A young disturbance of the magazine-cover tribe which knew all the answers. Lily couldn't remain true to a boy friend or a job more than a couple or three weeks. Madly infatuated with each on first acquaintance, she soon treated 'em both as laughs and walked.

This comely damsel was so new a high school product that you could still smell the paint—and see it—and since leaving the blackboards she'd been about everything but the President of the United States of America, with Alex fronting for her each time. Right now she was a private detective and all set to wash up on that, too.

ONE braw, bricht moonlicht nicht (if you can say that you're by no means plastered and don't let 'em kid you!) we all went to a show and afterwards to a supper club for breakfast. As usual, Alex foxed me into putting out for the theater tickets and squawked to high heaven when I stuck the wasp on him for the taxi. Honest to Lauder, they's so much Scotch in that proper tomato he hates to tip his hat! Well, we parked in this nobby night club and ordered ginger ale for five and the burly waiter tells us confidentially that orange juice mixes much better.

"There's no liquor at this table," frowns Alex, putting on the chill.

"Comin' up!" says Mr. Waiter. "Gimme a chance, Mister—you people only just sit down."

As he blows, me and the girls bust out laughing, but Alex bangs his fist on the table.

"What a farce this Prohibition is!" he exclaims. "That fellow's ready to bring me a drink and he doesn't know me from Adam!"

"He should—you're dressed different," I says. "Alex, you know so much about everything, why don't you go for one of them big money prizes which is offered for a solution to the Prohibition puzzle?"

"Because there *is* no solution!" snaps our loud-speaker. "The mere repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is not the answer, in my opinion. On the contrary, I think the immediate results of such a repeal would be grave indeed. Do you suppose the vast army of bootleggers that has sprung up since the enactment of the Volstead law would be satisfied to suddenly give up the enormous profits and return to a hand-to-mouth existence? Certainly not!

"These men have become accustomed to luxurious automobiles, astounding returns on a small investment and a free and easy life, spiced with the occasional thrill of encounters with Federal agents and hi-jackers. They're hard-boiled. They know how to use a gun. They're their own boss and they have a plentiful supply of money for all purposes. A thousand dollars, for instance, is a trivial amount to them. Very well, can you picture them with the Amendment repealed, as clerks, truck drivers, small storekeepers, laborers and such? Nonsense! We would increase the horde of highwaymen, safe-crackers, bank robbers and killers and that's all we would do!"

HE'S got the femmes under ether, like usual.

"You're absolutely right, Alex," gushes Eve, admiringly.

"Of course," Alice yesses. "He *always* is!"

"I hope to tell you!" Lily chimes in. "Alex gets right to the point at once."

"He should of been a pencil sharpener," I sneers, Alex-proof. "You people's got this bozo thinking he's a tin Vishnu—lay off, he's got to use a shoehorn to get his hat on as it is!"

"Don't be common," chirps Eve. "You're just jealous."

"So's your foster grandaunt," I growls. "I was born in Akron, Ohio—I'm a American."

"Is that supposed to be comedy?" sniffs Alice.

"I've got laughs with it here and there," I says. "Lily, what case are you working on now?"

"I'm not arresting this week—simply resting," smiles Lily. "I may never go back to that job. I mean I'm fed up with getting divorce evidence for fools, catching shoplifters, plugging in on 'phone conversations and generally minding everybody's business but my own. Honestly, it's awful to be a pest! And the thought that I'm earning my living on the weakness of others positively makes me ill. We can't all be perfect, as the second-hand auto remarked."

"Yet a couple of weeks ago you was demented about the game," I says, while her two female relations gives her sympathetic looks to go with the one she was getting from Alex. That family sticks together like the stamps you put in your pocket. "What's your pleasure now, Good-Looking?"

"I want to open a beauty parlor and see what happens!" declares Lily, promptly. "There's heaps of money in it and it's interesting work. It wouldn't take much capital to get me started, because the cosmetic companies would stock the place and in no time at all I could pay back whoever loaned me the money for decorations, rent and so forth."

With that, she give Alex a come-hither glance and I give him a guffaw. The master mind was in a tough spot, lads and lassies, and about to be two-timed.

"C'mon, chump—like it!" I cackles. "Step right up (*Continued on page 71*)

Chief Bright Path

By Charley Paddock

The story of Jim Thorpe, greatest of all football stars and leader of all track athletes, as told by a world-famous sprinter

"IT IS my privilege to introduce to you, the most versatile athlete who ever lived. He is the world's record-holder for all-around track competition, a past Olympic champion and a former star in basket ball, baseball and hockey in both amateur and professional ranks. Among his own people he is remembered as a mighty hunter and a keen marksman. He is more than this. Even if he had never triumphed in any of these sports, his fame would ring down the vaulted corridors of athletic history as the hero of heroes, the greatest football player of all time. I give you the name of Chief Bright Path, to which his Indian ancestry entitles him, whom sportsmen know as Jim Thorpe."

It was my pleasure so to introduce James Francis Thorpe to fellow members of the Breakfast Club in Southern California recently, as we gathered together on a Wednesday morning around the horseshoe table shaded by giant oaks and sheltered by the hills of Hollywood, to share our ham and eggs with the wandering notables of the world at the Shrine of Friendship.

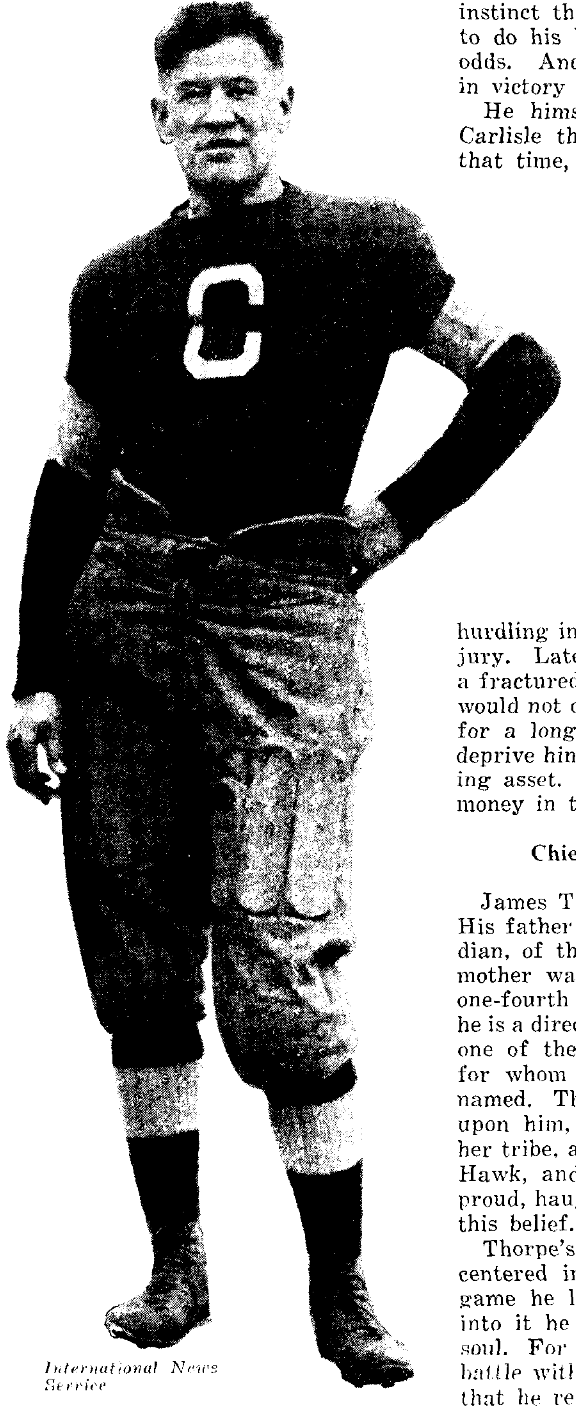
Thorpe had just come to Los Angeles as the master of ceremonies of Charlie Pyle's second "Bunion Derby," and he hoped that it would be possible for him to form lasting connections in California and to settle permanently in the West with his wife and two boys. As I write this, I do not know what Thorpe may be doing. For he is a chief without a tribe, and an athlete without a team, an alumnus without a college.

It has been my good fortune to know Jim Thorpe, the man, as well as Jim Thorpe, the football player, and through our relationship I have come to possess a clearer understanding of what it was that marked the giant Indian apart from all other gridiron stars. He was not a great player for just one or two seasons but for almost twenty years, and he could kick, pass and run with equal excellence.

Better at Everything

He was big for a backfield star, almost as big as a man can be and still carry the ball swiftly. But it was not mere size that spelled his success; nor speed, nor the natural strength that came to him from his Indian and Irish ancestors. It was rather a combination of spirit and strength, and the ability to acquire information about the game, and to retain all that he saw or heard. Thorpe was truly an artist in football. He could do anything on the field better than anyone else. Yet even this does not account for his lasting greatness.

There were occasions when, without support, without team-spirit and without the opportunity to display all that superb ability which was so markedly a part of himself, Thorpe rose to unprecedented heights. He did so through sheer courage, and his fighting heart would never allow the possibility of defeat, for he possessed the finest characteristics of two races. He had an Indian's confidence in victory and an Indian's ability to build up success. But he did not have that other Indian characteristic of losing heart in defeat. From the Irish blood of his father Jim Thorpe inherited a white man's fighting instinct that made it possible for him to do his best in the face of hopeless odds. And he was equally dangerous in victory and in defeat.



International News Service

Jim Thorpe in his Carlisle days—one of football's greatest drawing cards

He himself says he was better at Carlisle than he has ever been since that time, not because of his age (he was well past twenty-one before he ever played football) but rather because of the spirit of reckless youth that was his during his undergraduate days. He was not afraid of the devil and, what was more important, he was not afraid of getting hurt.

Later on in his professional career—though he was smarter on the field and had developed his kicking and passing ability to a greater extent, he did not have the same reckless courage that sent him hurdling into a line without fear of injury. Later on he was to realize that a fractured collar bone or a broken leg would not only put him out of the game for a long period of time, but would deprive him of his greatest money-making asset. He was not worried about money in those old Carlisle days.

Chief Black Hawk's Scion

James Thorpe is five-eighths Indian. His father was half Irish and half Indian, of the Sac and Fox tribes. His mother was three-fourths Indian, and one-fourth French. On his father's side he is a direct descendant of Black Hawk, one of the greatest chiefs in history, for whom the Black Hawk War was named. Thorpe's mother always looked upon him, as have other members of her tribe, as the reincarnation of Black Hawk, and his sharp black eyes and proud, haughty bearing lent strength to this belief.

Thorpe's love of life has always been centered in athletic competition. The game he liked best was football, and into it he threw his whole heart and soul. For football was battle to Thorpe, battle without quarter; and the games that he remembers are those in which he fought the hardest. Some of the contests of 1907-8 live as his most vivid recollections, though the world remembers him best for what he did in 1911 and 1912, the years when he was made a member of Walter Camp's All-America teams.

Thorpe is sorry that he did not play in 1909-10, for he feels that he was then at the height of his career, being about twenty-four years of age. But he was short of money and was forced to play semi-professional baseball in North Carolina. He made enough to see his way through school, for in those days regulations were not as strict as they are in some conferences now.

Track had been Thorpe's first love in athletics. As a youngster at the Carlisle Institute, he was working on the athletic field one afternoon while the members of the varsity were practicing. Coach Glen ("Pop") Warner possessed several good high jumpers that season, and on this particular day had succeeded in having them go over the bar at almost six feet.

A One-Man Team

When the jumpers left the standards, Thorpe, in his working clothes and without spikes, thought he would try to clear the height where they had left off. Without great effort, he made the jump, and Warner turned in time to see him do it.

From that day on, Jim Thorpe was the whole Carlisle track team. In many dual meets against such university teams as Penn State, Harvard and Lafayette, Thorpe would win as many as eight events in a single afternoon. He seemed to have no weakness, and improved with years.

Warner worked with him, seeing in him the coming all-around champion of the world, but Pop understood that his star had to be carefully managed and delicately handled if he was to show his best.

The late well-loved Mike Murphy, who was appointed the head Olympic coach for the team of 1912, invited Warner to look after Thorpe on the way to Stockholm. The story is told that the only training Thorpe did on the trip was to roll out of his hammock one day and step off twenty-four feet as a standard for what he wanted to do in the broad jump; after which he sighed, dropped back into the hammock, and resumed his slumbers.

Though that story is probably an exaggeration, his team mates of that year tell me that he rarely did more than an occasional jog and saved all his energies for the events, thereby proving a suspicion that has long been harbored by a minority group of athletes, that it is unnecessary to do much work in the final days before a major competition.

Thorpe found himself mentally and physically in perfect condition when the pentathlon and the decathlon events were held. He won both competitions with incredible ease, gaining in the ten events a total that has never been equalled or surpassed.

It was after Thorpe returned to this country with his Olympic championships that he was professionalized by the A. A. U. He was asked to return

Together with spirit and ability Thorpe inherited strength from his Indian and Irish ancestors

International News Service

his trophies to Wieslander of Sweden, who had taken second, and this he did. Wieslander was too fine a sportsman to accept them, saying that Thorpe was the greatest athlete in the world and not himself. The prizes were not returned to the Carlisle hero, but remain to this day in the possession of the Amateur Athletic Union officials.

The Sting of Injustice

Thorpe's own reaction to his professionalization has smoldered through the years into a definite resentment against the injustice of the rules that barred his record and robbed him of the rewards he had courageously captured against the greatest champions of his time. Jim has told me that he feels those prizes should be returned to him, and that the records which he established should be again officially recognized.

Baseball has always been considered to have been Thorpe's weakest sport. Yet even here he set a notable record that compares favorably with those of the greatest heroes of the diamond pastime. Sports writers have irritated Thorpe by saying that he did not shine in baseball as in other sports because he couldn't hit a curve ball. "It is not true," Thorpe told me, "for I could hit any kind of a ball from any kind of a pitcher." His actual batting percentage during his five years in the Big League will bear him out. The trouble was that Thorpe did not play often enough to acquire the same kind of reputation on the diamond that he had acquired on the gridiron. The history of his playing with the New York Giants will prove the point.

John J. McGraw informed the press that the reason he did not use Thorpe often was because he could not hit a curve ball. It was from this statement that the sports writers formed their opinion. The real reason—which McGraw would not divulge—was that Thorpe was a "disturbing influence." The Little Napoleon of baseball was faced with the problem of whether he should make allowances for this Indian, who was potentially the greatest ball player of all time, at the sacrifice of his team. When Thorpe played several days running, he was practically always the whole show, and the rest of the team became hero-worshipers. By his dominant personality he would influence the players to train in his unorthodox fashion—a fashion which was injurious to them but seemingly had no effect on him.

Time and again, McGraw would bench his Indian star with the hope that this treatment would change Thorpe's attitude, but it served only to cool Jim's desire to make good.

The years, however, have not dampened his enthusiasm for football. When he could no longer play in college ranks, he turned to the professional field, and to this day he can stand up for a quarter beside the greatest of modern stars and more than hold his own, despite the weight of his forty-three years.

Though he still looks forward to a few games more (and who in sports does not have the desire for further competition?), Jim Thorpe looks back with greater longing to those days he spent at Carlisle. He had gone there from Oklahoma, a wild youngster, untamed and unschooled, supremely confident in his own great strength. He found a coach waiting for him in Glen Warner, himself an Indian who possessed a like confidence which had been acquired upon the more sound foundation of experience.

While Warner realized the great natural ability that Thorpe possessed, he was not the man to sacrifice his team play in order to depend upon the ability of a single star. There were occasions, however, when Thorpe proved himself capable of shouldering the weight of the whole eleven, even though the offensive strength had not been built exclusively around himself.

Besides possessing a marvelous physique and the natural ability to do everything on the football field well, Thorpe never knew when he or his team was whipped. In seven out of the nine games played during the season of 1911, the big Indian made runs the length of the field. In the Dickinson College game of 1912, with the score 0-0 and time about to be called, his center threw the ball over his head and it rolled twenty feet behind the Carlisle goal line. But Jim recovered it and went the length of the field, plunging, bounding, fighting, twisting and turning until he had crashed across for victory. Against West Point, he took a kick from behind Army's goal line and side-stepped and straight-armed every cadet in his path to score a touchdown.

Thorpe's System

He was not a tremendously big man, weighing about 190 pounds in those days, but he understood marvelously well how to keep himself in condition and had a characteristic and unusual opinion of the way a man should train. "More athletes are hurt by going stale than by dissipating," says Thorpe. "Two or three weeks will put anyone in perfect condition if he is willing to work out properly. My own system at Carlisle was to go out on a few warm days, jog and exercise for two or three hours in the morning under a hot sun in heavy sweat clothes, come in and take a nap, and then go back in the afternoon and repeat the performance. During this period I did not eat very much food and drank practically no water. In a few days' time I found myself right."

Writers attributed some of his success to luck at the time of his greatness at Carlisle. Thorpe didn't like that. But he was never the man to frown on Dame Fortune. His confidence was aided and abetted on the day when Carlisle defeated Harvard 18-15, by the knowledge that the battle was played on the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1911—because it so happened that Jim's lucky number had always been eleven.

Deliberation has always been his watchword. "Know what you are going to do before you do it, and then act." How well this advice served Thorpe will be shown in the story of those games in which he was the hero, played against Harvard, Pennsylvania, Syracuse and the Army in the glorious football days of 1911 and 1912.

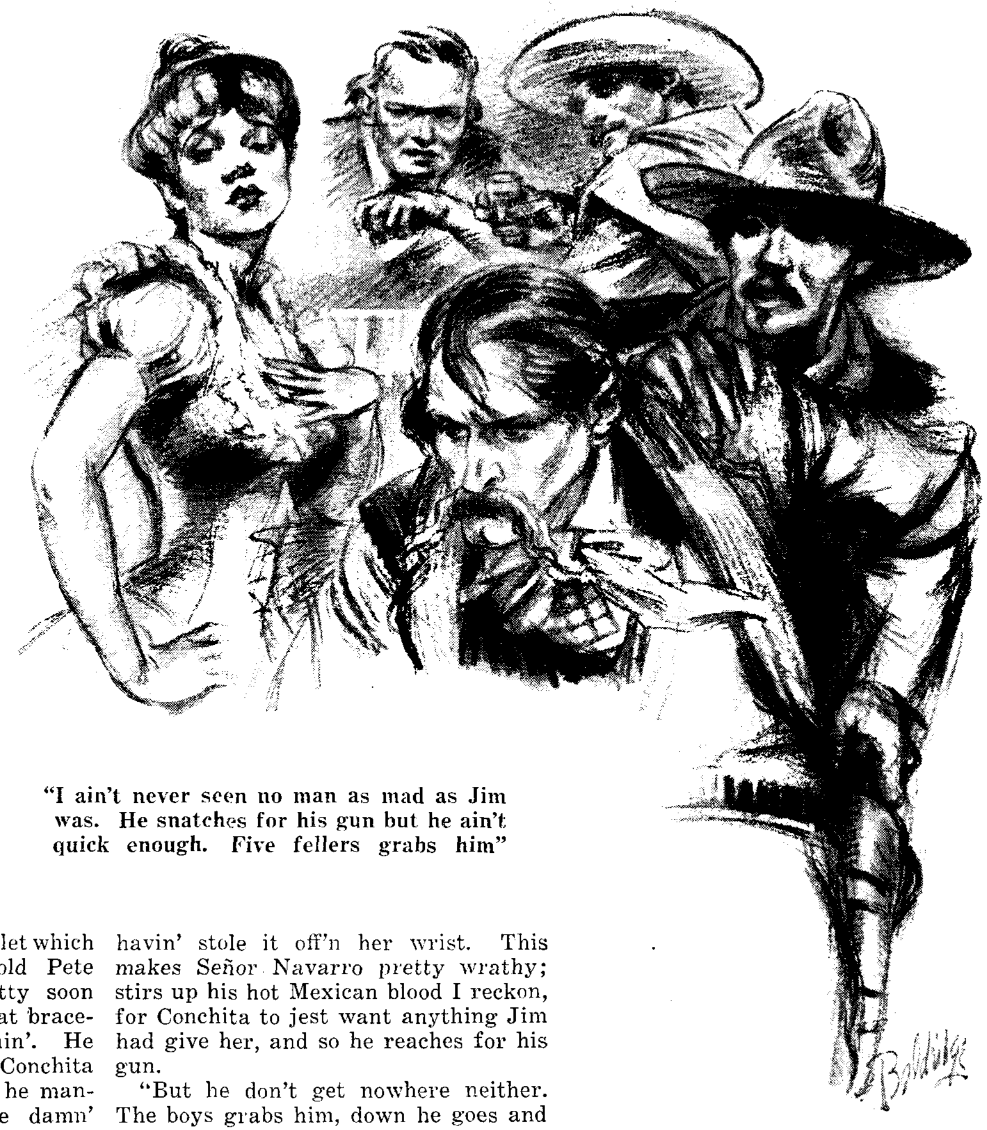
Time is said to be the true test of greatness, and now, twenty years after Thorpe first shone upon the gridiron, his deeds are as fresh in the minds of football followers as when his star rose to lasting fame. The man himself looks as physically fit and as dangerous as upon the day when he returned from Stockholm, the hero of America, the greatest all-around athlete the world has ever produced, Chief Bright Path, a Sac and Fox Indian.

(To be continued)

CONCHITA

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Owen P. White


"I ain't never seen no man as mad as Jim was. He snatches for his gun but he ain't quick enough. Five fellers grabs him"

"THAT shootin' you was a-askin' about," said old man Stacy, as he seated himself on the bench in front of his adobe saloon, "as I recollect, it happened this way. It was back in '84; I was tendin' bar in Dago Joe's dance-hall in El Paso, and one night in steps a new girl lookin' for a job.

"Say, man, she was a beaut. Purtiest thing, that kid was, that ever shook a leg west of the Pecos, and right away I says to myself, 'cause of course Joe hires her immediate, that it won't be long now till hell's a-heavin' all over this joint. And it warn't neither, 'cause whenever Conchita—which this girl's name was, Conchita Smith, she bein' half white and half Mex, and so not playing no color line—'cause whenever she rolls them big black eyes at a feller, an' lets go with a smile, there warn't no doubt whatever as to the re-sult. That boy was in love right then. He was in deep and in sudden, and nacherally, as Conchita was a business woman and warn't confinin' her smiles and her eye-rollin' to no one particular hombre, it warn't more'n a week until she had a personal remuda of about twenty-five locoed he-men a-millin' around our place every evenin'.

"HOWEVER, thar warn't really a lot of trouble. Like as not each one of them twenty-five idiots would gladly 'a' massacreed and skelped the other two dozen, but bein' a smart girl, like she was, even if she didn't have no heart, Conchita rides a close herd on her bunch of broncs, and keeps 'em so quiet that, 'cept for mebbe ten or a dozen of 'em a-bustin' each other's heads open with their six-shooters at one time or another, there warn't no real blood shed.

"Well, after a couple of months, same as would a-happened in civilized society anywhere, they ain't but two fellers left a-settin' in the game. But them two was in for keeps; they means business; they both says they's a-goin' to marry her, and to make it worse for them—but bein' half and half thataway it don't make no difference to Conchita—one of 'em, Jim Biggs, is a white feller, while the other, Tony Navarro, is all Mexican. They was good boys though and I likes 'em both, but how they did hate each other, and how they did love that Conchita girl! It was sort-a disgustin' to watch 'em, but of course I knows, and so does everybody else, that we ain't a-goin' to have to suffer long. Pretty soon somethin' has gotta blow up and you bet it did.

"One night Jim Biggs shows up ahead of Tony; gets Conchita off in a corner, talks with her a minute, and then when they comes up and has a drink — Conchita takin' sody as usual—I notices that she's a-wearin' a new bracelet which Jim must a-bought her at old Pete Kern's jewelry auction. Pretty soon Tony arrives and he notices that bracelet too, but he don't say nothin'. He jest waits, gets a dance with Conchita and while they's doin' a polka he manages somehow to unhook the damn' thing, and as he passes by whar Jim's a-standin' back of the deadline, he heaves the bauble, as a author would say, I reckon, right in his rival's face. Damn! I ain't never seen no man as mad as Jim was. He snatches for his gun but he ain't quick enough. 'Fore he gets 'er half out of the holster, five fellers grabs him, and after that it takes three more of us to put him down on the floor and set on him.

"Then along comes Conchita and what she done don't help a bit in the way of promotin' peace. What she's a-yelpin' for is that bracelet of hers; wants it pronto and says so, and likewise she's layin' plenty of stress onto tellin' Tony Navarro what she thinks of him for havin' stole it off'n her wrist. This makes Señor Navarro pretty wrathy; stirs up his hot Mexican blood I reckon, for Conchita to jest want anything Jim had give her, and so he reaches for his gun.

"But he don't get nowhere neither. The boys grabs him, down he goes and thar we was: two bunches of us a-settin' on a pair of chumps what was a-ravin' to kill each other. We couldn't hold that pose all night though, and of course we didn't. Conchita, she yanks us out of it. She finds her bracelet; that puts her in a good humor, and so she says, speakin' to Jim and Tony:

"'NOW listen to me. I can't marry only one of you idiots but I don't care which one it is. You can decide that for your ownselves, and if you're so hell-bent to do some shootin' about it why don't you do it right, fight a duel and I'll marry the winner.'

"Of course them warn't the lady's exact words but they's near enough for you to get what she meant, and I'm damned if them two locoed fools didn't jest jump at the chance to slaughter each other. Yes, sir, they wants to get right up and go to it thar in the dance hall but Joe won't stand for it.

"'Nix on that,' he says; 'if you fellers are a-goin' to do some earnest shootin' you'll jest step outside and attend to it 'cause I ain't a-goin' to have you messin' this floor all up!'

"That settles that part of it, and then, jest when we was all a-gettin' ready to go out in the road and conduct the proceedin's, Conchita, who as I already remarks is a pretty smart girl, comes forward with another noble scheme:

"'Look a-here,' she says, 'wait till tomorrow mornin' and then let's all go down to the boundary line, get next to one of them monuments and fight the duel there. Tony he can get over into old Mexico, Jim he can stay in the United States, and that way there can't nobody be arrested. If Tony shoots Jim he's safe in his own country; if Jim shoots Tony he's safe in his'n, and thar I'll be, a-standin' straddle of the line and all ready to get married to the winner."

"Well, that shore was a gorgeous thought, and, just to cut a few corners off'n this yarn, that's the way we done it. Two hundred people, I reckon, goes down the next day to see the shootin'. Dago Joe was the master of ceremonies, as he calls it, and he was good. He don't waste no time.

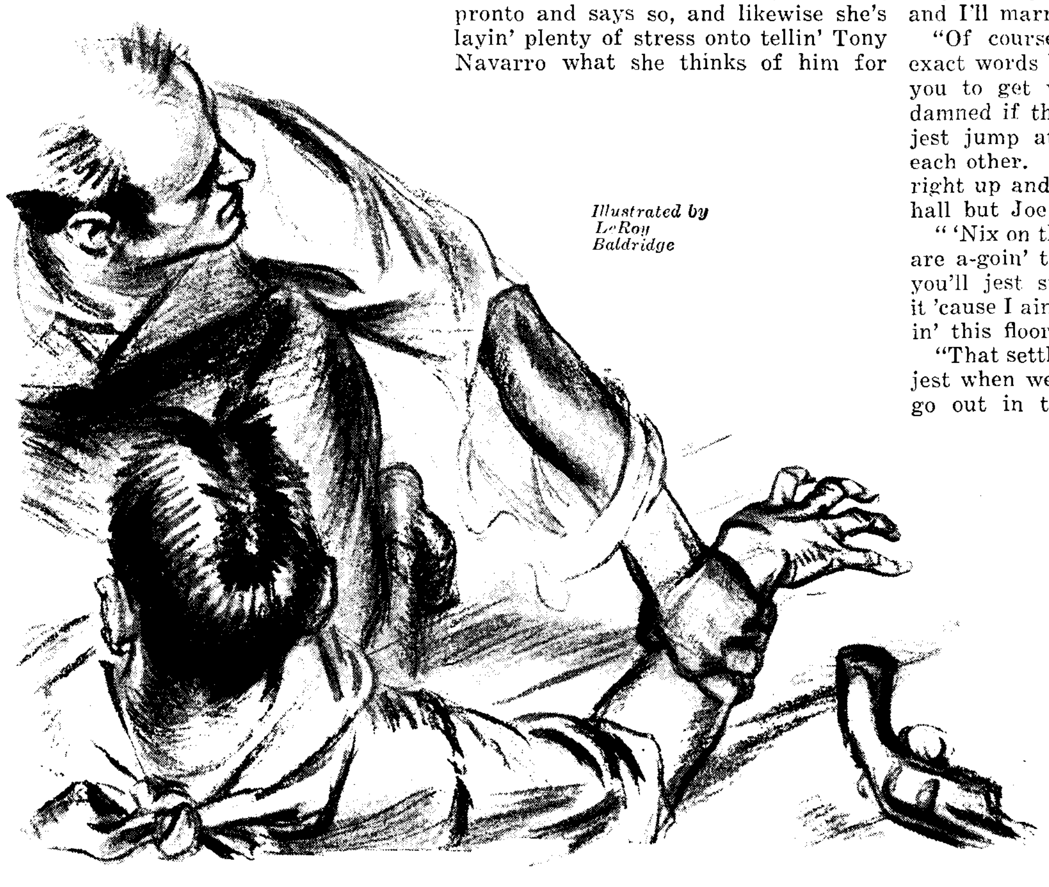
"He takes Tony and stands him ten foot across the line in old Mexico; then he locates Jim ten foot inside the United States; then he counts three, yells 'Fire!' and hang me if I ever hear but one shot. But I sees both fellers fall. I runs to 'em; first to one and then to the other, and they is both hit hard in the right shoulder. Conchita done the same thing. She rushes to Tony in old Mexico, drops down alongside him, kisses him a couple of times, tells him he's a *muy, muy valiente hombre*. Then she flies over to Jim Biggs in the United States; kisses him a lot too, tells him he's the bravest, noblest man in the whole damn world, and then, well, she just stands up, smiles nice, sweet and indiscriminate at the whole bunch, bobs her head, switches her bustle, climbs into a city hack which was a-waitin' for her—"

"HEY there, you Stacy you!"—a fat, greasy-looking Mexican woman, in a blue calico wrapper, appeared around the corner—"git in that house this minute and fix that stovepipe like I told you. No loafin' now. Step lively."

The old man rose and started away.

"But hold on a minute," I said. "Which one of them was the winner? Who'd she *marry*?"

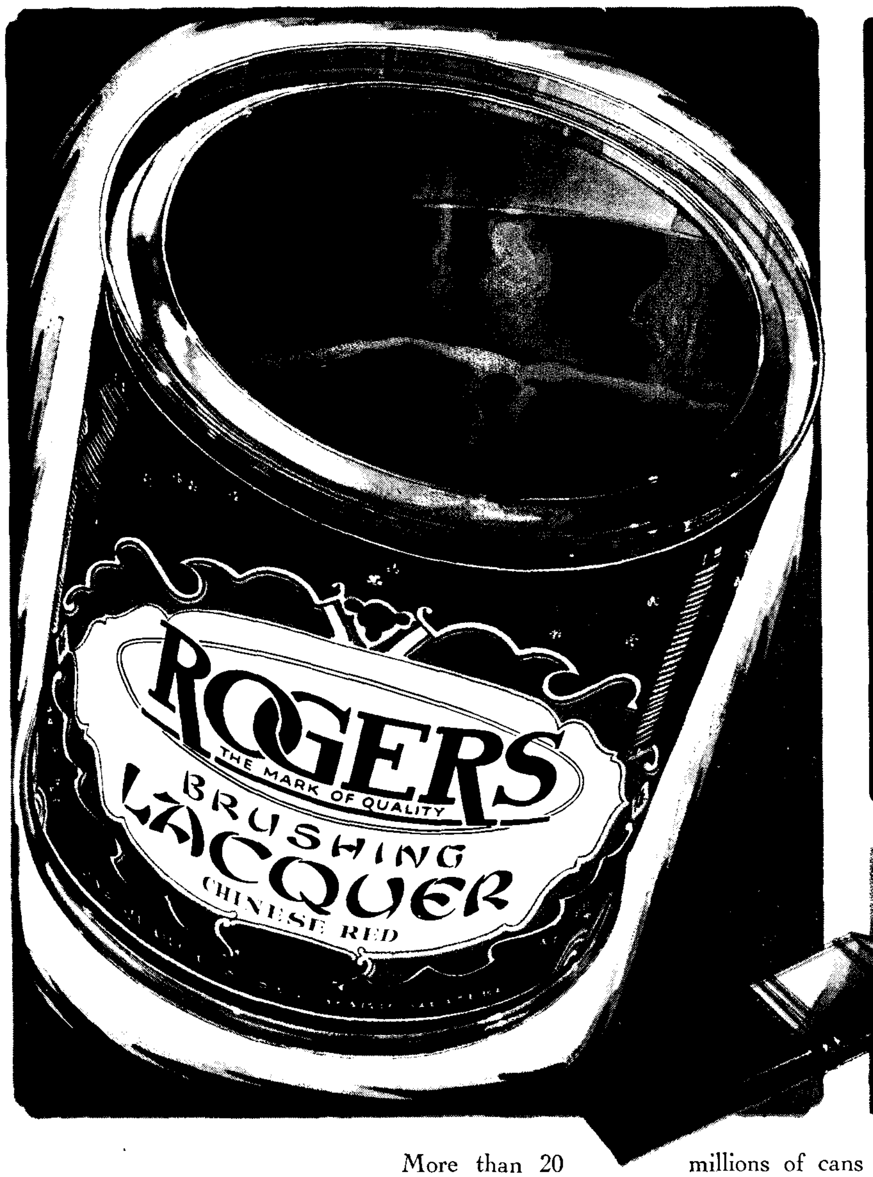
The old man leaned over and his voice dropped to a whisper. "Hell, man," he said; "they was both winners. That's her there. She married me."

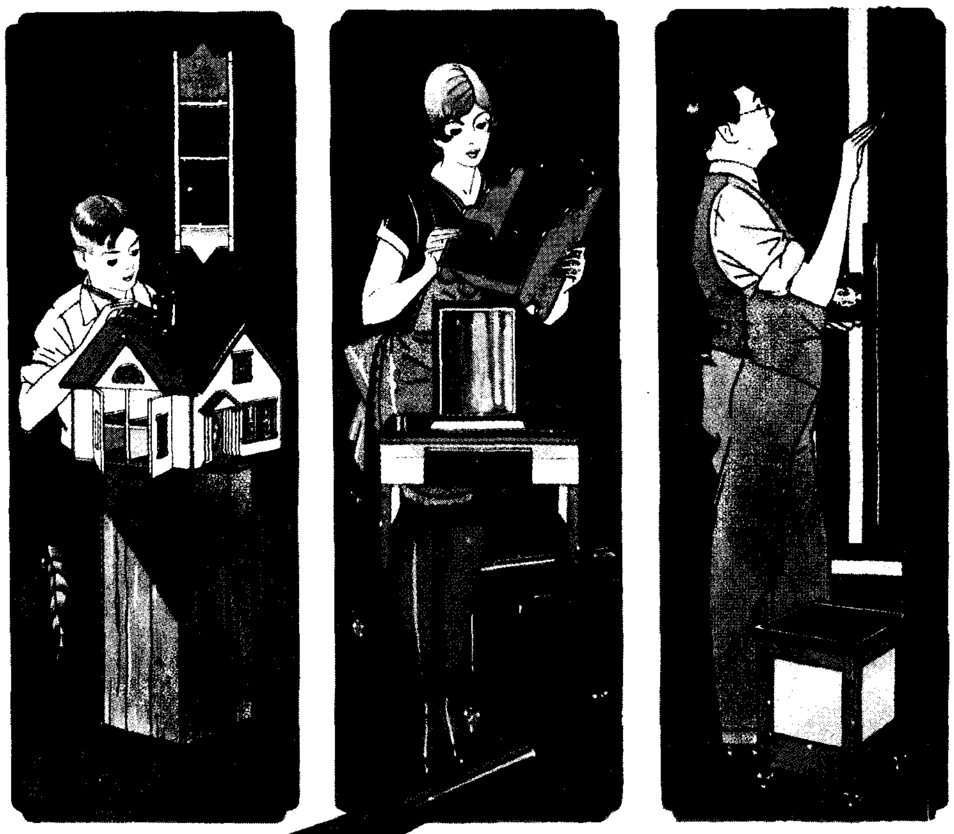


Illustrated by L'Roy Baldridge

Fast-drying "Rogers" colors simplify home decoration for you

Now easier to apply than ever... Guaranteed to dry *perfectly*, while you wait





"MONEY-BACK" GUARANTY

Try one can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not *more* than satisfied, return what is left to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price.

More than 20 millions of cans of "Rogers" sold since its comparatively recent introduction!

What a wonderful testimonial to the distinctive features of "Rogers"—to its *exquisite colors*—to its *ease of application*—to its *perfect fast-drying*—to its *great popularity* everywhere.

If you haven't yet tried this amazing, *modern*, fast-drying home lacquer do so at once. Join the thousands who are now doing their own artistic things with "Rogers" because it works so *easily*, so *quickly* and so *beautifully*.

Anyone can use it successfully

No special experience is needed to apply these radiant fast-drying "Rogers" colors. No tedious or expert preparation of the surface is required. Merely flow on the rich, glorious "Rogers" color with a full brush. Spread it out like a thin icing.

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"Rogers" colors, always of exquisite hues, are more beautiful *now* than ever. In smart homes everywhere they are the vogue. Do you wonder when you look into the open can shown here? Even in printer's ink "Rogers" Chinese Red is alluring.

But *Chinese Red* is only one "Rogers" color. There are 25 others, all equally rich and radiant. There are unlimited tints, easily made by intermixing. There are also six wonderful *deep* colors especially recommended for hard outdoor use as well as indoor, not to forget the famous "Rogers" black, white and clear, and a new, transparent "Rogers" *especially for linoleum*.

Printed colors, beautiful as they are, fall far short of the actual "Rogers" colors themselves. Your nearest "Rogers" dealer has complete color cards. Please call on him.

At dealers' everywhere

"Rogers" is now preferred and used nationally. Leading paint, hardware and department stores everywhere carry it.

However, to be certain of getting "Rogers" colors, easy application, perfect fast-drying and long service, *insist upon the genuine*. It comes only in the familiar "oriental" can shown here and has the name "Rogers" on the label. You cannot mistake it.

Every can is sold on the nationally advertised "Money-Back" Guaranty printed above.

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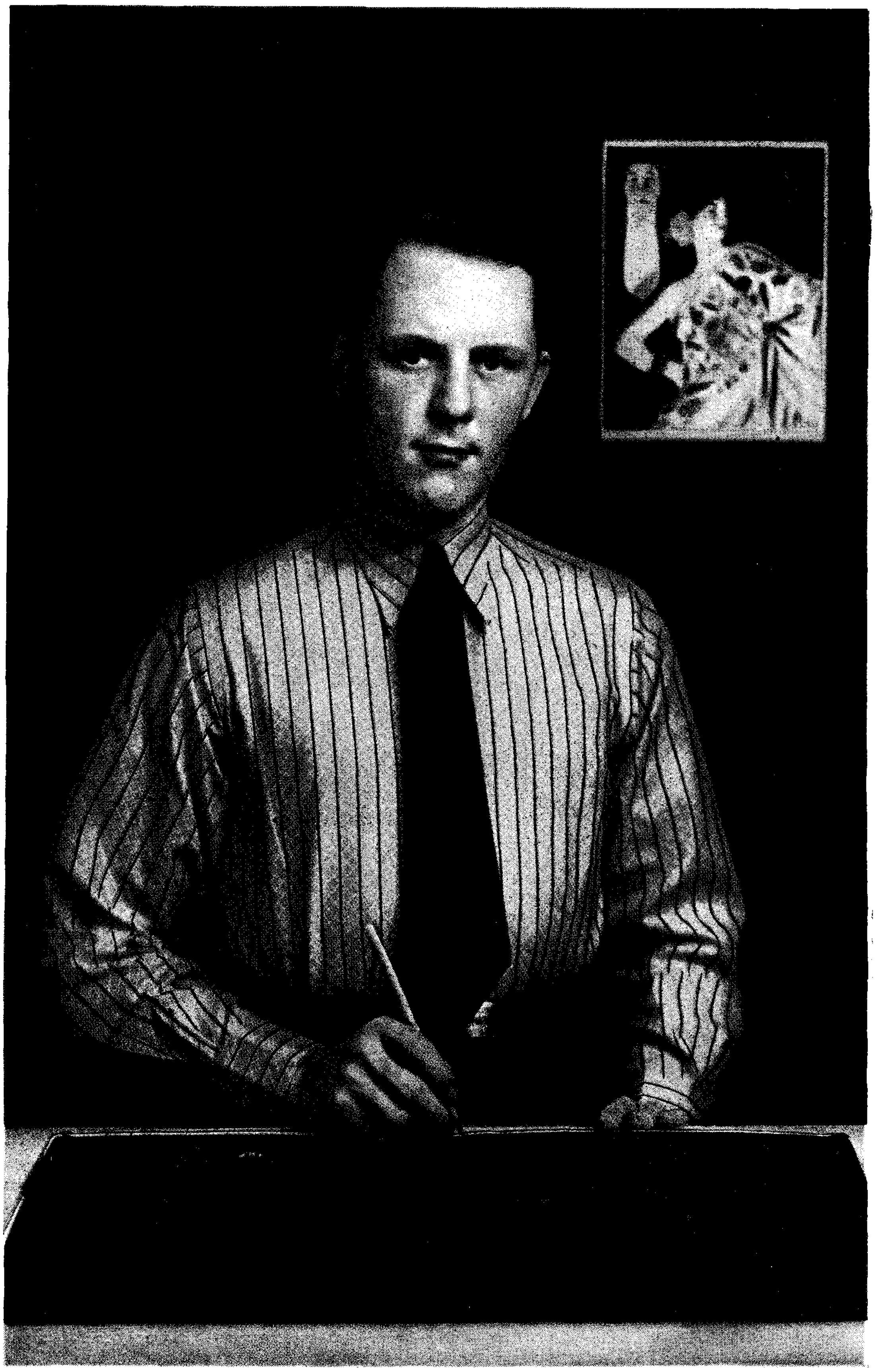

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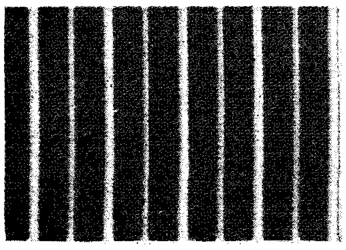
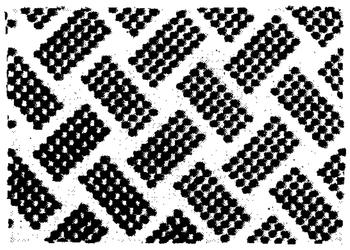
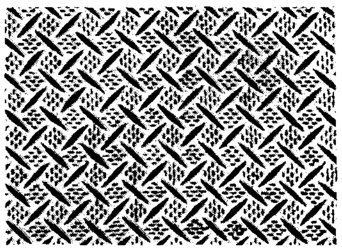


Fine, light, alternate stripes of white on a cool, solid "field of azure."



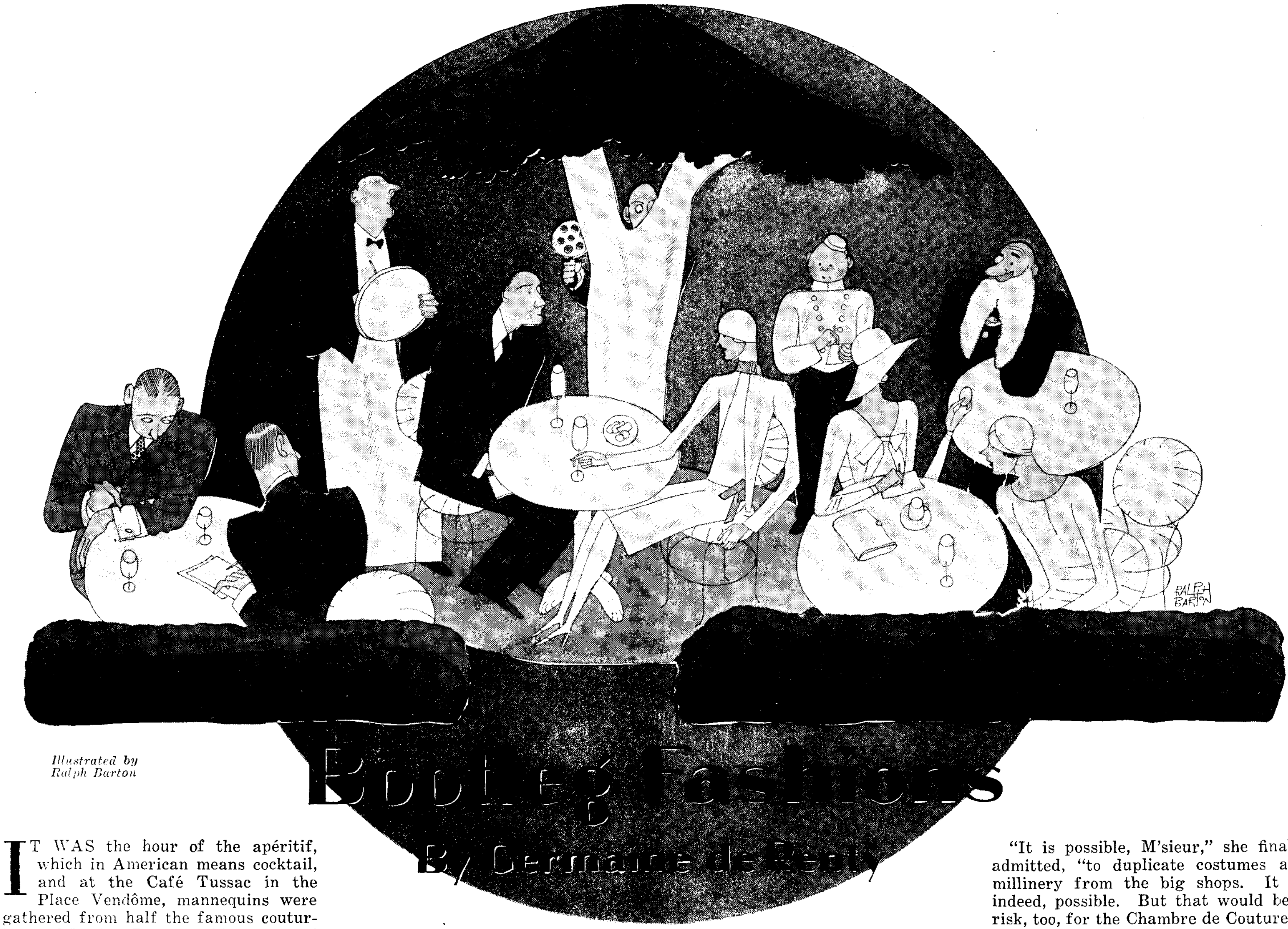
Basket-woven masses of tiny sapphire-diamonds on a white ground.



An intricate small-pattern mosaic —rich blue on a pure white ground.

Each Arablue is available in two distinct styles: (1) *with* ARROW COLLAR *of the same fine fabric attached;* (2) *with two* ARROW COLLARS *starched to match. Hempstead model.*

The collars in both styles are keenly up-to-date in tailoring. And ARROW *introduces in all Arablues a freshly interesting shape of cuff.* (*The fabric shown in the major illustration is a fine pale diamond, overlaid with sapphire stripes.*)



Illustrated by Ralph Barton

Bootleg Fashions

By Germaine de Renty

Pirating ideas is almost as much of a business as smuggling liquor. Paris is the source of supply. Here is the story of how it's done—by one who has helped do it

IT WAS the hour of the apéritif, which in American means cocktail, and at the Café Tussac in the Place Vendôme, mannequins were gathered from half the famous couturières of Paris. Dark, flashing types of French beauty mingling with blondes, living patterns of the latest modes.

Young men were there by the dozen to match the girls in good looks and good clothes. All sipped rose cocktails—an entrancing mixture of champagne, cognac and grenadine, delicious to taste and gayly effective.

And they gossiped. Famed names like Patou, Chanel, Paquin, Worth, Martial and others passed their lips in banter and repartee. Busy but attentive waiters picked out of the badinage bits of information regarding well-known designers and well-known customers, and not so well-known proprietors of ateliers, that specialized in pirating designs.

Those waiters with trained ears were skilled in serving drinks, more skilled in catching significant chatter from the shop-talk of those they served.

Gentlemen All

Refreshed, effervescent mannequins and boy-friends made engagements for the evening or the morrow and redistributed themselves among the costume and tailoring establishments in that fashion hub of Paris. After which the waiters, who had been particularly attentive, conferred and sought telephones.

With the result that in the Bureau of the Chambre de Couture, the central protective organization of the best costumers of France, there was conference and excitement. Following this, the further result that in an office of the Prefecture of Police, an exceedingly important officer lifted shaggy brows, uttered a satisfied grunt and summoned three detectives for assignment.

These were not ordinary detectives. In France there is no lingual equivalent for the species of policemen known in America as flat-feet, although we have that type of detective to do the wanted work of searching out apaches required for crimes of violence. These detectives were arrayed in the fashion, pleated trousers, picturesque cravats and tapering collars. On their well-groomed heads reposed hats of the latest model. As they set out for duty on the following day their boutonnières were fresh, their canes elegant, their gloves all they should be.

In a taxi that hooted and skidded as it ferreted out little-known streets in the Faubourg St. Antoine, they discussed their errands. The spokesman, a stout Beau Brummell with an eloquent mustache, told them how his strategy would operate.

"I shall say to Madame Ycours," said he, "that we are gentlemen of affairs who desire quantities of the finest and most recent designs from the best shops. But, being business men, we also desire to avoid excessive payment.

"Madame Ycours will possibly be dubious; but we shall reassure her, gain her confidence and persuade her to show us samples. Then the matter will be settled, our case completed."

And he relaxed for the rest of the ride, lifting broad nostrils as one who smelled glory from afar.

The cab halted before an unpretentious establishment in an unpretentious street. Behind closely drawn Venetian blinds it was impossible to peer. This house might be the town home of some eccentric person who preferred to live in an obscure business quarter.

Without hesitation the detectives left the cab and pressed the bell. A grille in the door slid back, after the manner of the more melodramatic New York speakeasies. Alert eyes surveyed the three gentlemen of fashion. The door slipped open to the extent of a ten-inch chain and they were guardedly asked their business.

Uttering a familiar name, the spokesman and his associates were admitted and guided up two flights of stairs where, in a strangely bright atelier, they saw midinettes at buzzing machines, sewing garments, and others at cutting and matching boards.

Madame Ycours came frpm an interior room. A handsome brunette of middle age with a quick, aggressive tongue.

The spokesman displayed his strategy while the other gentlemen of fashion, hats in hand, glanced about the room—its tall wardrobes, ornate radiators and glossy cases.

Skillfully parrying questions, Madame Ycours was genially noncommittal. She exhausted the careful catechism of the spokesman.

"It is possible, M'sieur," she finally admitted, "to duplicate costumes and millinery from the big shops. It is, indeed, possible. But that would be a risk, too, for the Chambre de Couture is watchful for copyists."

"You would be willing, then, to oblige us—for a price?"

"One is willing," said the lady, frankly, "to oblige anybody for the right price."

Thereupon, the spokesman of the detectives amazed the busy midinettes by forsaking the suave tactic of inquiry and announcing his identity.

"We shall search your premises," he declared.

Madame Ycours rapidly and artistically scaled the diapason of opposition, from outraged hauteur to protesting submission. The mirrors of fashion, wearing their hats in token that they were now down to business and no mere customers, went in and out of rooms, peered into wardrobes and cases, demanded to see the attic—in brief, as Americans say, frisked the joint.

Chagrined and Dejected

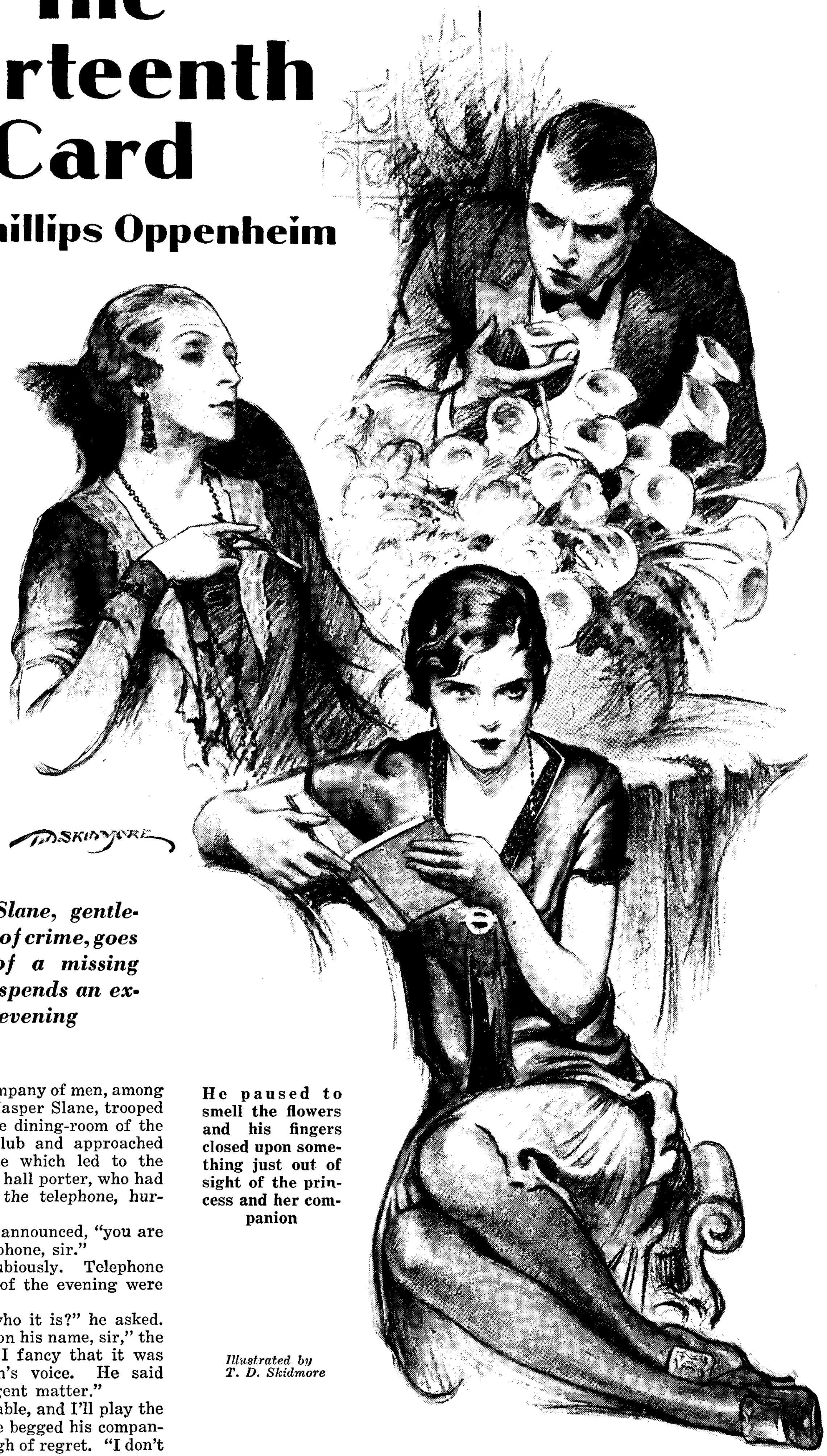
Nothing rewarded their trouble save the quick sarcasm of Madame Ycours. Defeated, they were about to leave when she stood before them, and, one after another, inspected their hats, their boutonnières, their cravats. Dramatically she squared her shoulders and edged her voice.

"You have come disguised as gentlemen to secure evidence against me as a copyist of costumes," she accused. "And you have the audacity to wear evidence against yourselves.

"Do you know," she persisted before the surprised shrugs of the elegant three, "that your hats are spurious imitations of Pelissier headwear? And your cravats, what are they but copies of originals by Froissart? Your boutonnières—how (*Continued on page 76*)

The Thirteenth Card

By E. Phillips Oppenheim



He paused to smell the flowers and his fingers closed upon something just out of sight of the princess and her companion

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

Sir Jasper Slane, gentleman student of crime, goes in search of a missing friend, and spends an exciting evening

A LITTLE company of men, among whom was Jasper Slane, trooped out from the dining-room of the Lavender Club and approached the broad staircase which led to the bridge rooms. The hall porter, who had been speaking on the telephone, hurried over to them.

"Sir Jasper," he announced, "you are wanted on the telephone, sir."

Slane paused dubiously. Telephone calls at that hour of the evening were inopportune.

"Do you know who it is?" he asked.

"He didn't mention his name, sir," the man replied, "but I fancy that it was Lord Minchingham's voice. He said that it was an urgent matter."

"Put me in the table, and I'll play the next rubber," Slane begged his companions, with a little sigh of regret. "I don't know what the devil Minchingham wants with me at this time of the night."

He entered the telephone compartment, and picked up the receiver.

"That you, Minchingham?" he inquired.

"Wizard!" was the brief response. "I say, Slane, are you doing anything very particular?"

"Well, I was just going to play bridge."

"So were we, but fate seems to have intervened. What I want to know is whether you can come round here, number 6A, Cunningham Mansions, you know."

"DO YOU mean at once, or later on?" Slane queried with a certain lack of enthusiasm in his tone.

"I mean this minute. Come in the quickest taxi you can find. Something has happened which we don't quite understand. I think you could help us. Awfully sorry, and all that, but—"

"I will come," Slane promised.

He hung up the receiver, sent a regretful message upstairs, put on his hat and coat, found a taxi, and drove to Cunningham Mansions. The building itself, in which the flat was situated, was a comparatively small one. The ground floor was taken up by shops on each side, the first floor by offices, the second floor by a residential flat, and the third by Lord Minchingham's small but famous bachelor suite.

There was a slight air of disturbance, Slane noticed, in the entrance hall. The commissionaire was looking annoyed, and the elevator man distrait. Slane, however, asked no questions, stepped into the elevator, ascended to the third floor, was relieved of his coat and hat by Minchingham's perfect butler, and ushered at once into the library. Minchingham, pale, with a high forehead and languid eyes, slim, debonair, but extremely lethargic, not from mannerism but from real disposition, rose to meet him. He had been seated at a card table, at which were two other men. The third place was vacant.

"Very good of you to come, Jasper," Minchingham said, as he shook hands. "You know these fellows, I think."

SLANE nodded, and exchanged greetings with the other two men. One was Goring Brett, who held a permanent post in the Foreign Office; the other was Sir Martin Phipps, a member of Parliament, chairman of many companies, and a well-known figure in the world of finance. Even from the moment of his entrance, there seemed to Slane to be something curious about that third and empty place.

"What are you doing? Playing cut-throat?" he asked.

"We are half afraid there is someone else who is doing that," Minchingham replied, in his high-pitched, bored tone. "We sat down to play a rubber of bridge three quarters of an hour ago—we three and Cartwright. You know Ronny Cartwright, of course?"

"Yes, I know Ronny," Slane admitted.

"The cards had just been dealt, when Thomson, my butler, came in and announced that someone wanted to speak on the telephone to Cartwright. He apologized and hurried away, carrying his cards, and sorting them as he left the room. The telephone is in the little hall smoking-room outside, as I dare say you know. I am telling you all this rather carefully because we have so little to go on, and any trifle might give you an idea."

"Quite right."

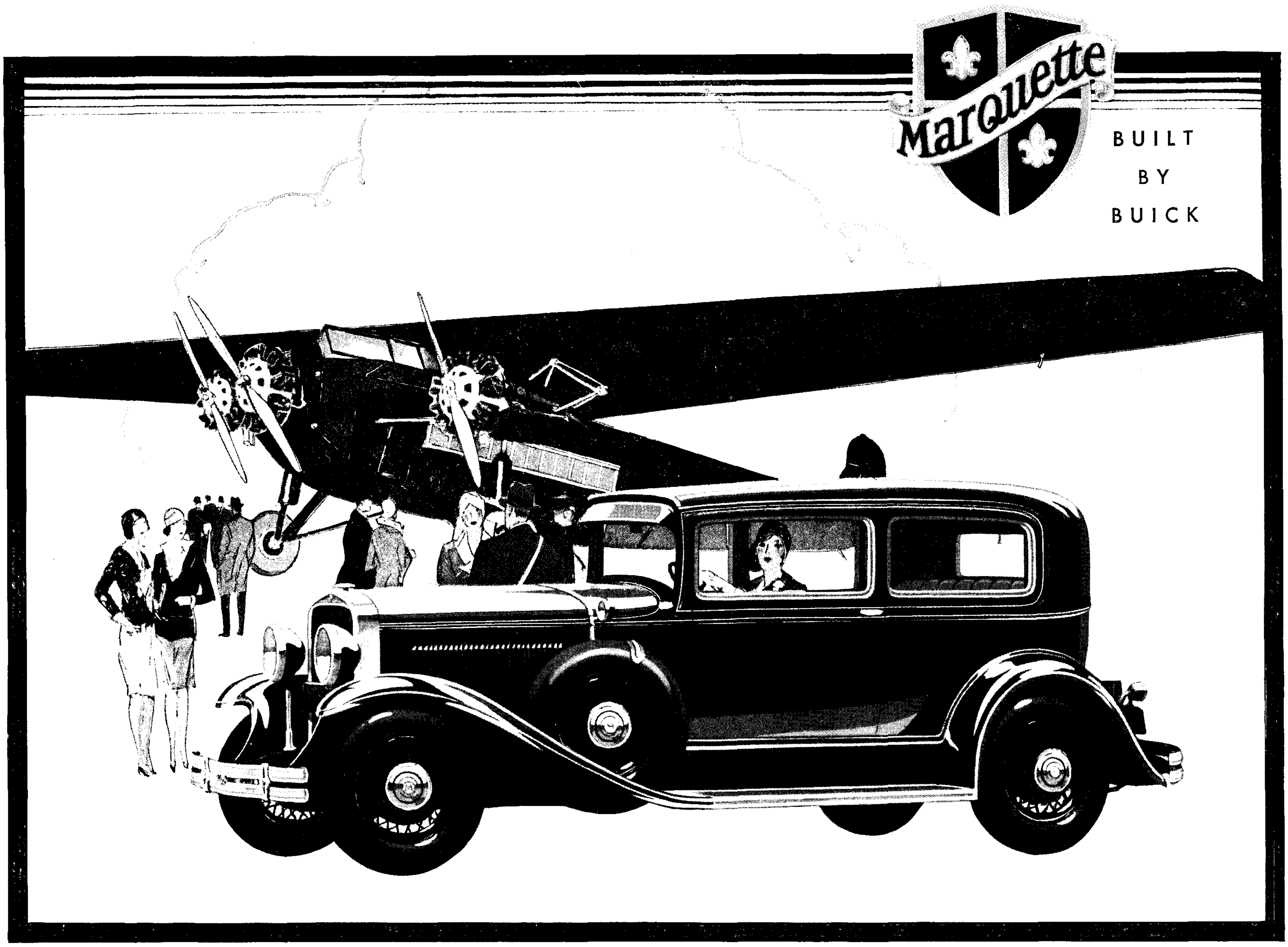
"WELL, we waited a minute or two," Minchingham continued, his drawl becoming more pronounced. "We waited five minutes. We waited nearly ten. Then these fellows began to get the fidgets, and I went out. Cartwright's cards were on the small table by the side of the telephone instrument. The front door was open, but he himself had vanished. I rang for Thomson. Thomson knew nothing. I looked round the flat—no sign of Cartwright anywhere. I went downstairs to the commissionaire. The commissionaire had been in his little office for the last three quarters of an hour, and was sure that not a soul had entered or left the building. The long and the short of it is, Slane—it's a damned silly thing to say—but Ronny Cartwright has disappeared."

"Well, he can't have got very far," Slane observed, with a smile.

"That should make the task simpler," Minchingham rejoined, "but all we ask is, find him for us. You know the geography of the place. The ground floor is all let out in shops which have been closed up for at least three hours. The floor above consists of offices, and they have been empty since seven o'clock. The floor above them and immediately under us is occupied by Princess Varnava, a very wealthy Russian-Polish lady who keeps us in touch with the *haute monde* inasmuch as even Buckingham Palace calls to see her. We two are the only tenants."

"Does Cartwright know the princess?" Slane inquired.

"I am quite sure he doesn't, because only last time he was here he asked, curiously enough (*Continued on page 24*)



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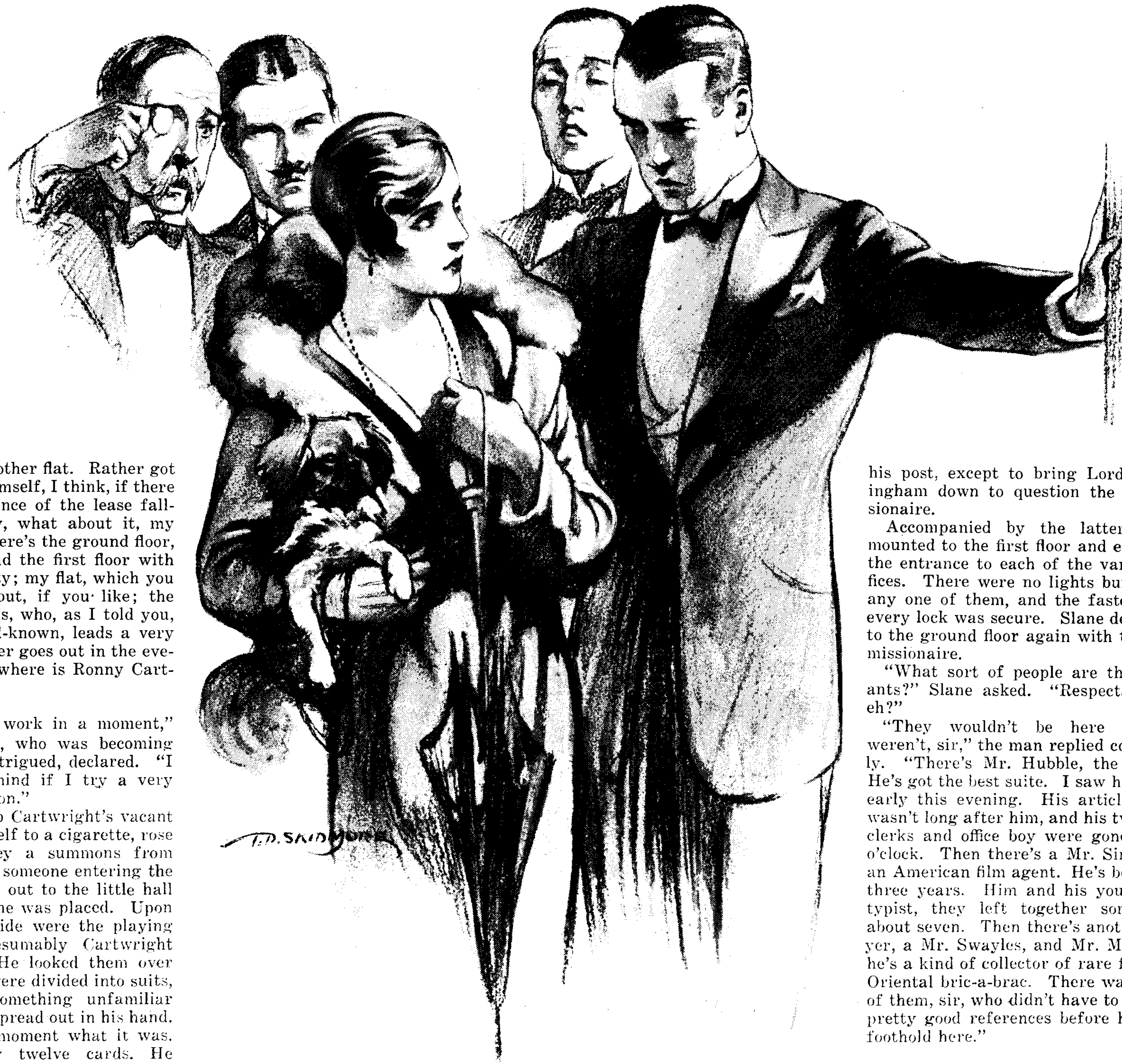

"Who is there to give such an order?" She made another effort to pass

who occupied the other flat. Rather got his eye on it for himself, I think, if there had been any chance of the lease falling in. . . . Now, what about it, my friend Jasper? There's the ground floor, with its shops, and the first floor with locked doors, empty; my flat, which you can turn inside out, if you like; the Princess Varnava's, who, as I told you, is thoroughly well-known, leads a very quiet life, and never goes out in the evening. I ask you, where is Ronny Cartwright?"

"WE'LL get to work in a moment," Jasper Slane, who was becoming more and more intrigued, declared. "I hope you won't mind if I try a very short reconstruction."

He subsided into Cartwright's vacant place, helped himself to a cigarette, rose as though to obey a summons from Thomson, or from someone entering the room, and strolled out to the little hall where the telephone was placed. Upon the table by its side were the playing cards, which presumably Cartwright had laid down. He looked them over carefully. They were divided into suits, but there was something unfamiliar about them when spread out in his hand. He realized in a moment what it was. There were only twelve cards. He looked under the table, and upon the carpet—no sign of any other. He laid them down once more, and took the receiver from the telephone.

"Hullo!" he called out.

There was no reply. He tried again and again, pressed the hook down time after time. There was still no reply. He summoned Thomson.

"Thomson, is this the telephone that rang when you fetched Mr. Cartwright?" he inquired.

"Certainly, sir," the man replied. "There is no other in the flat, except an extension to this one which rings into his lordship's bedroom."

"Do you mind," Slane asked, "seeing whether the extension is in order?"

"Certainly, Sir Jasper."

The man went out and reappeared a few minutes later.

"I cannot get any connection, sir," he confided. "It seems as though we were cut off somewhere."

Slane nodded.

"Your telephone has been tampered with," he announced. "I can't think how his lordship got through to me."

"His lordship spoke from the hall, Sir Jasper," Thomson explained. "He was downstairs questioning the commissionaire."

"You are sure that Mr. Cartwright spoke up here?"

"Quite sure, Sir Jasper. I heard his voice distinctly."

"You couldn't hear what he said?"

"I didn't listen, sir," was the somewhat reproachful rejoinder.

"That's all right," Slane persisted, "but this is rather a serious affair. His lordship tells me that Mr. Cartwright has disappeared. We want to find him. If we could discover whom he was talking with, that might help."

"I am sorry, sir, but I really didn't hear a word."

"Did Mr. Cartwright seem disturbed at all?"

"I COULDN'T answer for that either, Sir Jasper. I was busy clearing away in the dining-room. I only know that I heard Mr. Cartwright's voice speaking, and about two minutes afterwards, when I came through the hall, there was no one there, and his cards were upon the table."

"What about his coat and hat?"

"They are both here, sir, and if I might venture to point out something, he certainly wouldn't attempt to leave the building without them. It's a cold night, and snowing hard."

"Good," Slane murmured. "Mr. Cartwright is still in the building. Ergo, if we search the building we will find him.". . .

"Well, what about it?" Minchingham asked as Slane reëntered the room.

"You are right," the latter acknowledged. "Ronny Cartwright has disappeared, apparently, in the full, dramatic sense of the word. His hat and coat are in the hall, his cards are still upon the little table, and your telephone has been cut."

They all glanced at one another uncomfortably.

"Look here," Goring Brett observed, "*miracles don't happen nowadays.* There must be some quite ordinary explanation of this."

"There most probably is," Slane agreed. "Let's set to work to discover it. I suggest, Minchingham, that you three search your own flat thoroughly. Whilst you do that, I'll go and have a word with the commissionaire, and tackle the princess afterwards if necessary."

"That goes," Minchingham assented. "Come along, you fellows."

The commissionaire proved to be a person whom it was impossible to suspect of either inattention to his duties or conspiracy in any shape or form. He was a tall, burly fellow, an exnoncommissioned officer in the Guards with a formidable row of medals, and a convincing alertness of manner. He declared with emphasis and without reserve that since the entrance of the three bridge guests, no stranger of any sort whatever had arrived at or left the flats. The elevator man was equally certain that he had not been summoned since he had taken the three gentlemen up to the card party, nor had he left his post, except to bring Lord Minchingham down to question the commissionaire.

Accompanied by the latter, Slane mounted to the first floor and examined the entrance to each of the various offices. There were no lights burning in any one of them, and the fastening of every lock was secure. Slane descended to the ground floor again with the commissionaire.

"What sort of people are these tenants?" Slane asked. "Respectable lot, eh?"

"They wouldn't be here if they weren't, sir," the man replied confidently. "There's Mr. Hubble, the lawyer. He's got the best suite. I saw him leave early this evening. His articled clerk wasn't long after him, and his two other clerks and office boy were gone by six o'clock. Then there's a Mr. Simpson—an American film agent. He's been here three years. Him and his young lady typist, they left together somewhere about seven. Then there's another lawyer, a Mr. Swayles, and Mr. Michael—he's a kind of collector of rare furs and Oriental bric-a-brac. There wasn't one of them, sir, who didn't have to produce pretty good references before he got a foothold here."

"I SEE," Slane murmured. "Then the only two residential flats are Lord Minchingham's and the one below. Now tell me about the tenants there."

"It's a widowed lady, sir," the commissionaire confided, his tone and manner becoming deeply respectful. "She is some sort of princess, I believe, though only Russian. She very seldom goes out, but there's a-many comes to see her. Very kindly, generous lady, sir, and the best tenant these flats have ever had. We gets all sorts of nobility here now and then calling on her."

"What does the household consist of?" Slane inquired.

"There's a companion—a young lady—her private maid, two women servants and three menservants."

"She's not like most of the Russians, poor, then?"

The sergeant smiled in almost pitying fashion.

"Not she," he declared. "I should say she's got all she wanted."

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you for your information," Slane said, slipping a pound note into his hand. "What you have told me is certainly helpful."

The man looked at the pound note.

"It's too much, this, sir, just for answering a few questions," he remonstrated.

"You shall earn it then," Slane told him, "by answering just one more question. You have one of the new telephone home exchanges here, I see. Very useful things, they are, for small flats. Now, can you (*Continued on page 67*)

Beautiful teeth, firm and white

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BEGIN today using Listerine Tooth Paste and see how quickly it rids teeth of discoloration and deposits and makes them white and lustrous. Brushing is reduced to minimum.

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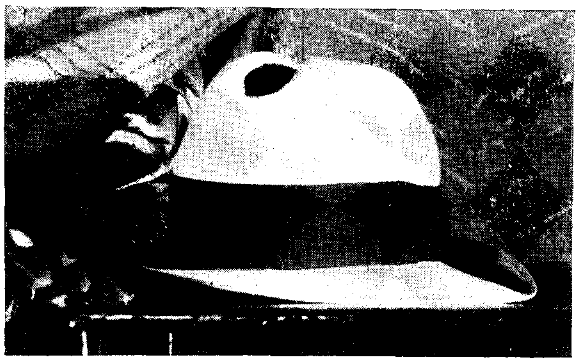
It must be evident to you that Listerine Tooth Paste is exceptional else it would not have leaped from obscurity to leadership in 4 years. Try it yourself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



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Buy yourself a new hat with what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.

The saving averages about $3 per year per person, assuming you use a tube a month.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

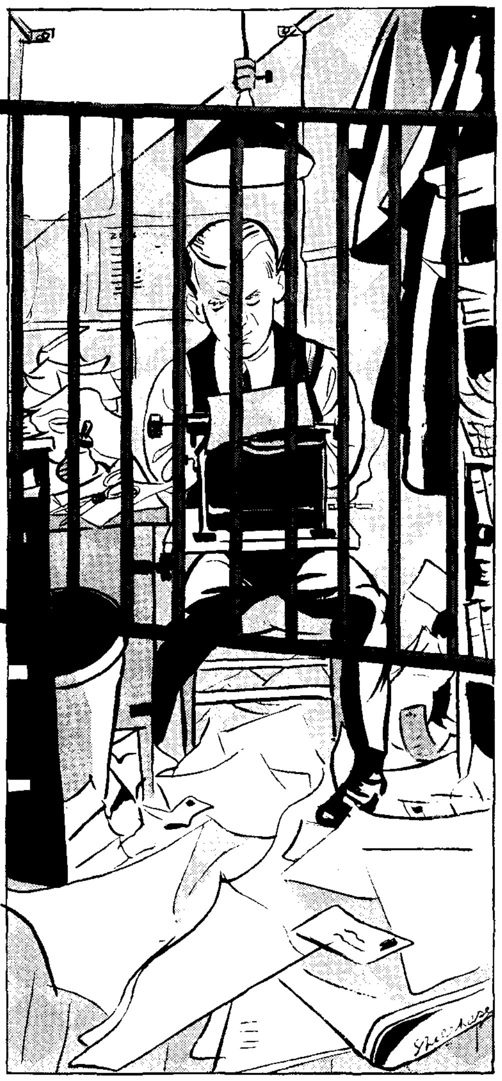
For the Wife and Kiddies

Here is the story of a man who teaches Broadway how to talk and then tells the nation what it says—Walter Winchell

By John B. Kennedy

Culver Photo

The Winchell inspiration: Mrs. Winchell and her charming daughters


GEORGE SHELLHASE

HE LIKES to be called the Boy Friend of Broadway, but his real tag is the battle-wag of spreedom. Unknown five years ago to this minute, our exhibit is now premier chatterbox and chronicler of the loves, hates and huddles of butter-and-egg men and merry Magdalenes; wisecracking prophet of the "Whoopee" era, and aboriginal of New York whose patois and patter are swallowed wholesale and retail by city sophisticates and backwoods hinds. For America's youth is Broadway-conscious. Whatever comes out of the Great White Way may be far from white, but—as pre-Civil War gags have it—it's read, widely and eagerly.

Our young American civilization, solid under the surface but feverishly gay on top, has turned from curiosity regarding the social elect, to an unappeasable appetite for the jokes, jests and witty sayings of those who live in and on the center of national jazzdom.

So there arise the fast-thinking, fast-talking, fast-forgotten chroniclers of the names that go up in lights and come down in laughter. Chief among them is a pale, determined young man named Walter Winchell.

This thirty-year-old gray-head for three years has seen no sun but "the Broadway Sun," proving that moonlight and mazda can bleach. But this story is not of what he was, but of how his racket works. Consider:

Al Jolson, whose knees have stood the strain of years of singing Mammy songs, fell out of love and into it. Broadway and its suburbs, which extend to the amusement thoroughfares of the nation, knew Jolson was out of love, knew nothing about his falling into it again.

I'm the last to argue that Mr. Jolson's private affairs are of any importance to anybody but Mr. Jolson. But when the monarch of the Mammy-song belt was publicly announced as heart-whole and fancy-free, the entire theatrical profession buzzed with gossip. Fair candidates for Jolson's hand formed a line on the right in every dressing-room huddle; eating places of the talent named, one after another, the eligible beauties of show business.

Robert J. Davis

Walter Winchell does a thriving business in Gossip on Broadway

Suddenly a positive statement was made in print by one Walter Winchell.

"On such a day," he said, "Al Jolson, who is that way about Ruby Keeler, will go the whole way. Honeymoon F. O. B. Paris."

Gossip a Flourishing Business

Ruby Keeler was a renowned dancing maiden. This blunt announcement of nuptials angered the world's highest-paid song-and-no-dance man.

Furiously he denied the soft impeachment, but the gossip came back—came back hard. Again Jolson branded the report as false. But—

On the exact day, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler were married. They sailed away for a honeymoon in Paris.

Half a hundred similar instances might be cited to prove the single point that in the most highly sophisticated society on earth, the most ancient social art—of gossip, of chatter-boxing—thrives with an amazing degree of penetration and accuracy.

Elder days had their chit-chats with access to print, but the lads then regarded as sprightly and bold flirts with the libel law, considered items like this the limit in saucy revelation:

"Nat Goodwin's fourth divorce has not depressed him. A new leading lady is admirably eligible for matrimony. Ho! Ho!"

In these years of grace, stuff of that sort is too tame to print, although gossips at the turn of the century earned tons of bread and butter with this thin kind of pay-dirt. Even a throaty ho-ho or less jocular innuendo won't pass muster in the mills of the newer gossip gods that grind fast and sometimes exceeding rough.

There were signs of the growth of gossip as a new and profitable trade twenty years ago. In the last ten years, old, individualistic journalism, suppressed by the rise of syndication, staged a vigorous come-back.

First with the growth of "colyums" and now by flourishing in the chatter-box mart.

Folks in Oshkosh and Kalamazoo bless themselves thrice daily that they live in a bonny little town, with bonny garages back of every bonny home. Chicago with its racketeers, New York with its merry and merciless White Way, are unbearable Babylons. But, gosh! how the boys and girls love to hear and read about them!

The legally constituted municipality of Kennedy, Arizona, is hidden by two tall pines and a water tank as you pass through on the Santa Fé. By hap, a particular train did not pass through. It paused. Naturally, when one sees a town named after himself, one is prompted to inquire what clear-visioned burgher in a spot so far away recognized merit unobserved by one's immediate neighbors.

A townsman sat on a crate of oranges—fresh fruit deserving less casual treatment. He was eagerly scanning a newspaper dropped from the west-bound express that had clattered past ten minutes before.

Over his overalled shoulder it was seen that his interest centered on a column of chatter from New York. Told that his interrupter came from Gotham he snorted:

"Hell of a place to live in."

Americanism à la Mode

When the point was made that interest in hell was a measurable tribute to the place, he replied:

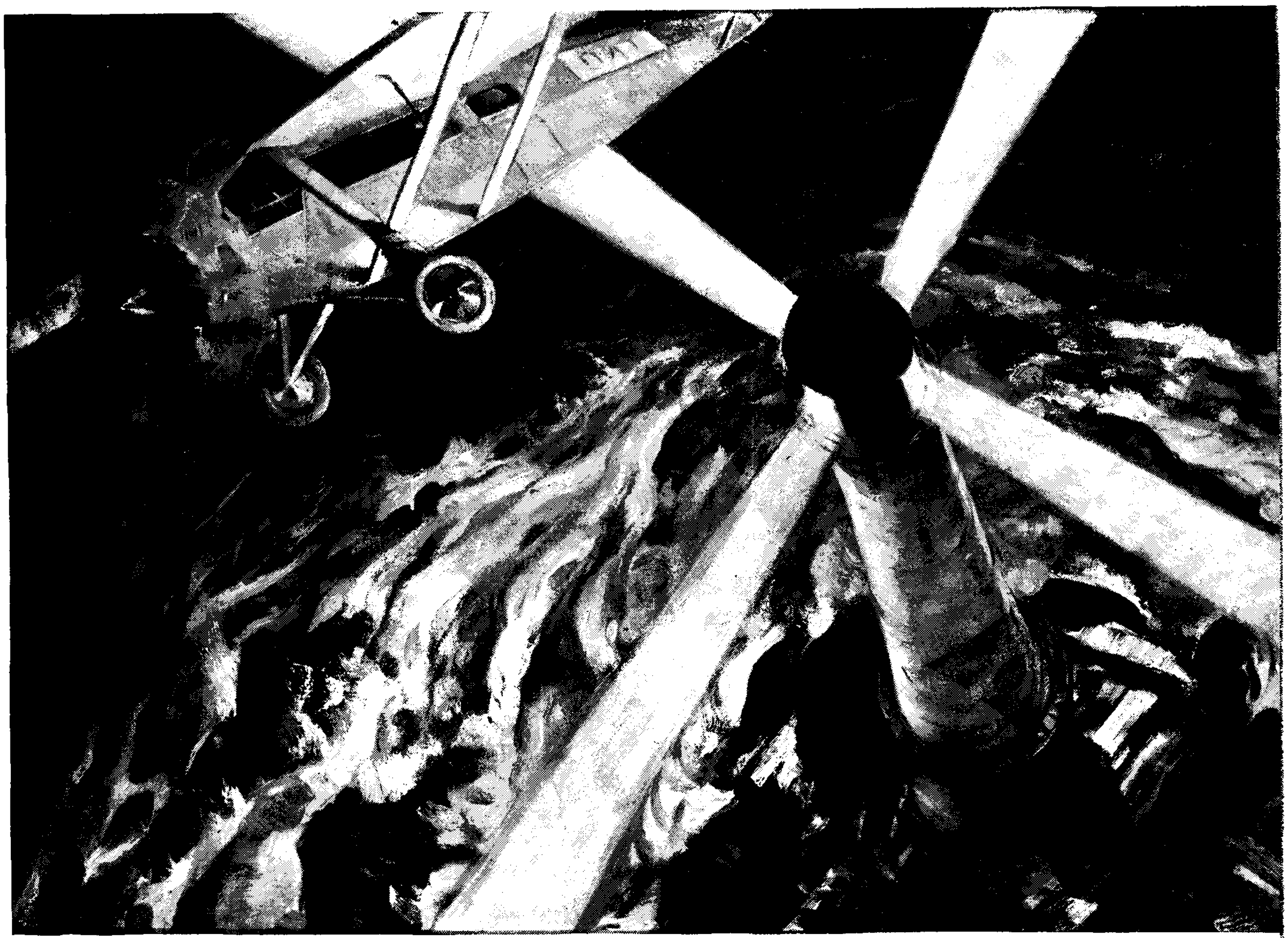
"I like news from there same as I liked news from France during the war. But I'm darned glad I wasn't in it."

Psychology may be invoked to define whether or not this widespread, intense and sneering interest in New York is the product of contempt or envy. Nobody can question its existence. The metropolis is the fountain-head of social, sporting and business life, and the prophets thereof are the smart lads who live to make lines; whose quips are on every tongue, bantered on college campus and guffawed by Main Street cowboys. The language is complicated if not enriched by their invention. Their wise cracks are the standard of up-to-date Americanism à la mode.

Newest and (*Continued on page 42*)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



Life
rides with the air mail

A mad dog raced through the tropical village of Legalidad, Santo Domingo, last spring—and seven persons faced an agonizing death from hydrophobia.

"Rush anti-rabic vaccine by airplane," cabled druggist Gerardo Guerra to the Parke, Davis & Company branch at New Orleans. And a mail plane sped across the Gulf of Mexico to the Caribbean in a victorious race with death.

* * *

To guard the children of Tupelo, Mississippi, against a threatened diphtheria epidemic, the Thomas-Kincannon-Elkin Company, pharmacists, telegraphed for antitoxin one Sunday last winter to the Chicago branch of Parke, Davis & Company—over 700 miles away. Less than 24 hours after the telegram was sent, the precious antitoxin arrived in Tupelo, and was quickly distributed to the physicians awaiting its arrival.

Your druggist—your neighborhood "Fortress of Health"

Whether in critical emergencies like these—or in the needs of everyday life—your druggist plays an efficient and indispensable part.

Without his storehouse of medical supplies in your immediate neighborhood—without the druggist's facilities for supplying the scientific products of the world's great makers of medicines—your physician would be severely handicapped in his daily work of lifting the shadows of pain and illness that may at any time fall across the home.

In busy city and quiet village, your druggist stands always ready to render you his most important service—the prompt, accurate compounding of physicians' prescriptions.

* * *

For 63 years Parke, Davis & Company have been supplying pharmacists with medicines of the highest purity. Many of these products are built up "synthetically" by the magic of modern chemistry. Others have their origin in rare drugs brought from far-distant lands. Rigid tests and the exacting standardization at our laboratories assure the high quality of every Parke-Davis product, whatever its nature or purpose.

Besides the dependable Parke-Davis medicines required in compounding prescriptions, your druggist carries a number of special Parke-Davis products for everyday use in the home. He will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: "It is a Parke-Davis product."

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Parke-Davis Products

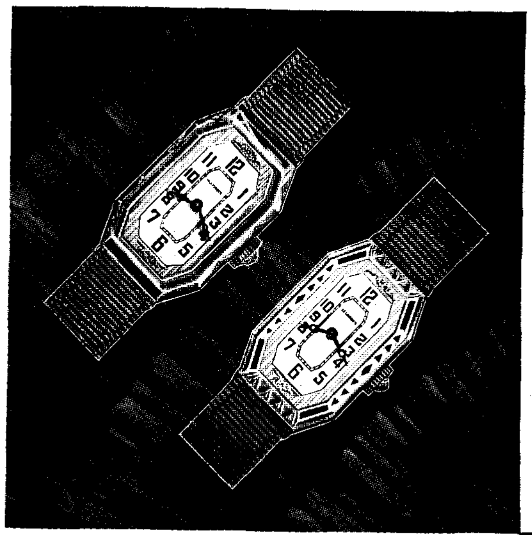
for your everyday needs

Here are a few Parke-Davis preparations for your personal use, made with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines:

Standardized Cod-liver Oil
Milk of Magnesia
Mineral Oil (Heavy)
Hydrogen Peroxide
Neko (Germicidal Soap)
Shaving Cream
Orygene Mouth Wash
Euthymol Tooth Paste

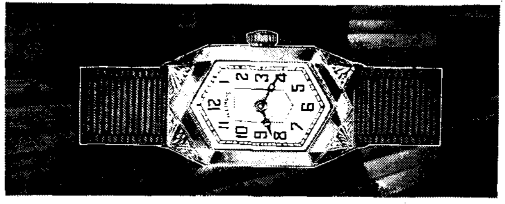
Ask your druggist for
PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCTS

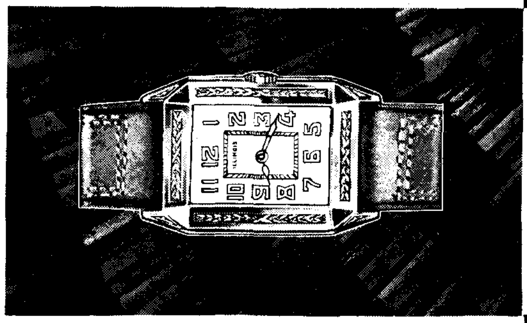
MODERN STYLE ILLINOIS ACCURACY

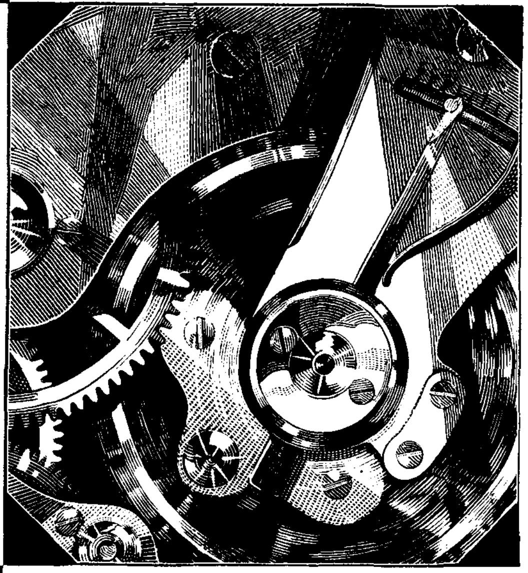


Above, reading down
The Mary Todd, 17 jewels, 18k solid gold, inlaid enamel $75
The Coronado, 17 jewels, 14k solid gold, inlaid enamel $65

Below, reading down
The Daytona, 17 jewels, 14k solid gold, $65
The Tuxedo, 17 jewels, 14k solid gold . . $75

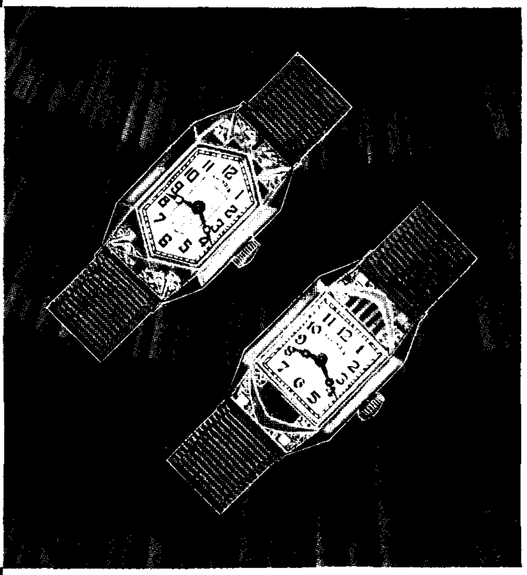




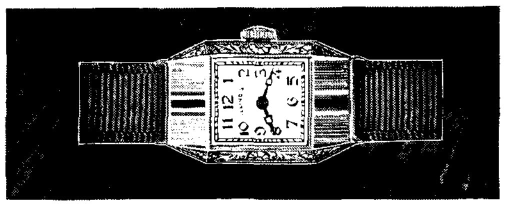


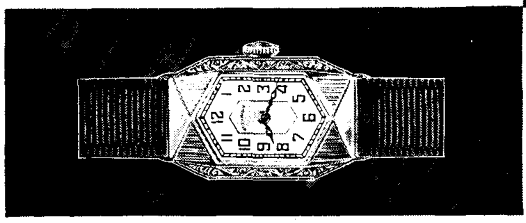
The Beauty of Truth lies in the golden perfection of Illinois workmanship.

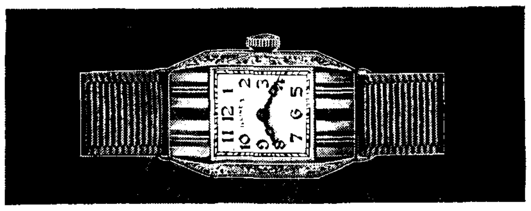
Below, reading down
The Redonda, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled, inlaid enamel $55
The Del Monte, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled, inlaid enamel $55



Below, reading down
The Miami, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled, inlaid enamel $55
The Long Beach, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled $50
The Edgewater, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled $50







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Never has that soft impeachment been laid against an Illinois Watch. However delicately beautiful, these new ribbon watches . . . matchless in charm . . . exquisite in style . . . their beauty is more than case deep. Their's is the beauty that lies within . . . the beauty of inner perfection which alone makes a watch an accurate, dependable, truth-telling timepiece.

Your jeweler is showing these new Illinois models . . . all exclusive Illinois designs . . . cased and timed at the factory. In attractiveness and solid worth wholly typical of the entire line of Illinois Watches for men and women. And you can learn a lot more about how good they are by sending for our interesting, illustrated booklet, "The Thrilling Beauty that Lies Within." Address, The Illinois Watch, 1214 N. Ninth St., Springfield, Ill.

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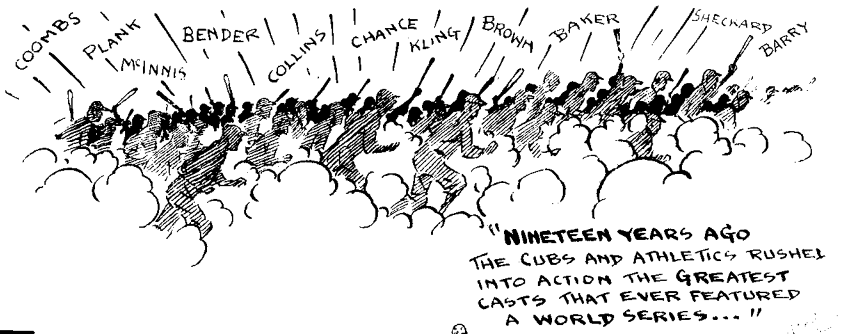
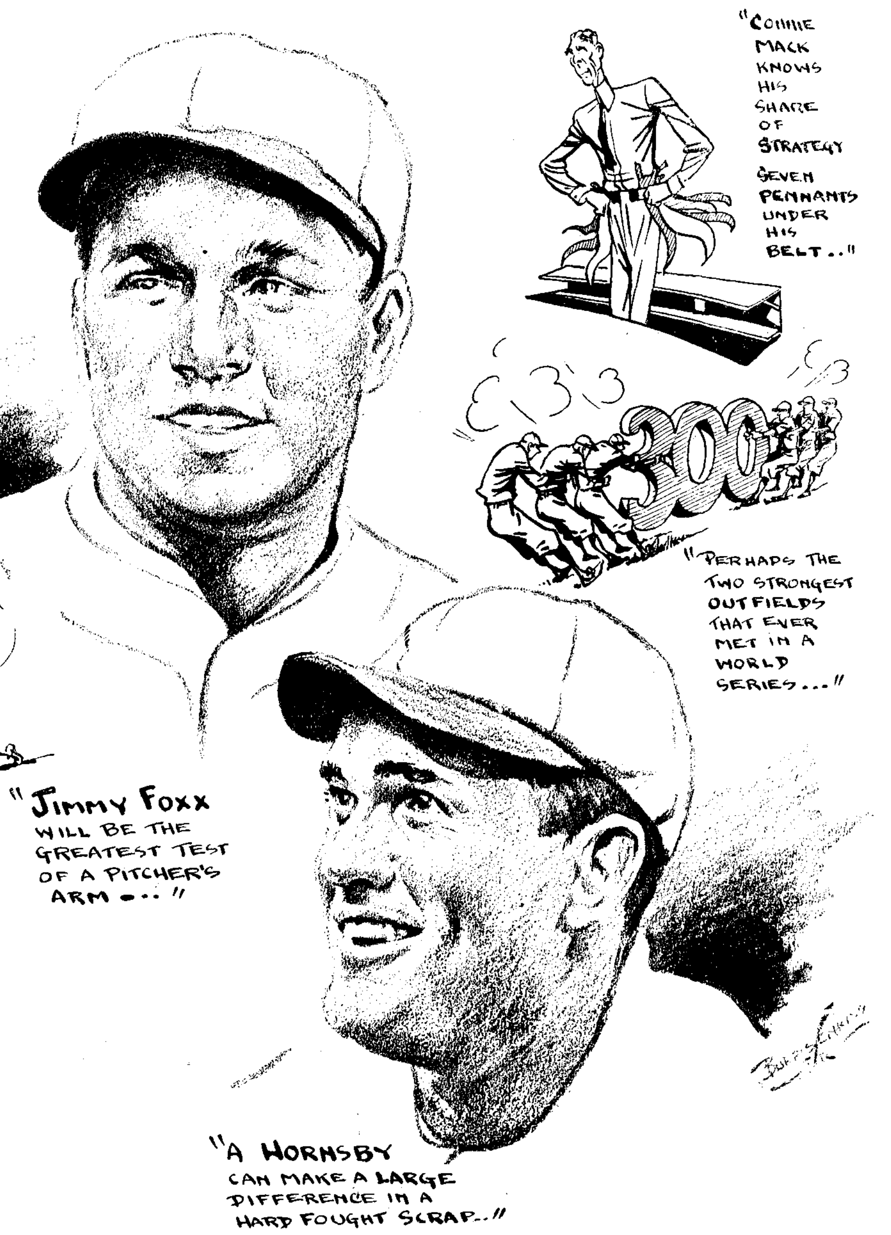
MORE THAN A FINE WATCH — A GREAT AMERICAN WATCH


COOMBS
PLANK
McINNIS
BENDER
COLLINS
CHANCE
KLING
BROWN
BAKER
SHECKARD
BARRY
"NINETEEN YEARS AGO THE CUBS AND ATHLETICS RUSHED INTO ACTION THE GREATEST CASTS THAT EVER FEATURED A WORLD SERIES ..."

The National Crash

By Grantland Rice

"THE CUBS HAVE MANHANDLED MOST OF THE LEFT-HANDERS IN THEIR CIRCUIT ..."


"CONNIE MACK KNOWS HIS SHARE OF STRATEGY SEVEN PENNANTS UNDER HIS BELT .."
300
"PERHAPS THE TWO STRONGEST OUTFIELDS THAT EVER MET IN A WORLD SERIES ..."
"JIMMY FOXX WILL BE THE GREATEST TEST OF A PITCHER'S ARM ..."
"A HORNSBY CAN MAKE A LARGE DIFFERENCE IN A HARD FOUGHT SCRAP .."

After nineteen years the Cubs and Athletics are all set to stage another big show. Here's the advance dope

WHEN the Cubs and Athletics put on their last big party nineteen years ago they rushed into action with two of the greatest casts that ever featured a world series: Chance, Kling, Tinker, Brown, Overall, Sheckard and others, facing McInnis, Collins, Barry, Baker, Bender, Coombs and Plank.

But in that long-ago meeting one team was coming and the other was going. The Cubs were breaking up after five big years: the Athletics were just beginning to dominate the game for the greater part of the next four. So the Cubs took a heavy beating and they have been waiting nineteen years to get their chance for revenge.

This next series will be an entirely different occasion since both teams are fairly young and both have been hacking their way upward through the last three years. They hacked the hide from most of the rival pitchers in their two leagues and the hacking racket should be continued when Hornsby, Wilson, Cuyler and Stephenson exchange swatting sonatas with Foxx, Simmons, Cochrane and Miller in a show that should test pitching arms to the limit before the final fusillade is over.

No other world series has ever churned up more excitement in two camps. Washington and St. Louis both had their days of frenzy against New York, but New York took the matter calmly. With the exception of the pennant race of 1918, a war year with little interest left for baseball, Chicago has been waiting nearly twenty years to find her Cubs leading another charge. In Philadelphia they have been watching Connie Mack's long up-hill haul for fifteen seasons, and so both cities are now fairly bubbling over with rabid fanatics scrambling for tickets that can't be supplied to half the crowd.

Ever since owner Wrigley began pouring out his gold to build up a pennant winner Chicago has been supporting the Cubs with great fervor, packing the ball park day by day. Ever since Philadelphia discovered that Connie Mack had a team good enough to halt the Yankees, practically the same amount of fan fervor has been on display. So now with the big week coming along the double output of civic excitement should make this next post-season offering one of the noisiest and most colorful of all the October pageants.

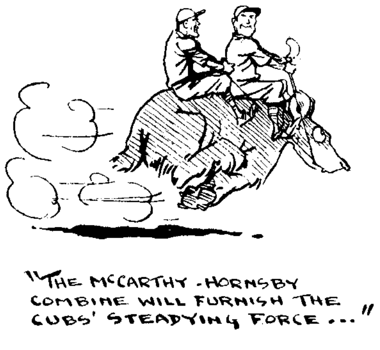
The Cubs are not only out to even up an old beating; they are also well set upon checking the American League avalanche. It has been two years since the older league won a world series game. The active war clubs of Ruth and Gehrig completely flattened out both Pirates and Cardinals in 1927 and 1928.

But the Cubs of 1929 are a different outfit. Directed by Joe McCarthy, one of the smartest and ablest of all baseball leaders, they also have a great individual asset in Rogers Hornsby, who is not only a hard and timely hitter but who is also a fine field leader with a driving force.

Left to Right

A Hornsby can make a large and direct difference in a hard-fought scrap. This means more than his ability to hammer in runs or to cover his job around the infield. He is a cool, quick thinker with real nerve, at his best under pressure and a big help to his team under the same conditions.

The Cubs have another helpful break. Their best hitters, Hornsby, Wilson, Cuyler and Stephenson, are all right-handers and they will be stepping into southpaw pitching any day Mack starts one of his three aces—Grove, Walberg or Earnshaw. The Cubs have manhandled most of the left-handers in their circuit. And Mack's best pitchers have been his speedy side-wheelers. Against this break, some of Mack's best hitters are also right-handers, and they will be called upon to face a varied assortment of right-handed pitching from Malone, Bush, Root, Carlson and others.


"THE McCARTHY-HORNSBY COMBINE WILL FURNISH THE CUBS' STEADYING FORCE ..."

Mack has a great stable of left-handers. But if these left-handers can roll back an attack led by such sharp-eyed right-handed swingers as Hornsby, Wilson, Cuyler and Stephenson it will be through an injection of nitro-glycerine under the left shoulder blades.

What about the two infields? The Cubs have no one to match Jimmy Foxx of the Athletics at first and the Athletics have no second baseman to match Hornsby. These two should be the infield stars of the impending entertainment, certainly when it comes to the offensive side.

The two outfields are possibly the strongest combinations that ever met in a series. When you send Wilson, Cuyler and Stephenson against Simmons, Haas and Miller the subsequent events should be full of high explosives. It isn't often that any world series brings together six outfielders who can all hit high above the .300 range.

Hack Wilson has broken up more games than any man in his league. The somewhat temperamental Cub has been one of the leading home-run stars, usually when a home run will do most good, and he has helped in other ways.

Mack is lucky in having a trio who can run the Cubs neck and neck. Simmons is one of the best hitters in baseball. He is always dangerous. Haas and Bing Miller are not so far behind him. It has been taken for granted that Philadelphia's big advantage will be back of the bat. In Gordon Cochrane it so happens that Connie Mack has the best catcher in baseball—a corking catcher who can hit. But in Taylor the Cubs have a smart, hustling ball player back of the bat whose help to his team has been greatly underrated.

So far as any strategy goes there will be little to choose. McCarthy and Hornsby make a great combination. The tall and willowy Mr. Mack has been around long enough to know his share. He was winning pennants over twenty-five years ago. He has seven of them under his belt today. He has won three world series championships. And in case he wants to take a short nap while the game is under way, Mack, Gleason and Collins make as fine a strategy board as baseball has ever had. Any one of the three could handle the job. Working together they should make no mistakes.

With all this summing up there are two details that favor the Cubs. The first has been mentioned at some length; right-handed hitters facing left-handed pitching where the Athletics have no such advantage. The other is the aggressive attitude the Cubs carry into action.

Riding the Crest

The Cubs can look another ball club in its collective eye as if to say, "Get out of the way. We're going somewhere." They believe in themselves.

The Cubs of 1929 have just hit their stride, on the upward surge of the surf, and they will be a hard club to beat. They have a battle ahead because Mack has collected a hard-hitting team and a bunch of good pitchers. In Cochrane, Foxx, Simmons and Grove he has four of the game's leading stars.

The quality of each cast, the directing ability back of both clubs, and the keen local interest in two of the nation's greatest cities should make this series one of the best yet played. It ought to be chock-full of color and, whatever happens, it should be remembered that the Cubs will be a hard team to beat.

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of
the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

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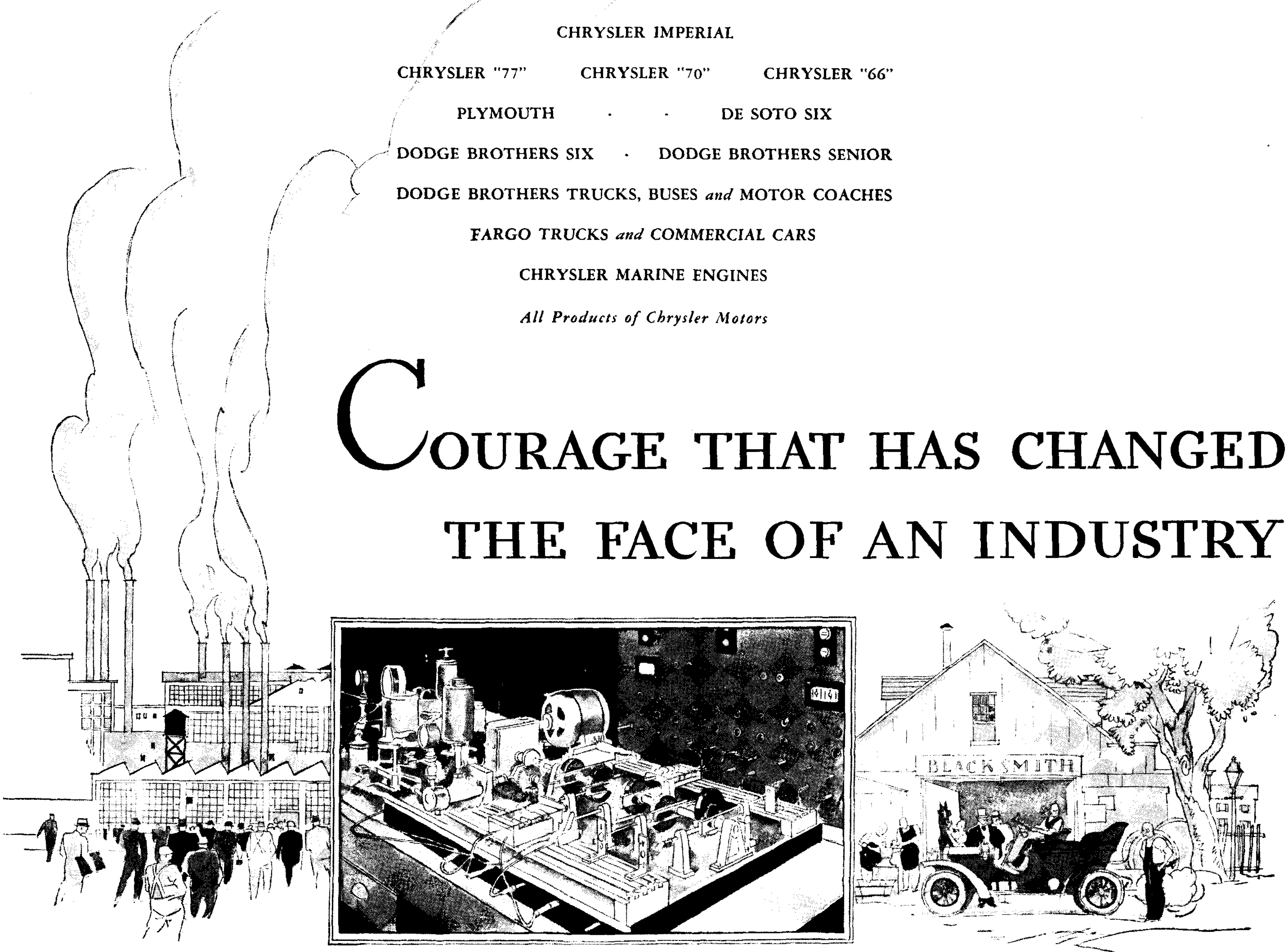
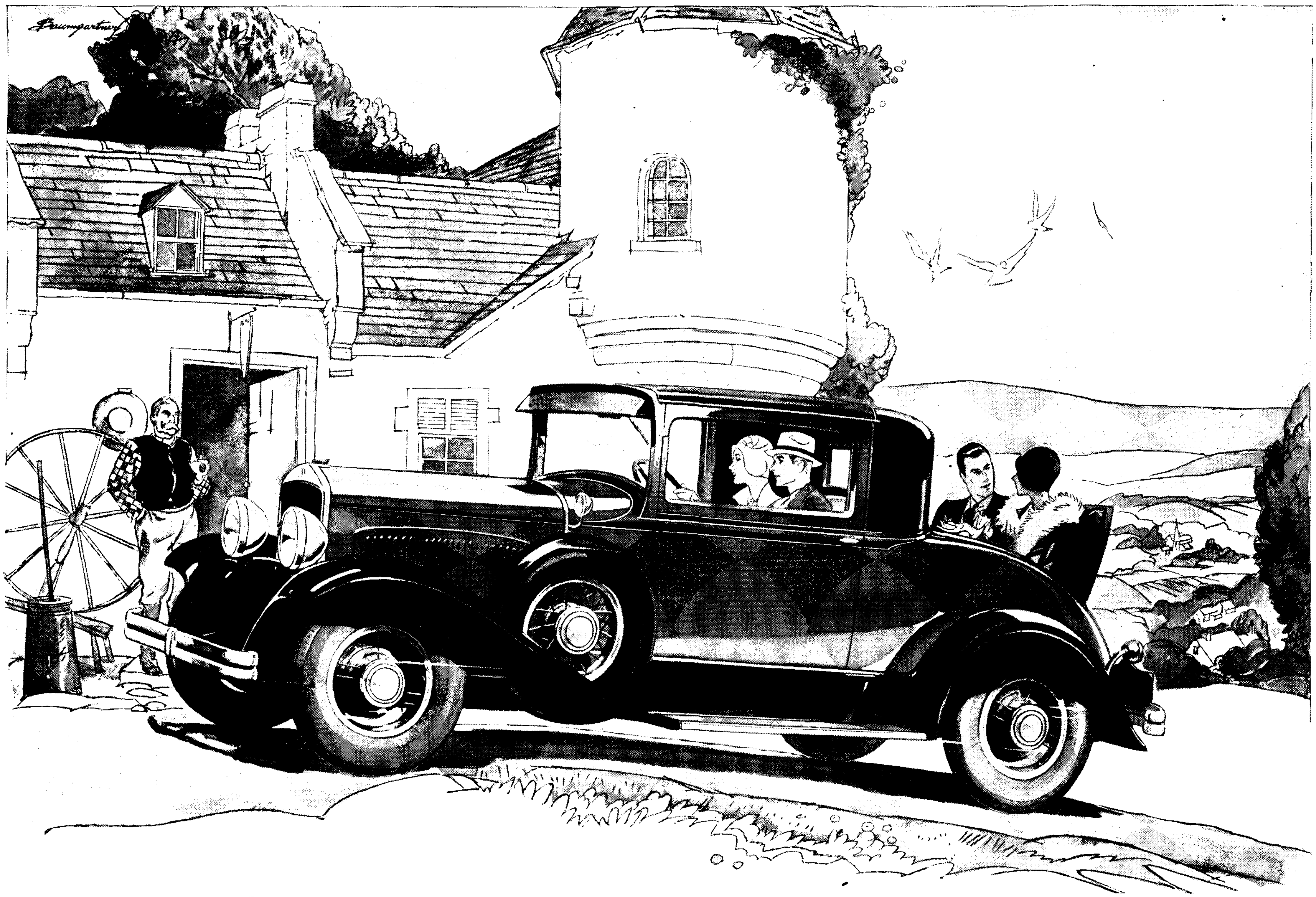


Testing lighting switches for use in cars produced by Chrysler Motors—an illustration of the extreme care taken to secure perfection in small details.

Motordom progressed at an easy pace until the Chrysler star ascended. Then, five years ago, the face of the industry changed. The spirit of a soaring, powerful people was matched with cars of mettle, power and beauty. There came into being new measures of value, new conceptions of the seemly and lovely in design, and a new viewpoint of what constitutes private and commercial transportation. Chrysler Motors has forced the pace in research and manufacturing; in production and sales. Inspired by a dauntless leader it is continuing to introduce those daring innovations which have changed the aspect of motoring. Brilliantly different, superbly distinctive, Chrysler Motors products are at once the envy and example of the industry that they lead and a boon to the public that they serve.

FOR BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE



De Soto Six

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

POPULARITY PROVED AS NEVER BEFORE

Cars of all kinds have their followers and their advocates, but no other automobile of any make has been accorded, in the year of its introduction, such overwhelming acceptance as has the Chrysler-built De Soto Six.

Now that the first year has elapsed, with all sales records surpassed, it is interesting to note the opening of the second year. Two months have passed with sales continuing to soar, with repeat orders coming fast from those who already own one or more De Soto Sixes, and with an even more decided trend of the fashionable world towards this modish and capable automobile as a second car. Brilliant, alert and responsive, so safe and easy-riding, the De Soto Six has taken the motoring public by storm.

Never before has such a satisfactory combination of style, comfort and performance been placed within the reach of the moderate income. Never before have those of more substantial income been able to find their motoring ideals satisfied in a car of such low cost. De Soto Six is more than merely the leader in value. It is the value sensation of the most competitive and value-conscious age in automotive history.

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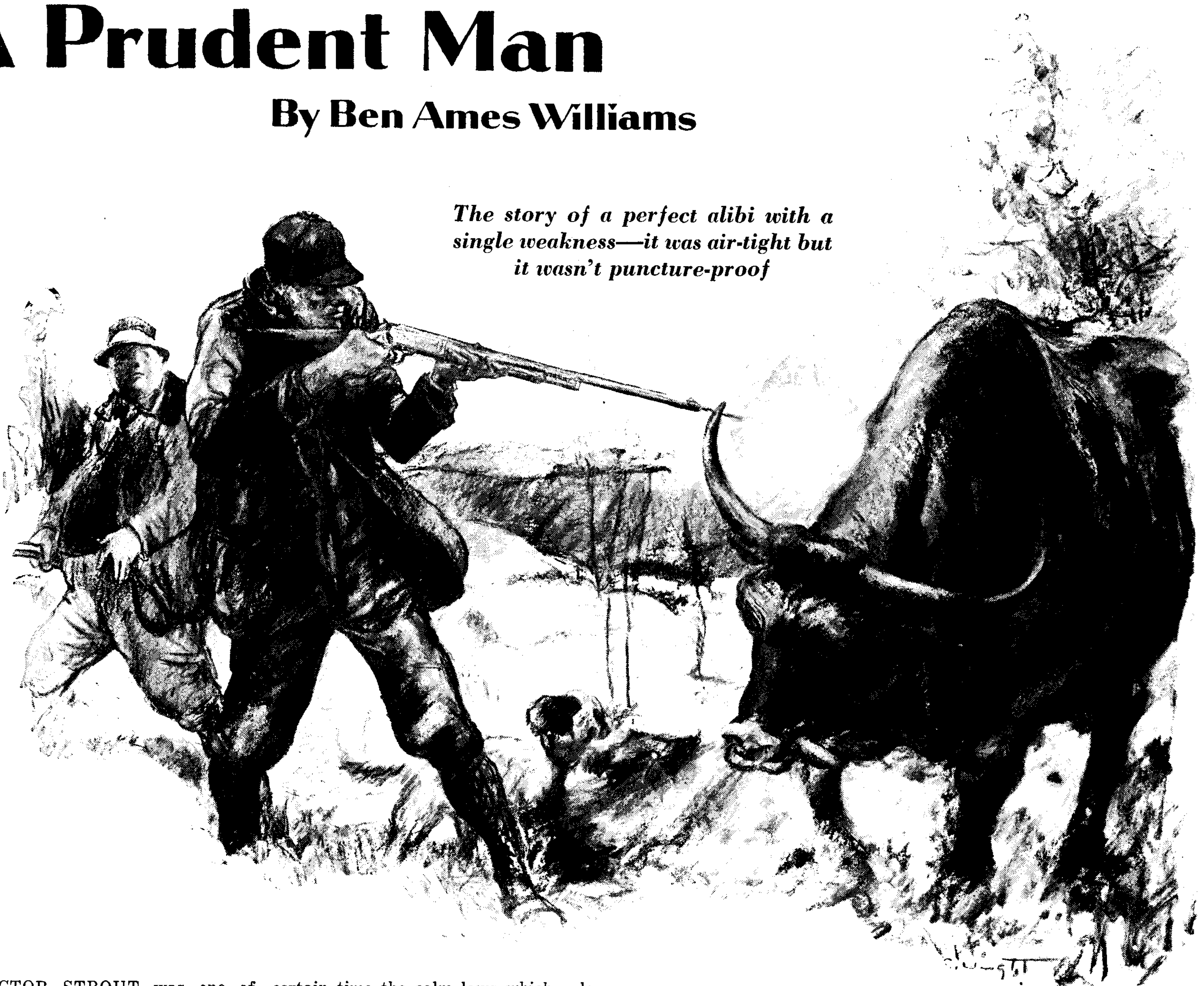
AND UP AT FACTORY

RIDE WHILE YOU PAY

A Prudent Man

By Ben Ames Williams

The story of a perfect alibi with a single weakness—it was air-tight but it wasn't puncture-proof



Tim had not moved, and as the bull came within a half-dozen feet of where he stood, the gun roared

DOCTOR STROUT was one of those large ponderous men whose very bulk imposes on them a certain physical deliberation, but this disability did not hinder the shrewd workings of his contemplative mind. He had a philosopher's interest in the lives of those about him; he watched the activities of this individual or that one with an interest as impersonal and at the same time as keen as that which the scientist displays toward the minute organisms under his microscope. Yet he was not himself immune to emotions and for all his philosophy he was today full of resentful irritation.

His mood may have resulted from the weather. This was one of those gloomy days more characteristic of November than October. The sky was leaded gray, and across it dark clouds scudded, like sinister hooded figures on some ugly business that would not bear scrutiny. The very air was sullen, the wind that blew was full of malicious whispers, and the damp cold chilled the doctor to the bone.

He was in a mood of almost petulant resentment. He resented the fact that there were few birds in the covers he and Tim Tasker had traversed during the morning; and also he resented Tim. He had known this man for years. Tasker was a licensed guide; he had been a market gunner when such things were permissible; he still sold game when he chose. He was a lean, hard individual with a quality of sardonic and derisive humor, and an unscrupulous disregard for the rights of other men.

Doctor Strout had felt for years that Tim was riding for a fall; that some day his luck would turn; that after a certain time the calm laws which rule the universe would give Tim's case brief but sufficient attention. The fact that Tim went on his way unscathed worked in Doctor Strout today a rising irritation; it was like a personal affront. It was time, he thought resentfully, that something happen to Tim. The man might at least have the grace to fall and break his leg. . . .

And also Doctor Strout had another irritation. The car had been acting badly all morning; it tended to sputter and complain.

"It's my own carelessness!" he confessed to Tim. A week or two before, he explained, he had undertaken to fill some small cuts on the tires with a patented preparation which could be applied in the plastic state, and which hardened thereafter into something serviceably near the texture of the tires themselves.

"You have to moisten it with gasoline," he reminded the other man. "And I accidentally dropped a ball of the stuff into the gas tank. Now it's working through and gumming up the carburetor."

And he added: "What a lot of trouble a man can avoid by being careful!"

TIM grinned in a cynical amusement. "I don't know," he objected. "Old Eph Curd is careful, but it don't get him anywhere!"

"Eph Curd?" Doctor Strout echoed.

"It's his farm we're headed for," Tim explained. "It's a good cover, but generally I stay off his land. Eph and me don't get along."

He directed the other to turn into a side road, deep with sand, which wound among the dwarfed pines; and while the car labored through the heavy going, he continued:

"His house is up the main road, but his farm runs down this way. We'll hit the lower end of it, after we've et our lunch."

"What's the matter between you and him?" Doctor Strout persisted.

"Well," Tim explained, "it's a long story, you might say. We're first cousins, on my father's side. Gramp Tasker lives with me; and that girds Eph. Gramp's got money put away, and Eph and me, we're next of kin, so we'll split it when Gramp dies, unless the old man gets so he can make a will that'd stand in court. That's what Eph's afraid of; afraid Gramp will make a will. Gramp used to live with Eph, and he figured that way he had the inside track. It plagued him when Gramp come to live with me."

He remarked that there was a spring just below the road here, and Doctor Strout stopped the car and they alighted and rummaged their lunch from under the rear seat. Above the road ran a strong wire fence, and on the other side of this fence an open glade extended two or three hundred yards between screens of scrub oak to which the leaves still clung.

"That's in Eph's pasture," Tim remarked, indicating this glade; and when they had descended to the spring and while they opened the packets of sandwiches, he spoke of this Ephraim Curd again.

"Eph don't love a nickel any better than he does his right eye," he explained, with a sardonic amusement in his tones. "That's why he hates the thought of me getting anything of Gramp's. It looks like plumb waste to him. He knows I'd spend it; and his idea would be to bury it in a sock under his cellar floor."

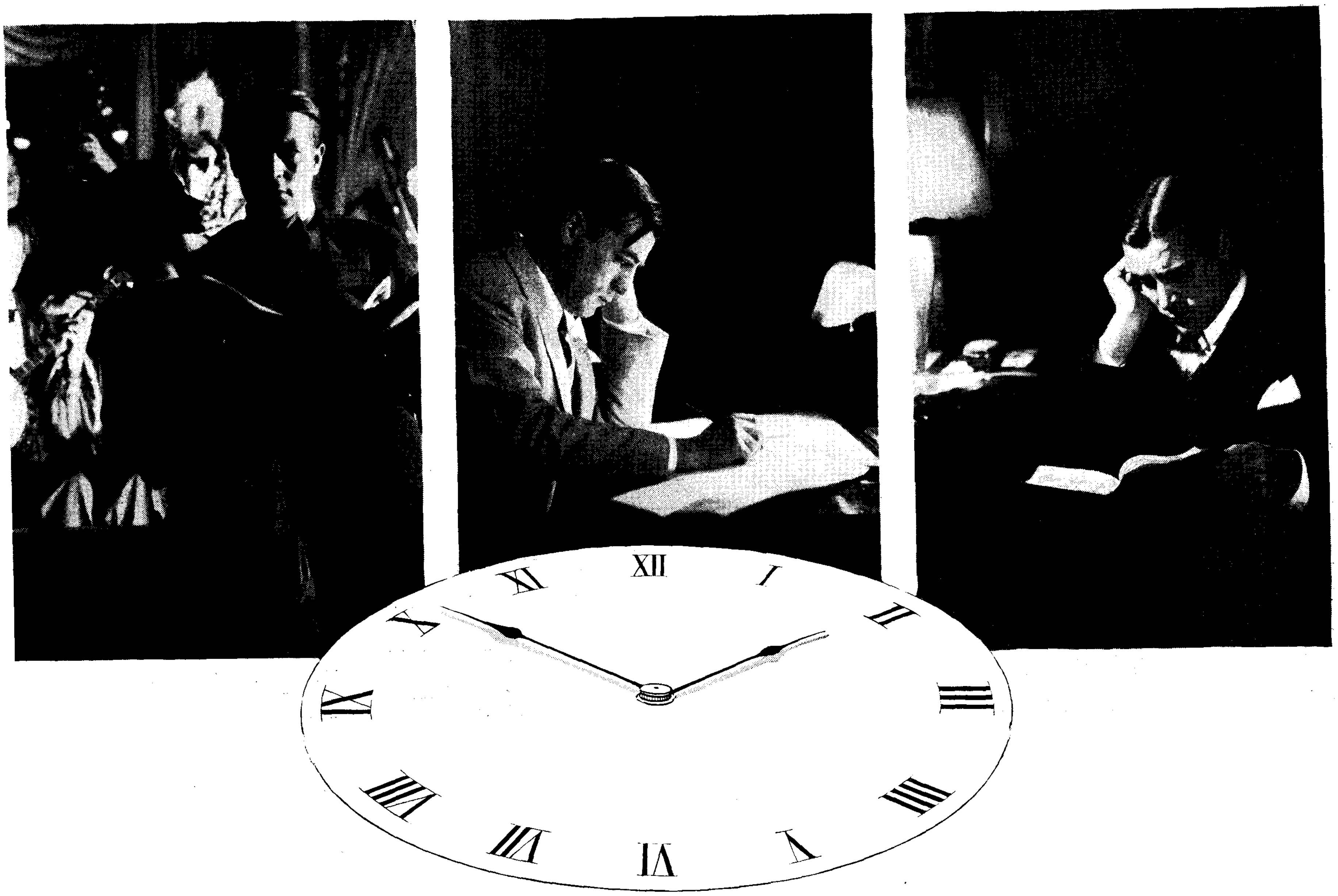
"EPH never was one for banks, he added jocosely. He always keeps his money handy. A man walked into his house one night with a mask on and tied Eph up and got away with over three hundred dollars that Eph had hid in the sugar bowl. That near killed Eph.

"I told him it come of his being too careful. It was always that way with him. He was walking out with a girl once, but he put off asking her to marry him, because he wanted to wait till her pa died. Her pa had money, and Eph figured she'd get it. But Joe Dale come along and married her while Eph was still waiting, and then she heired over twelve thousand dollars. Eph never has got married. Lives up there all alone, no kith nor kin except Gramp and me."

Doctor Strout eyed Tim speculatively. "Who was it stole his money?" he asked, and Tim grinned.

"Why you know, they never did find out," he drawled in a tone of affected sympathy. "They couldn't figure how anybody could have known where the money was hid. Gramp was living with Eph then, and I'd been up to supper the night before.

(*Continued on page 34*)



Rob yourself of sleep . . . *but you can't rob the* Gillette Blade *of its sure, smooth shave*

A FACE drawn and tight from lack of sleep, a slapdash lather and a hurry-up shave—it can't ruin the even temper of a Gillette Blade, even though it may wreck your own!

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Helped myself to sugar right out of that bowl. If I'd dug the spoon in deep enough, I'd have felt the money there."

He wagged his head and winked at the older man.

"Yes sir, it was always a puzzle," he repeated. "But that's the way things go for Eph. The carefuller he is, the worse it turns out. He was fixing to burn off some brush in his lower field, one day, around a pond hole in there; and so the fire wouldn't spread, he plowed a strip right down as near the water as he could get, and his horse stepped into a muskrat hole and broke his leg.

"He used to have a car; and he'd always come to a dead stop before he crossed the railroad tracks down beyond his farm. One day when he started on again, he see a train coming and tried to hurry across and his car stalled.

"Eph, he got out in time; but the train took what was left of the car halfway to the next station."

He grinned in malicious amusement at the memory; and Doctor Strout, who was always interested in the phenomenon this man presented, said, prodding him:

"Not much caution in your make-up, Tim."

Tim shook his head. "I've seen what comes of it," he retorted. "No sir, not for me. I say, go ahead; and if you get in a hole, get out of it again. That's me. But not Eph. Last summer here, Eph wanted to cut some hay, but it looked like rain. He waited most of the morning to make sure it wouldn't rain, and it didn't, so he went ahead and then it did rain, and spoilt his hay."

Doctor Strout nodded, his eyes thoughtful. Tim must for years have made Eph's life a torment. The doctor, knowing Tim, could guess what malicious satisfaction he would find in badgering Eph, and jeering at his mishaps, and thwarting his desires. It was a rôle Tim liked right well to play; he had played it many times. It seemed to Doctor Strout that the gods must be weary of the man.

He began to fill his pipe, and Tim got to his feet.

"Ready?" he asked.

THE doctor nodded his agreement; he stood up, and loaded his gun. Tim observing the action, mockingly commented:

"I've lost many a bird by not being ready to shoot."

"I hate to take chances with a loaded gun," the doctor explained. "Some day you'll blow your head off!"

"Most folks get shot with an empty gun," Tim reminded him, cynically. "I figure if mine's loaded, I'm safe. Come on, Doc. Let's go!"

The pasture fence was stout and high. Tim crawled under it, then held up the lowest strand of wire while Doctor Strout maneuvered his more rotund form under the obstruction. Tim's setter coursed ahead of them, eager for the business in hand; and the two men went on side by side up the open glade.

"That's quite a fence," Doctor Strout commented. "Your friend Eph must have some jumping cows."

Tim grinned. "He's that careful," he insisted, "he wouldn't take any chances of a cow's getting out on him. That fence would pretty near hold a deer."

He whistled the dog back to heel. "Don't go busting in there, Jack," he said warningly. "I'll tell you when to start hunting, you old fool!" And Jack wagged his tail and panted his apologies.

In spite of Tim's explanation, there was something about that high fence which still puzzled Doctor Strout; but when they had gone perhaps a hundred yards up the glade he perceived the reason for it. From the thicket of scrub oak on their right hand, a tongue of brush projected; and as they rounded this, the Doctor saw a bull standing in the fringe of the thicket, a little way beyond, regarding them intently.

He stopped in his tracks at the sight. "Tim, there's a bull!" he said, in a low tone.

Tim followed his glance and nodded casually.

"That's right," he dryly agreed. "It sure is!"

"He looks ugly!"

"He won't hurt us," Tim derisively insisted.

"He's pawing the ground," the doctor argued. "Look at him!"

The bull did in fact seem to be in evil temper. He lifted his head and pointed his muzzle toward them, and uttered a low, moaning bellow; and with his forefoot he flung dirt and sand between his hind legs.

"He won't paw us," Tim insisted; and he urged: "Come on!"

BUT the doctor still hesitated.

"You might outrun him; but I'm no dash man, Tim."

"If he comes at us, I'll take care of him," Tim promised, grinning at the other's fears.

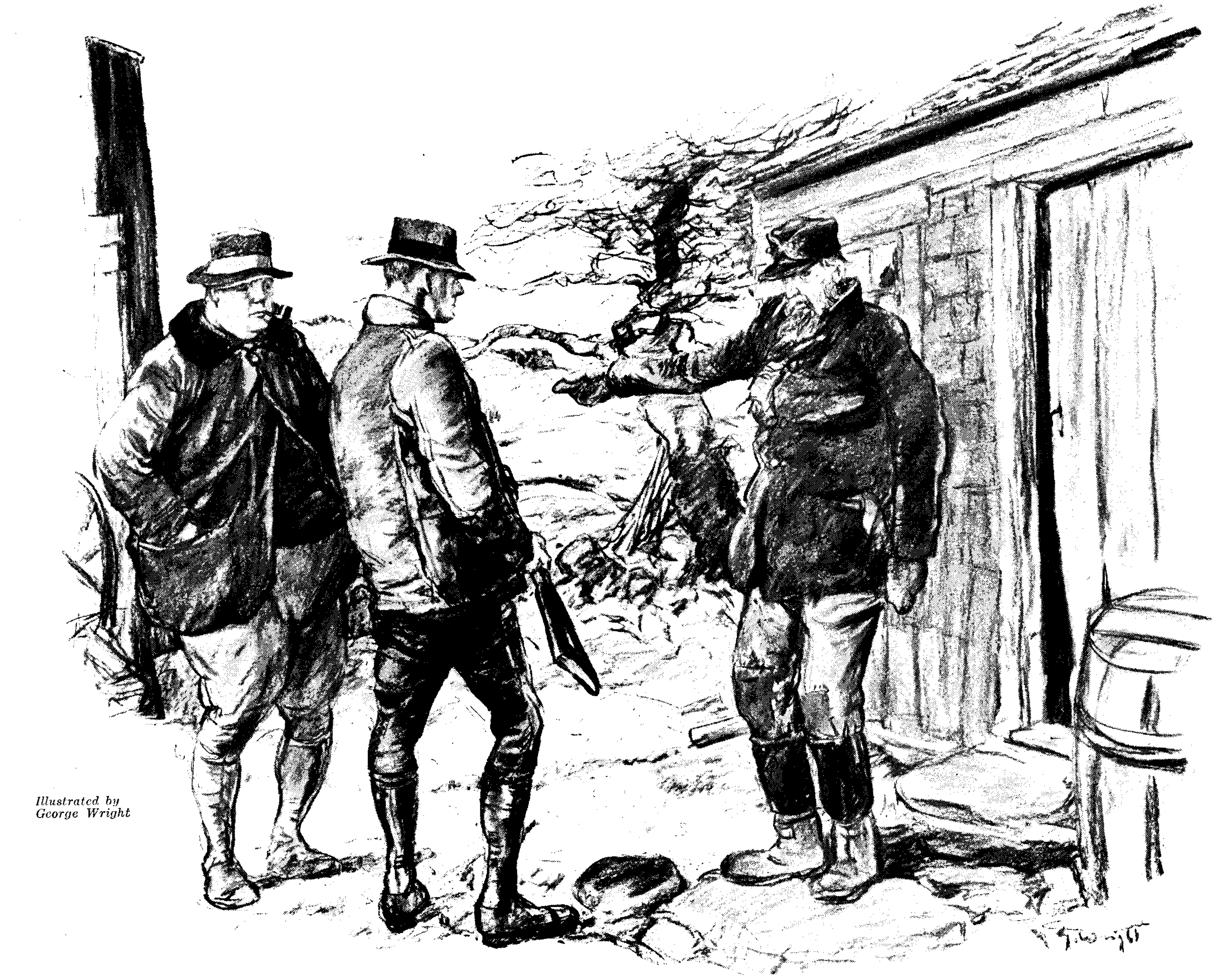
The bull moaned at them again; and Doctor Strout wiped his brow. "I don't know," he insisted.

So Tim shouted at the bull and waved an arm, to drive it away. But instead of retreating at this movement, the creature began to gallop in their direction.

The fat doctor, for all his philosophy, turned and ran toward the fence a hundred yards away, looking over his shoulder as he did so. Tim, he saw, had not moved; and the doctor called to him some gasping word. Then he saw Tim's gun raised; and as the bull came within a half-dozen feet of where Tim stood, the gun roared. The bull stumbled, and Tim leaped to one side, out of its path, and fired again.

The bull went down.

Doctor Strout stopped in full flight; his terror faded, gave way to a reaction that was almost disappointment. This Tim Tasker (*Continued on page 44*)


Illustrated by George Wright

He took the weapon and turned back to Ephraim Curd. "What's that, Eph? You say the bull killed Tim?"

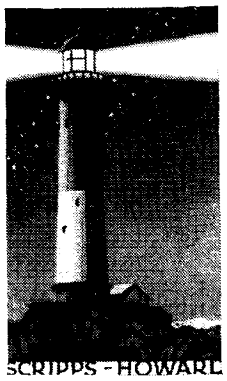
"Mr. Editor, meet our friend, the ENEMY"

ALL SCRIPPS-HOWARD papers have editorial policies well established. They fight for their projects with all the strength and cleverness at their command. But they never hesitate to print the other side.

They do not insist that anyone agree with them, not even their readers! Such well-defined and reasonable improvements as new bridges, museums or roads are often open to adverse criticism. And a member of the opposition may state his case so logically and clearly that a Scripps-Howard editor will gladly throw open his columns to the new viewpoint.

The SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers supported Mr. Hoover from the beginning. Yet many of them carried a daily column which was distinctly pro-Smith. The widely differing political views of Henry Mencken and Bruce Barton appeared simultaneously in a SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper. The San Francisco News has been fighting for the freedom of Mooney and Billings for years, in the face of fierce opposition from official quarters, stating and re-stating both sides of this famous case.

SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers are staffed by men who receive even a hostile idea with hospitality . . . who know that no viewpoint can be wholly right or completely wrong . . . who consider the protest of the opposition in the light of Voltaire's remark, "I do not agree with anything you say, but I will fight to the death for your right to say it."



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The Prince's Darling

By George R. Preedy

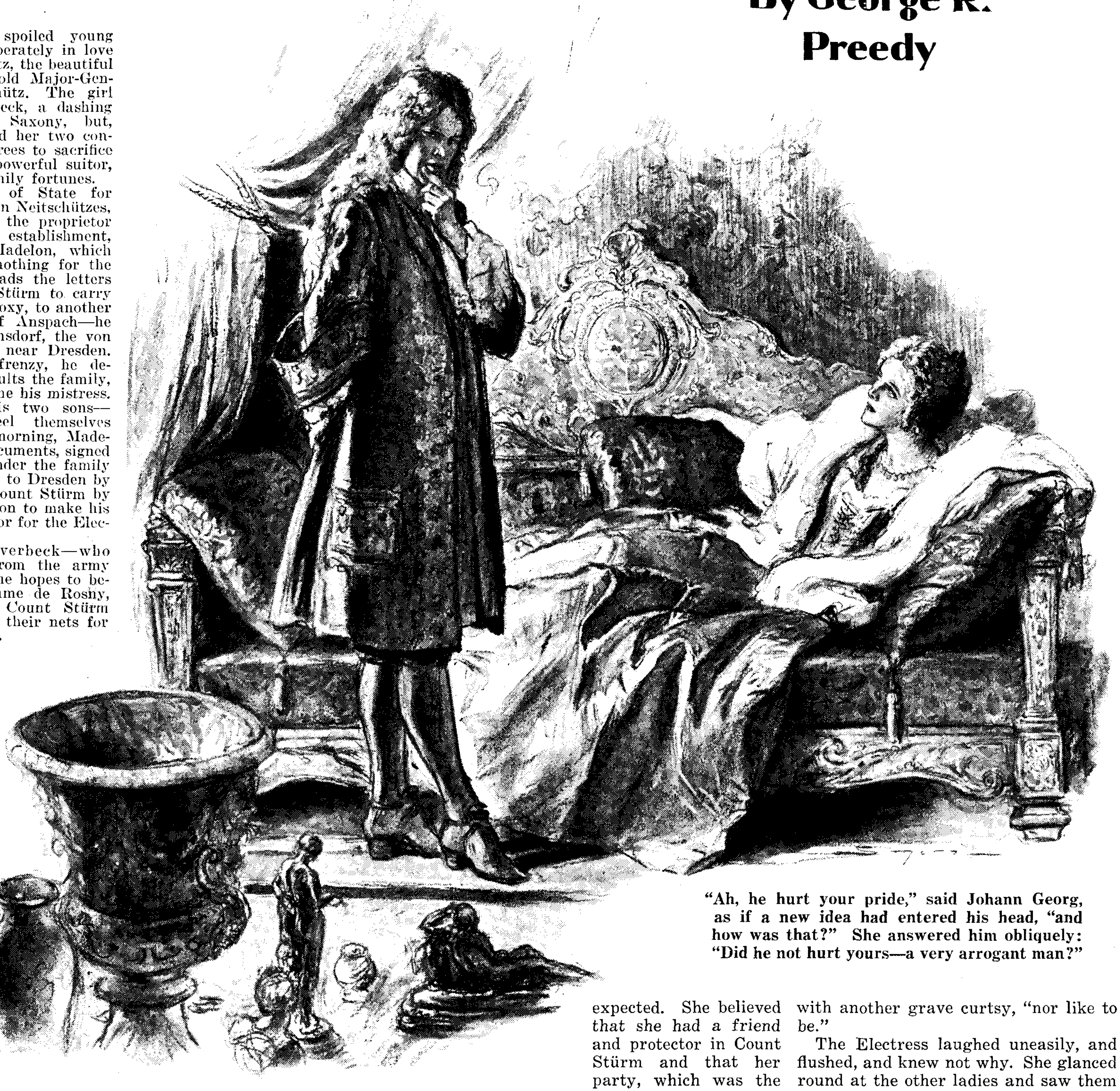
The Story Thus Far:

JOHANN GEORG, the spoiled young Elector of Saxony, is desperately in love with Madelon von Neitschütz, the beautiful and talented daughter of old Major-General Rudolph von Neitschütz. The girl loves Delphicus de Haverbeck, a dashing officer in the army of Saxony, but, prompted by her father and her two conscienceless brothers, she agrees to sacrifice herself and wed her more powerful suitor, in order to improve her family fortunes.

Count Stürm, Minister of State for Saxony and enemy of the von Neitschützes, buys from Fani von Ilten, the proprietor of an infamous gambling establishment, two letters, written by Madelon, which prove that the girl cares nothing for the Elector. Johann Georg reads the letters and is furious. Ordering Stürm to carry through his marriage, by proxy, to another woman—the Margravine of Anspach—he hastens to the Château Arnsdorf, the von Neitschütz' ancestral home near Dresden. Drinking himself into a frenzy, he denounces the girl, grossly insults the family, and forces Madelon to become his mistress.

The old general and his two sons—Casimir and Clement—feel themselves powerless. The following morning, Madelon produces a number of documents, signed by Johann Georg, which render the family secure. Madelon is escorted to Dresden by the Elector, who horrifies Count Stürm by informing him of his intention to make his lovely mistress Lady of Honor for the Electress!

Grief-stricken, De Haverbeck—who adores Madelon—resigns from the army and goes to Vienna, where he hopes to begin life anew; while Madame de Rosny, once Madelon's governess, Count Stürm and others, begin to spread their nets for the lovely but unhappy girl.



"Ah, he hurt your pride," said Johann Georg, as if a new idea had entered his head, "and how was that?" She answered him obliquely: "Did he not hurt yours—a very arrogant man?"

VI

MADELON, alone again, was not thinking of the present but of the past—those little incidents and episodes of childhood, and of that day on her twelfth birthday, when Madame de Rosny had snatched the little net cap off her head and pushed her forward to attract the notice of the Elector and whispered to her that she was to deny a kiss to the young prince, but to give many to his little brother. Then she had not understood.

"I never knew," she mused, "where they were leading me. I do not think my father or my brothers knew. But Madame de Rosny did. She saw this exactly and she bred me to be a wanton."

Madelon could not consider her childhood without considering De Haverbeck. Her mind now swung round to him, traveling away from Dresden, away from her present state. She wondered if he had heard, before he left, of her elevation, and if he had taken with him the woman and the child of whom Casimir had spoken. She walked up and down her splendid room, and thought how much more splendid she would force Johann Georg to make these apartments.

She had heard of the treasures of the House of Witten which lay in the vaults beneath the Residenzschloss; she would make him bring them out and spread them at her feet, and she would choose what she wished for her adornment, and for the decoration of her apartments. And what she did not wish the Electress might have. She could play with armies and with states and princes. She would do so carefully, steadily, so that her toys should not break in her hands. With a look, with a caress, with an embrace, she could make the Elector like a twist of wax in her fingers. She would have everything that her eminence could give her, for nothing could make up to her for what she had lost. And no worldly power could stanch the black bitterness of that everlasting wound in her honor and her pride.

THE Electress arrived. She was a woman of thirty—plain, awkward and timid, but with fine eyes and a certain air of grace and breeding. She was not displeased with her young husband, for he had been as civil as could have been expected. She believed that she had a friend and protector in Count Stürm and that her party, which was the French party, should dominate the Court of Saxony. In short, she looked forward to a peaceful, if not a felicitous, life in Dresden.

When her ladies were presented to her by the mistress of the bedchamber, one of them particularly attracted her attention. There was no occasion then for her to inquire as to who this lady might be; but, presently, when she was in her apartments and being dressed for the ceremonial banquet, she saw this same lady standing by her table and holding a casket of jewels. She looked at her intently and said:

"And who, madame, are you? I did not, in the confusion of the presentations just now, fully understand your name."

The lady curtsied, the jewels gleaming in her hand, and replied gently: "I am Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz, the daughter of Marshal von Neitschütz, who commands the Elector's army."

The Electress gazed at her, feeling, she knew not why, frightened; then asked the lady, timidly, if she were married or betrothed.

"Neither, madame," said Madelon, with another grave curtsy, "nor like to be."

The Electress laughed uneasily, and flushed, and knew not why. She glanced round at the other ladies and saw them all regarding the floor blankly. But Madelon preserved her presence of mind and her serenity, and said coolly:

"Your Highness will do well to put on a little red tonight. The journey has somewhat fatigued you. I think that diamonds are too garish with that white dress. The pearls would have a softer effect."

THE Electress did not answer, but turned again to her toilet; but she could not avoid Madelon, for, as she looked at herself in the high garlanded mirror, in which her own humble charms were dimly reflected, she saw behind her the flashing radiance of Magdalena Sibylla, and was troubled and humiliated.

She lost her discomfort during the pompous festivities of the banquet, but afterwards when she had retired to her chamber and spent the night alone, it returned to her, and the hours went by for her with monotonous and profound melancholy. In the morning she learned of her most wretched situation; she beheld everyone neglect her to compete for the favors of the adored mistress.

Count Stürm told her, briefly and bitterly, the (Continued on page 39)

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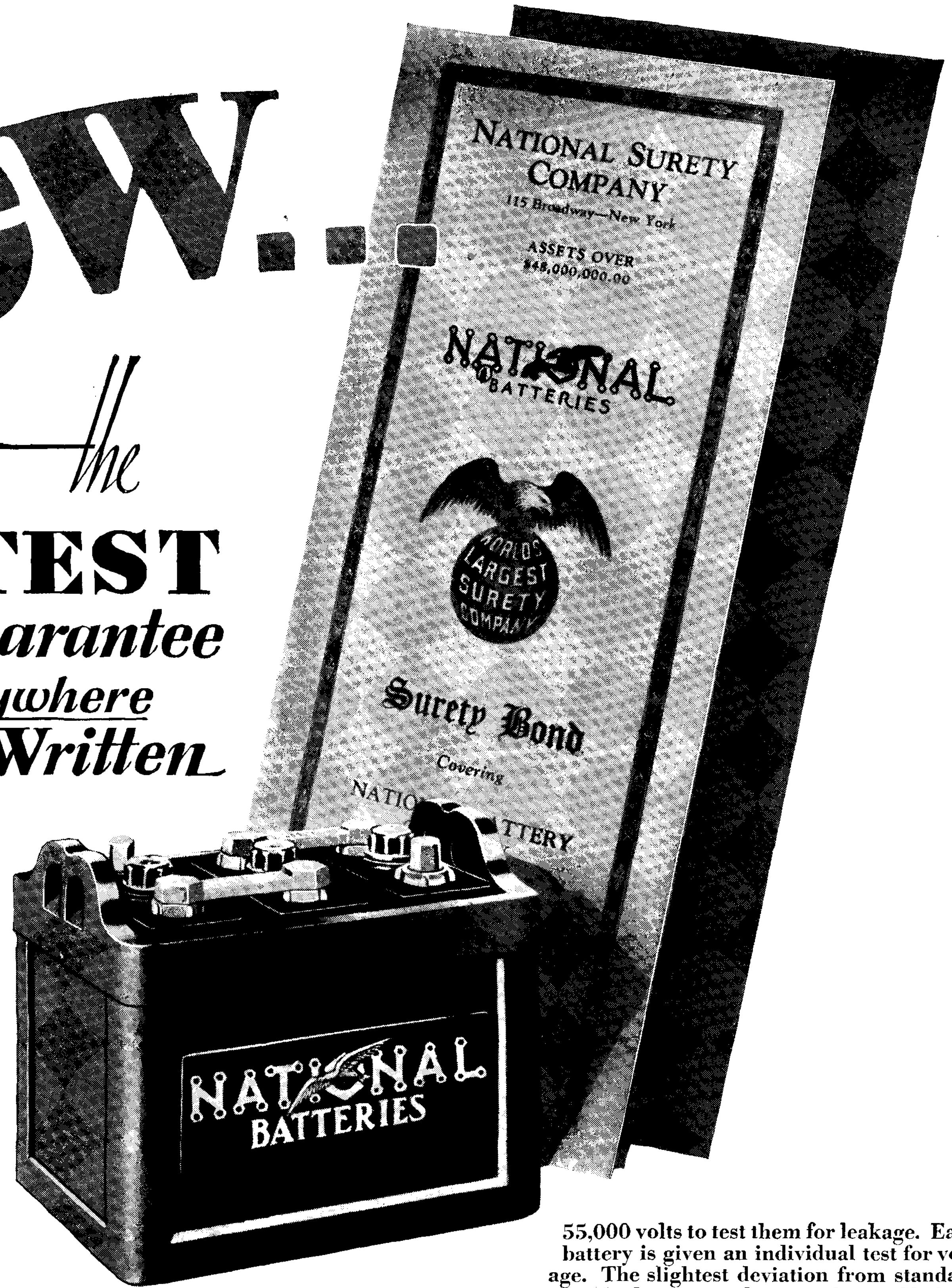

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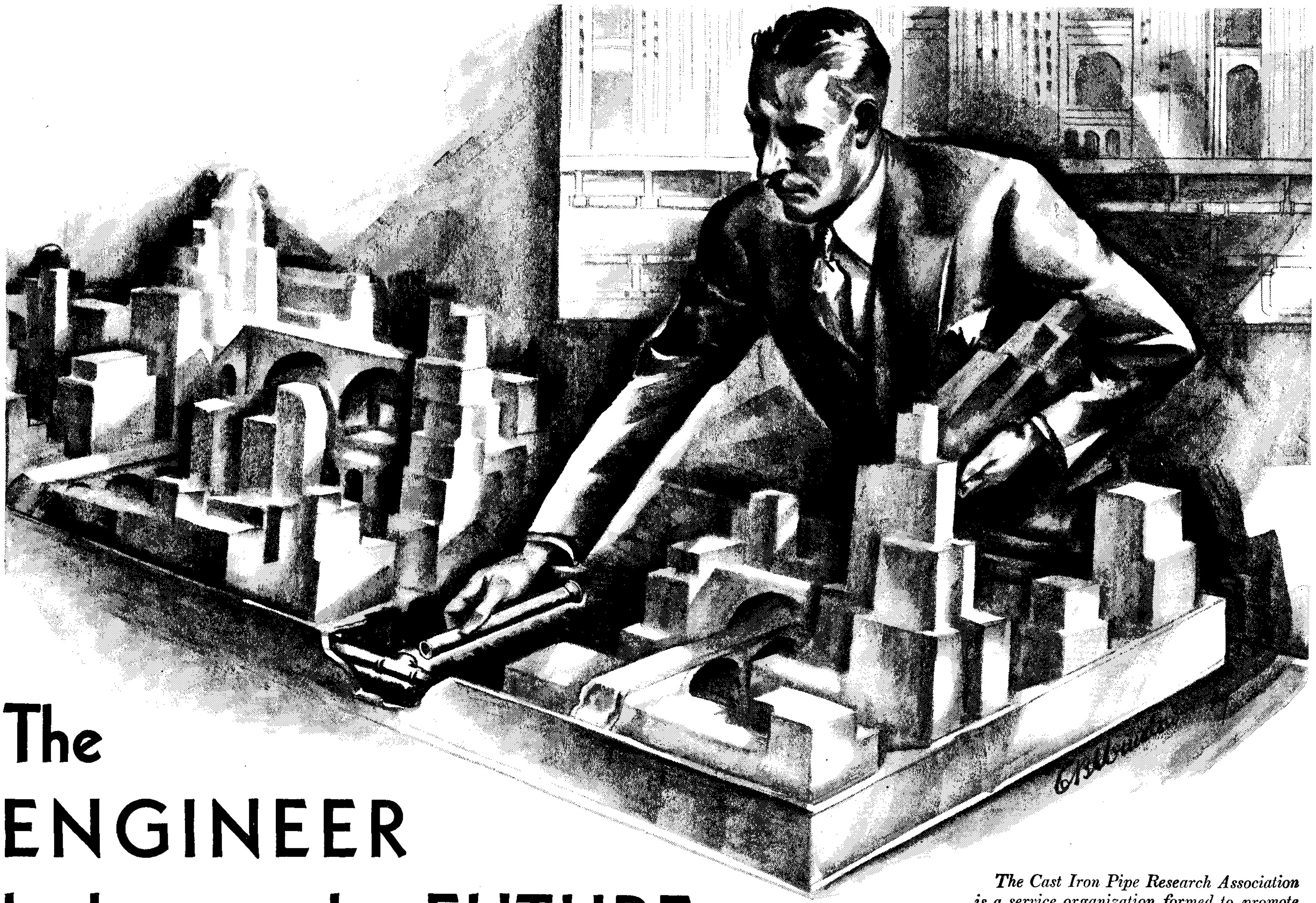

The ENGINEER looks into the FUTURE

WHEN the clock hands meet at midnight he is still at work... dreaming over streets and structures he will never live to see. He toils behind the scenes of great civic enterprises, the unsung prophet of comforts and economies which will bless the lives of generations as yet unborn.

Yet the engineer must contend with the fantasies of idealists, the rhetoric of demagogues, the lobbying of propagandists. He must check every contingency of the future against the facts and figures of today. He must bring the cool wisdom of science to every choice of methods or materials. He must properly appraise the "tremendous trifle"—the all-determining detail. Such a detail, for instance, as the kind of pipe to be used for underground gas and water mains.

The engineer who looks into the future specifies pipe which will long outlast the streets under which it is laid. He must guard against the heavy expense of tearing up thoroughfares for the replacement of short-lived pipe. And for *proved* long life he chooses cast iron pipe—for he knows there is cast iron pipe in use today which has served for more than two hundred and fifty years. Every engineer knows that cast iron pipe has served a century or more in leading American cities. That it is the *longest* wearing pipe being used for gas or water mains today. That cast iron pipe can be laid *and forgotten.* And that these facts hold great importance for the future—the decades which will bring staggering traffic difficulties, more costly street structures, greater tax burdens.

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This information is supplied for the asking. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

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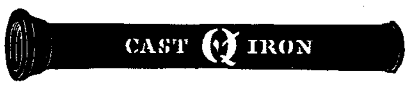

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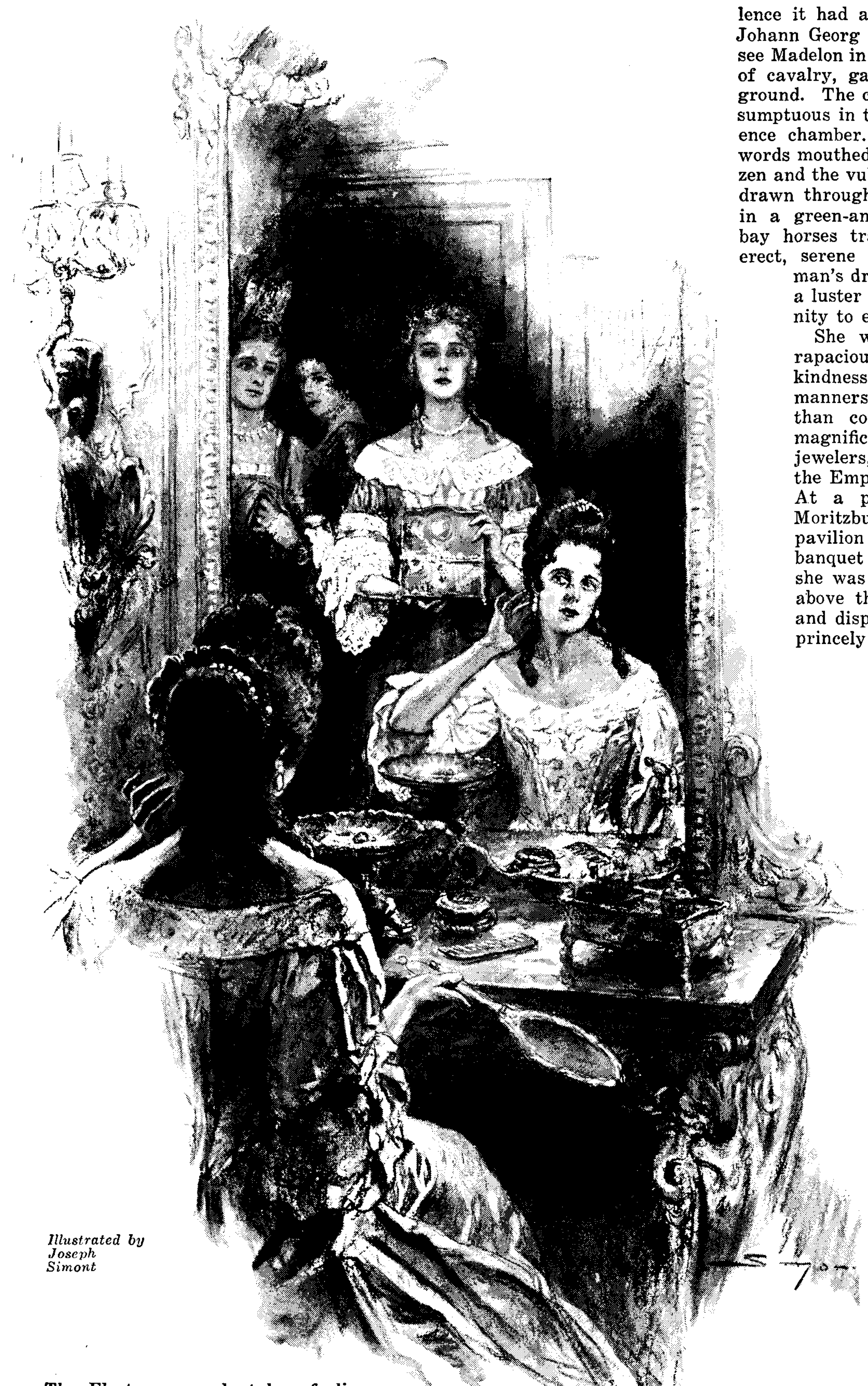


Illustrated by Joseph Simont

The Electress gazed at her, feeling frightened; then asked the lady if she were married or betrothed. "Neither, madame," said Madelon

position in the Residenzschloss, and could give her no consolation but the dry advice of patience. "He is young, he is violent, he may prove fickle. For the moment this creature has him—a long, steady attachment, like a bewitchment. But with tact and patience she can be defeated. Her family is loathed and deeply disgraced in the opinions of honorable men, a considerable part of whom will always be against them—with time, with smooth, careful dealing."

So the defeated minister consoled the neglected wife while he inwardly cursed himself for not selecting a woman more capable of rivaling Madelon; for, he thought sourly, the wife to the mistress is as a dip to a star.

Never had a woman ruled a state more completely. The European powers who wished to obtain the alliance of the prince had to court the woman. Kings flattered Madelon. Sir George Stepney was sent from England with the excuse of congratulating the Elector on his marriage, but with the main object of buying the Neitschütz. The Electress, after tears, reproaches and rages all in vain, retired to her dower house at Bretzenau. While that rich summer held, Madelon kept the Elector at Moritzburg; festivals, the chase, deep noonday raptures, moonlit gallantries, the society of the easy, the witty, the splendid, satisfied his senses and his pride. Madelon as his mistress made him, he knew, the envied of other princes. Who had a lover so beautiful, so clever, so brilliant?

Bold and ambitious, she inspired him with an interest in his wide estates, his enormous wealth. Her father was an efficient general, a stern soldier. The army was soon restored to the excellence it had achieved in the youth of Johann Georg III. The troops liked to see Madelon in the uniform of a general of cavalry, galloping over the parade ground. The courtiers liked to see her, sumptuous in the ballroom or the audience chamber. And for all the ugly words mouthed after her, the solid citizen and the vulgar rout liked to see her drawn through the streets of Dresden in a green-and-silver coach with six bay horses trapped in azure leather, erect, serene and lovely as a young man's dreams. In truth she gave a luster to all she touched, a dignity to every scene she graced.

She was called hard, brazen, rapacious, but all admitted her kindness, the sweetness of her manners, remote but never less than courteous. She was, too, magnificent. Musicians, painters, jewelers, came from all parts of the Empire to embellish Dresden. At a picnic in the glades of Moritzburg, at a supper in a pavilion on a lake, at a formal banquet in the Residenzschloss, she was alike at her ease, rising above the odium of her position and dispensing her favors with a princely grace.

Sometimes she was nobly generous. A certain Jacques Falaiseau, brother of the Hanover envoy, had found favor with Count Stürm to whom he was distantly related, and been given a commission in the Life Guards. Marshal von Neitschütz was for cashiering this man, who, a Frenchman and a bitter Protestant, had spoken openly against the Elector's favorite. Madelon had interfered to save Captain Falaiseau from the effects of his impudence.

"Do you not suppose," she had asked her father, "that so everyone talks of me, or would if they dare?"

In the autumn she traveled with her lover down the Elbe to Bodenbach, where the water gets lost, and there rode with him along the winding of the river deep into the haunted mountains; they slept in the huge fortress of Loewenstein, and traveled on through the Liebethaler Grund, by the side of pellucid streams up the great gloomy gorge to the miller's house, where they breakfasted on black bread and apples she had brought in her pocket. For days she kept him in the great table-land of mountains, Uttewalder Grund, the Bastei, so high above the Elbe, Lilienstein.

AS THE winter darkened she brought him back to Dresden. Carnivals then on the frozen Elbe; sledges in the snow-blocked streets, plays, masques, balls, gambling in the Residenzschloss, and always Madelon at his side, ready to flatter, to caress, to praise, to inspire, to turn into his arms. Peaked and dimmed, the Electress came from Bretzenau to uphold her official position. Her husband was no more than civil. Stürm snarled with vexed disappointment over this futile, barren marriage, and waited with outward patience. Clement von Neitschütz was contracted to Fräulein Winginroth, the richest heiress of Hanover. The Elector bought and furnished a house for Madelon. She had wearied of the grim, ancient Residenzschloss. He humored her in everything. He hoped she would have a child. On his knees he swore that if she had a child he would make it a legitimate prince. He begged God for this favor, but it seemed that Madelon was to be as sterile as the Electress. In the night she would rise up, make a little light and read a shred of paper cut from a Gazette, which she always carried with her and which told of the engagement in the autumn at Szeged, when General de Haverbeck had been victorious and wounded—a bruise in the breast, the report said.

WITH the darkening dawn of that winter was a horrid outburst of witchcraft again in Saxony. At Leibnitz two women had confessed to devilish practices. On the Bohemian frontier, that wild, desolate, haunted region, a tribe of warlocks was discovered celebrating unclean rites. The old lime tree growing in the castle of Flöha split apart and a dead child was found in the hollow trunk.

Madelon, who could do so much, could not stop this invading horror. On this point she found the Elector obdurate; he would have no mercy with devils; he was already uneasy that the court divines evaded giving his mistress absolution, fearful of the omen of the dead infant in the lime tree in the courtyard of Flöha. One of his line, the Albertine princes of the House of Wettin, had planted that tree. Did this portend the blasting of his posterity? He commanded a fierce persecution of the witches. He kept his young brother abroad, terrified lest in that fair face he behold the countenance of his heir. He grew violent, moody, fierce at intervals. At present Madelon could charm away these moods. Stürm believed that it would not always be so. Quiet, subservient, in the background, he waited. The action of Saxony still was doubtful. All hung on the caprice of Madelon; the Allies, France, or a third neutral party with Denmark and Sweden?

VERY high bids were offered to the House of Neitschütz and Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz entered the rank of the nobility of the Empire under the title of Countess of Rocklitz, in return for which she promised the Allies that the Elector should take the field with his troops as soon as the sharpness of the January frosts was over. When Count von Spanheim, the Imperial envoy, gratefully thanked her for her assurance, he let her know that she might hope to enter the Electoral College as a princess in no short period of time, if she could keep Saxony steady against the French.

"Your interests, madame," he said, with a thin smile, "are represented at Vienna by other ministers than those of the Elector. You have become very powerful in Europe."

The lady did not hear this; she was thinking of the Rocklitzenberg, the great mountain above the little town from which she took her title and which had a foul repute as the haunt of inhuman terrors.

The Countess of Rocklitz, folding and refolding the little paper on the table, would hear again of the Imperial triumphs in the Turkish war.

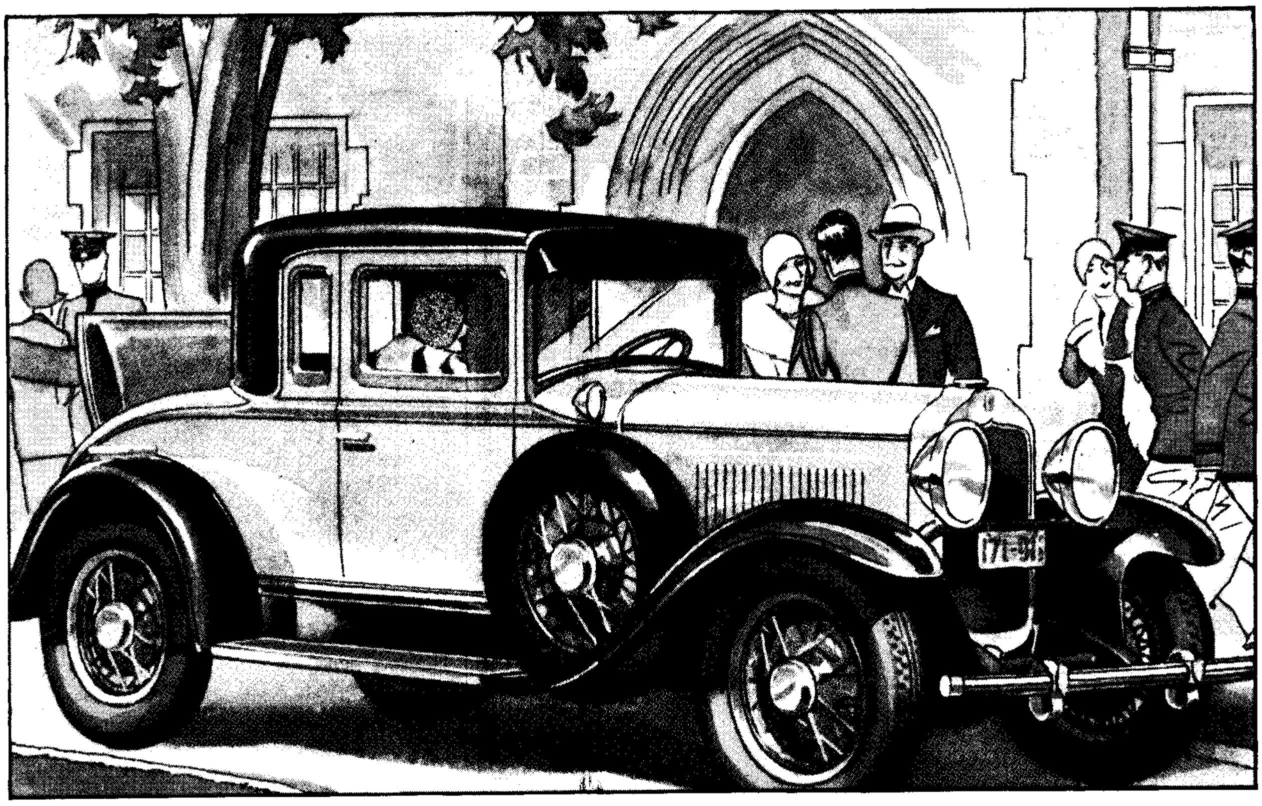
"But you, Countess, already know these stories."

"It amuses me," said Madame de Rocklitz, "to hear them again."

She was silent, and as she did not dismiss him he did not leave, but stood, waiting her commands. He knew only too well to what extent she must be flattered and obeyed. While he waited he wondered at

(*Continued on page 48*)

THE DISTINCTIVELY BEA



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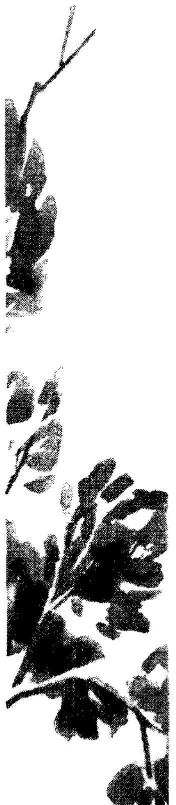

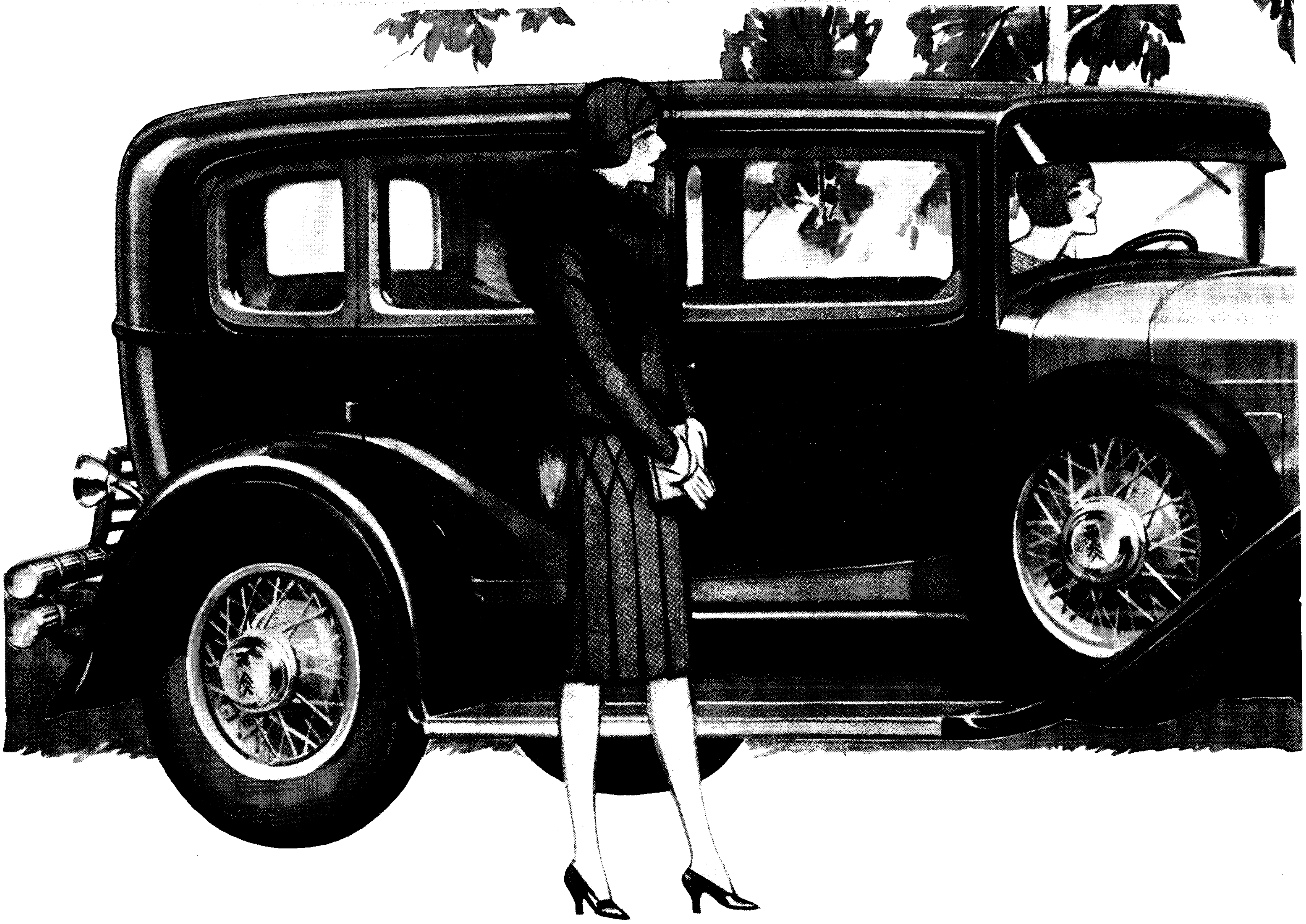

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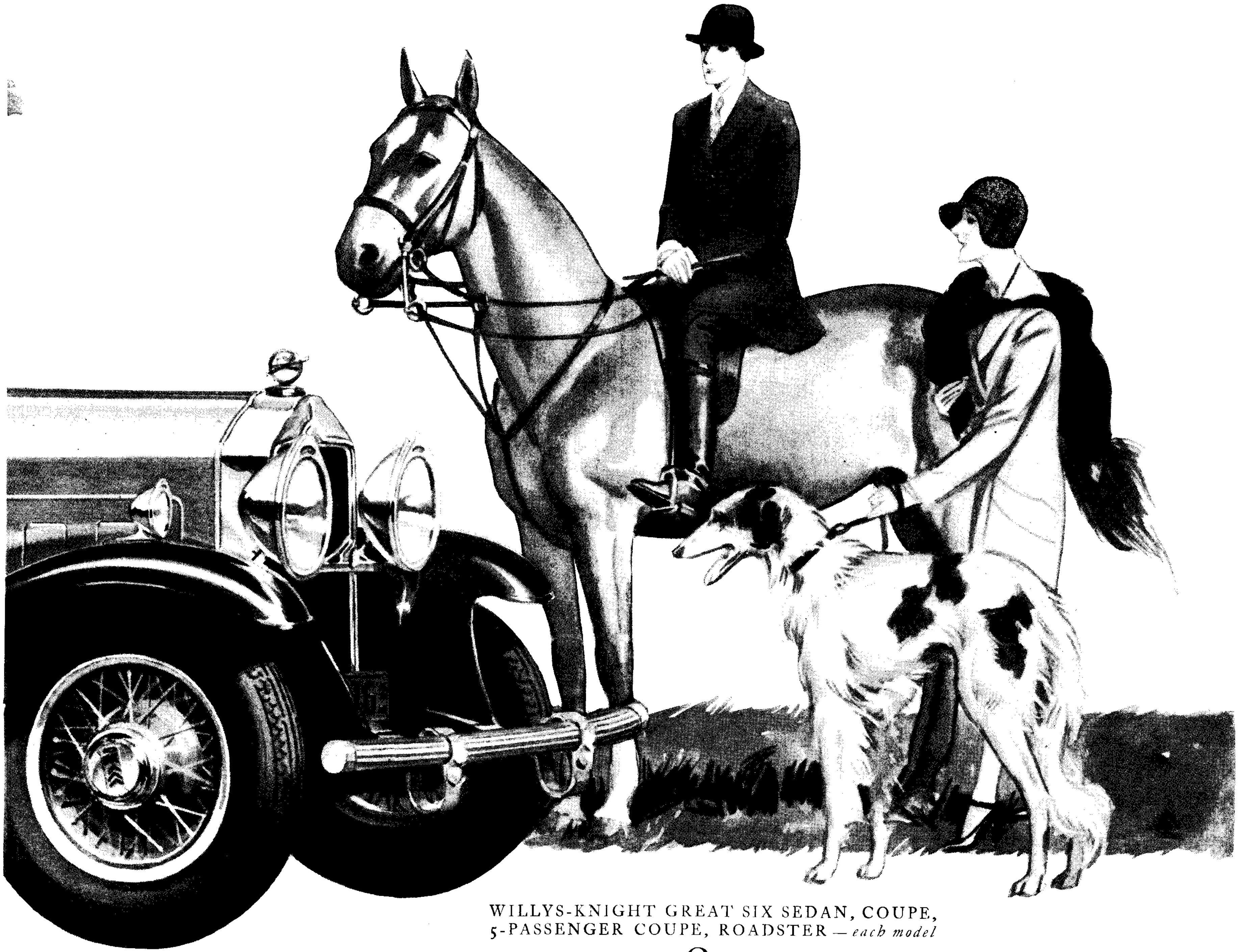

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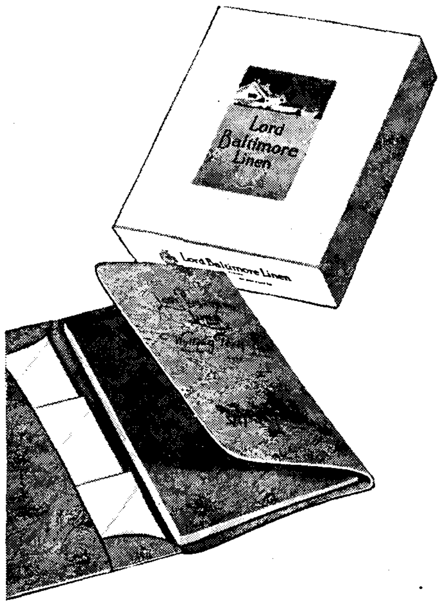

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For the Wife and Kiddies

Continued from page 26

most voguish of this quick-witted fraternity (strangely the racket is operated exclusively by male journalists) comes Walter Winchell. Just over thirty, his name was among the millions of unknown worriers for a livelihood until five years ago. Then he suddenly emerged as prose-laureate of Broadway. Now he is syndicated in 108 daily newspapers!

His career is typical. An honest but by no means poor silk merchant had a son who ran away in his early teens to be a great actor. He started as one of Gus Edwards' troupe of blossoming stars, being what is technically termed a song-and-dance man, which means a young man who may or may not be able to sing, but who certainly must know how to dance.

As a hoofer, young Winchell was a riot. But nobody has ever come forward to certify to his singing. Under the forced ripening of juvenile vaudeville, he branched out with a double act and played small-time vaudeville.

Slaving through three and four shows a day, this bright youngster had all he could do with his feet, but not enough to do with his head. He started a newspaper—a one-man affair banged out on a typewriter and bearing the ambiguous title "News-sense," a parody on "nuisance."

One night there was celebrated the birth of a new slang coin that today rings the changes on Volsteadian civilization—the expression: "making whoopee." It was after the witching hour of twelve P. M. The youthful Winchell was summoned from his dressing-room to a bulletin board where was pasted a fresh edition of his "News-sense."

"What," his summoner, a red-visaged acrobat demanded, "is the idea of this?"

A blunt finger pointed to a torrid item.

"Bill Blank," it read, "who cornerstones the Top-Hole Tumblers, made whoopee at Hinky-Dink's giggle water parlor after the fourth frolic yester yawning."

"Oh, that," quoth Winchell. "That's just a gag."

"And this," quoth Mr. Blank, "is just a piece of punctuation."

Mr. Winchell reappeared for the next day's matinée with an indigo eye. The indigo has gone; but "whoopee" remains, a permanent addition to the technical phraseology of prohibition. They call books after it; they call shows after it; they call doctors after it.

Twenty-five per Week

When he couldn't click on the big Broadway time, Winchell wore out no chairs in agents' waiting rooms. A newssheet published by Keith-Albee attracted him because it didn't contain as much news as he thought it might. Glenn Conner was its editor, a genial chap, who had no objection to taking and printing Winchell's voluntary contributions, but when it came to brass-tack talk he could only offer twenty-five dollars a week as an inducement. That was in 1920.

Winchell accepted the twenty-five dollars. It gave him just enough to skate through life with an occasional bite and fresh laundry. What is more important, it provided leisure to create a network of contacts unsurpassed by any professional gossip-collector.

Steady operation as a news-gatherer in the gay haunts on the Main Stem, as Winchell dubs Broadway, has saturated him with the lurid atmosphere of the smart-Alec sets. But beneath a barbproof hide of sophistication he has a level humor that knows the game is worth no more than its candle power.

O. O. McIntyre, Mark Hellinger, the late Jack Conway and Tommy Gray—Conway the first master of jazz locutions and Gray the most adept epigrammatist of the shimmy belt—fed the world gossip in style that had touches of originality. Winchell followed their racket but dished their technique. He viewed the big parade of gay wayfarers with a breezily cynical eye and, instead of salting his stuff with slanguage, he threw conventional narrative overboard and started the new fashion of gossiping in nothing but jazz strains synonymous of the Whoopee Era.

An Impossible Order

Consider a typical Winchell outburst:

"John Martin's hank of hair has left his bed and board. (Meaning: Mr. John Martin and wife are separated.) Dillard Long and Sally Anderson of Three Cheers are plenty that way. (Meaning: Mr. Long and Miss Anderson, of a theatrical company, are very much in love with each other.) Rosemary Wallace, beauty, welded to a rich Atlantan, is show-girling again. (Meaning: Miss Wallace, who married a rich Atlantan, is back in the chorus.) The Harry Krafts anticipate a blessed event. (Meaning: Mrs. Harry Kraft is expecting a son and heir or daughter and heiress.) Grantland Rice's deb-dotter is plenty cover-cute. (Meaning Grantland Rice's débutante daughter is extremely pretty.) It cost a local dramatist two grand to import his frau from Yurrup when she scrammed to Reno from the three-stacker and told it to a judge. (Meaning: A local dramatist sent his wife two thousand dollars to return from Europe on a first-class liner, when she hurried to Reno for a divorce.)"

Of course, the ubiquitous gossip, who respects nobody and nothing but the news, is always headed for trouble. Winchell, for some reason, aroused the ire of the mighty Shubert. A ukase banned Winchell from all Shubert theaters—about half the playhouses of New York. A tough proscription for a man whose pay check comes from drama criticism.

Winchell accepted exile with a ha! ha! "The Shuberts have barred me from their openings," he tee-heed. "I'll wait three nights and go to their closings."

The Four Marx Brothers opened in Animal Crackers, during which hurly-burly they exploited a character modeled on Winchell.

The show was in a Shubert theater. Winchell attempted to make peace so he might see himself satirized. But it was in vain.

With the aid of a beard and one of the actors, however, he crashed the stage door by posing as father of the Four Marxes and saw the show from the wings. While eleven special detectives guarded the front doors!

Lean of build, quick of eye, fiercely speedy of tongue and with fifty years of gray hair on his thirty-year-old head, Winchell focuses a questioner with eyes of misty gun-metal that hide more secrets than he has ever printed.

"A tough racket," he sums up the net of night-life-ing and chatter-boxing. "Vice and virtue in fifty-fifty proportions and sentiment stepping on the heels of the hardest boiled."

He saw Earl Carroll perform the brazen bathtub rites that sent him to Atlanta. Winchell was the only professional gossiper there and was all but fired from his sheet for refusing to divulge the shameful news of the thing because it was against his code. "I was a guest, you see," he explains. Before Arnold Rothstein, ace-gambler, was shot by some unknown in a hotel room, he sat chatting with Winchell. Rothstein grilled a poker-loser over the telephone and scorched him into paying a debt. And in the next breath he sent a highly expensive surgeon to operate on a broken-down actress friend. Winchell saw George Cohan pass fifty dollars to a seedy actor and in the nearest café heard the cadger berate his benefactor.

"It's an eternal job," he nutshells the latter-day gossip's game. "My beat is the Main Stem and environs; my hours are often twenty-four a day. They telephone me from as far as Chicago and Denver, and I don't count a day productive unless I've seen and talked with fifty or sixty of those 'in the know.'

"Scandal always stalks in the path of gossip. But one way to be sure I won't print something that might hurt is to tell me about it. In my four years on Park Row I have never been responsible for a libel suit.

"Prohibition has made the underworld reckless. The ruthless code is to bait the sucker and take him, and the racketeers are ready for all comers. That's why I call Broadway 'The Sappian Way.' "

Moralizing from this case-hardened youth whose heraldry is an anvil and whose quips are barbed wire seemed out of character.

"Lord, man," he averred, when it was mentioned that a seven-day-and-night week of haunting the lairs of spurious gayety and combing the catacombs of the country's whoopee hunting grounds for news would harden any man into a crass cynic, "I do it for the wife and kiddies."

He displays a picture of the family: two bonny girls and a pretty wife.

"We smart Alecs who puncture the pompous and lampoon the fools, who give the world its wise-cracks and the small town its big-town slant—we're all family men."

"World is Fond of It"

The face that has launched ten thousand quips grew studious for a while. He passed in rapid review the fortes and failings of a horde of celebrities, of big business men most unbusinesslike in their playtime, and of the angel-faced who have evil hearts and of notorious jailbirds turned saints.

"It may be froth, every bit of it," said he, "but the world is fond of it.

"By the way—" and the lad whose trade compels him to take on the Broadway protective coloration of a hard hide, immune to back-slaps and knifings, opened his pocketbook to reveal a brace of newspaper clippings. They were bits by Robert Benchley acclaiming him as a new phenomenon in Americana. He placed the soiled strips of print reverently back in his pocket.

"I'm a millionaire in the phony value of canceled cover charges," he said. "But throw that out. Mencken and Nathan say I can tell more truth without committing libel than anybody they know, and Benchley says 'whoopee' belongs in the language.

"Silly to nurse bouquets. They seem to sour with keeping. But if the world will take even the smallest thing you can give it—even one word of slang—that's a career—and an epitaph."

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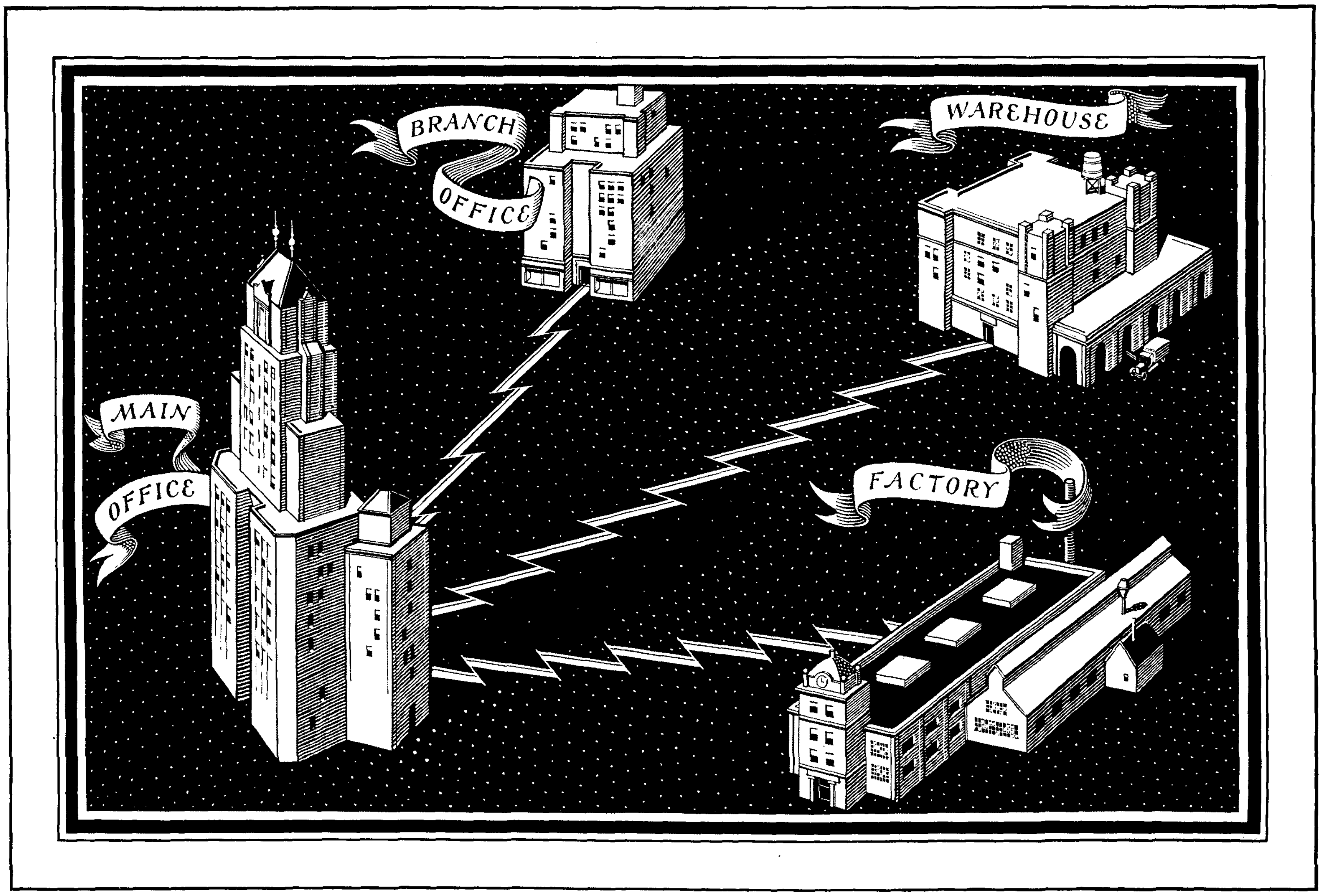

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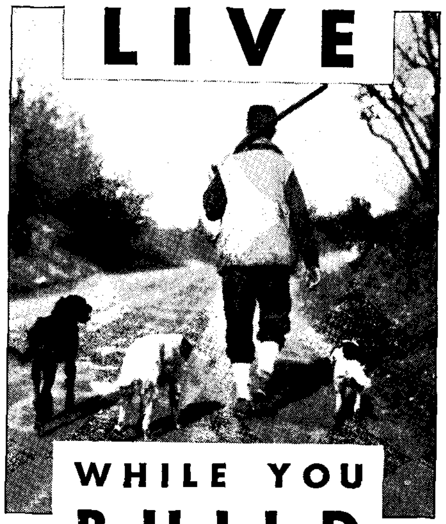

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A Prudent Man

Continued from page 34

was immortal, then. If that were true, there was no justice in the world. Tim was casually reloading his gun, and the doctor watched him resentfully. He returned slowly toward the spot where Tim stood.

"I told you he wouldn't hurt us none," said Tim, and he grinned.

"You had no right to kill him," Doctor Strout reminded the other. "There'll be trouble out of this."

"Oh, I guess not," Tim drawled.

The older man stared at the animal on the ground.

"This must be Eph Curd's bull," said the doctor. "He'll make a fine row."

"I'll fix it," Tim promised, with the arrogant confidence which was never shaken. "We'll stop by the house on our way out."

Doctor Strout hesitated. "I'm not going to gun his farm, after killing his bull," he decided. "Let's go up to the house now."

Tim was scornful of such caution; but in the end the doctor's insistence overbore him. He grudgingly turned back toward the car, and Doctor Strout followed at his side.

They would have to return to the main road, Tim explained; it was a matter of a mile or more to the farmhouse where Ephraim Curd lived. But when Doctor Strout tried to start the car, it remained obstinately silent.

"I'll have to dismantle that carburetor, Tim," he said. "Take half an hour or so. Some of that tire gum has got in and plugged it. I've had to do it before."

So Tim said he would go up to the house alone, and talk to Eph; and when the other agreed, Tim bade the setter get into the car and stay there. The dog obeyed, and Tim departed, climbing the fence again to take a short cut through the woods.

Doctor Strout, left alone, began his struggle with the carburetor; and while he worked he wondered how Tim would manage to appease this cousin of his, this Ephraim Curd, this greedy, prudent man. Somehow, no doubt, the thing would be done. Tim, in all his undertakings, had worn success so long.

TIM slanted through the woods toward the high road; he reached it and pursued his way along it toward the farm. He gave no particular thought to his errand; was attentive to other matters altogether—to the wind and the sky. There was, he guessed, a chance of snow before night. The wind was changing, blowing harder. Its direction was such that Ephraim at the house could not have been likely to hear the shots that killed the bull; and Tim grinned at this understanding. He went on confidently.

Ephraim, when Tim came into the barnyard, was not in sight; but there was a horse and wagon here. This was a closed wagon with the name of Zwicker painted on it, and the word "Fish." Tim knew Zwicker. He peddled his wares across the countryside. The horse turned its slow head to look at Tim as he approached, and Tim heard voices through the open barn.

He found his cousin and this fish peddler, this Zwicker, out behind the barn. Ephraim had been digging in the frozen ground there, making some small change in the contours of his manure pit. He stood leaning on his pickax. The tool was an old one, its points blunted by long use.

The handle of the pickax was somewhat splintered, and it had been wound with twine. This was like Ephraim, Tim thought. He would use a tool till it fell to pieces in his hands.

The two men had turned at his approach, and Tim spoke to the fish dealer first, then to his cousin. He said: "H'lo, Eph!" There was an edge of mockery in his tone.

The countenance of Ephraim Curd was as cloudy as the sky; dark shadows swept across it.

"H'lo, Tim," he said; and he added: "Don't see you much, over this way."

"Gramp told me to give you his love," Tim grinned; and he added, for the sake of goading Eph: "He's fixing to make his will!"

He saw the quick twitching muscle in Ephraim's cheek. Then he spoke again: "Birds are scarce, most places, Eph. I thought I'd try them over here, but I didn't want to gun on your farm without you said I could." There was a mocking deference in his tones.

BEHIND Ephraim Curd's lowering eyes a quick thought flickered furtively. He hesitated, said at last: "Go ahead if you want!"

"I used to gun down in your pasture," Tim suggested. "That's the best cover, down there."

Ephraim nodded; and then his lids narrowed cautiously. He had remembered that Zwicker was listening. The farmer licked his lips, and there was sweat upon his brow.

"Don't you go in there," he said at last, reluctantly. "I've got a bull in there." And he looked at the fish dealer to be sure the man had heard.

"Won't hurt me, will he?" Tim protested, in a scornful tone.

"He's ugly!" Curd declared. "You better not risk it." The word had a challenge in it, as though Tim might not care for risks.

"Shucks," Tim insisted. "Guess he won't bother me!"

"Well, I warned ye," said Curd, and looked at Zwicker.

Tim protested chidingly: "Why, I wouldn't think you'd keep a bad bull, Eph. He might hurt someone. Why don't you get rid of him, if he's ugly?"

"Git rid of him?" Ephraim echoed. "How'm I going to? I can't get near him."

"Why, beef him," Tim advised.

"I been trying to tole him into the barn for six weeks," the other man avowed. "But that bull acts like he knowed what I meant to do. I'm waiting for the snow to drive him in. Like as not he won't come, even then. He's about half wild now."

"Shucks," Tim urged. "Take your gun and go down there and shoot him."

"I'm not fooling with that bull," Ephraim protested.

"Get somebody to do it for you, then."

"There ain't anybody anxious to tackle him," said Curd guardedly. His eyes were gleaming. He knew Tim; knew the other's reckless audacity.

"Want him killed, do you?" Tim challenged.

"I told you, didn't I?" Eph retorted.

"Well, I'll kill him for you," said Tim in the most casual of tones.

Old Eph licked his lips. "You aim to talk him to death?" he asked grimly.

Tim grinned; and he turned away as though to start at once on this enterprise. Eph watched him go a few paces, staring after the other man, an ugly triumph in his eyes. Then he remembered Zwicker; and upon that memory he called after Tim, checked him, offered voluble protest at the other's plan.

He was eager that the bull should be killed; yes. But to attempt it with bird shot was a reckless procedure, sure to lead to dire consequences. That bull was as shrewd as a cat, and as quick. Deadly dangerous. Eph spoke warmly, his eyes flickering from Tim to Zwicker; but Tim grinned, and derided the old man's fears, and Eph, satisfied at last that he had said enough, permitted him to go on down the slope toward the distant pasture.

He returned to Zwicker, still protesting. The bull, he predicted, would kill Tim, sure as sure.

Zwicker was uneasy. There were so many undercurrents here. He agreed with Eph that Tim was reckless to the point of self-destruction, but he himself must go on to town. He went through the barn to get his team.

Eph stayed where he was, leaning on the handle of his pickax, by the manure pit there behind the barn. Presently he heard wheels, and turned and saw Zwicker departing along the road. The peddler's wagon disappeared behind the screen of woods.

Then suddenly Eph's eyes gleamed with some dark determination, and he set off after Tim. Perhaps simply because he forgot to lay it down, he carried the pickax in his hand; and he went hurriedly.

Tim did not look around, did not perceive that he was followed; but as he reached the pasture fence, Curd called to him.

"Hi, Tim!" he shouted. "Wait a minute! I'll come along with you!"

Tim had no notion of letting Ephraim come along with him. That would prove too much of a complication. After he had climbed through the fence, he stood waiting, thinking of ways to dispense with Ephraim's company.

So Eph overtook him there. They were in a dip of land, hidden from the house and from the road, remote from any view.

DOCTOR STROUT laboriously unbolted the carburetor, cleaned it thoroughly, and proceeded to fix it in its place again. He worked steadily and was so absorbed in his task that he did not see—till the other was almost at his side—the man who came soundlessly along the sandy road.

When at last he perceived the other's approach, he said, in uncertain surprise: "Hello!"

The newcomer nodded. He was a middle-aged man with a competent air about him; he wore hunting pants and high shoes, but carried no gun. "Trying the birds?" he asked.

"Yes," Doctor Strout agreed. "Not many around, though."

"My name's Kitchen," the man explained good-humoredly. "Game warden. Got your license, have you?"

"Sure," the doctor assented. "In my hunting coat." He stepped to the side of the car to get it.

The warden looked away up that open glade in Ephraim Curd's pasture. Doctor Strout fumbled in the pocket, but the license was not there.

"Say," he exclaimed, "I haven't got it with me, at that, Warden."

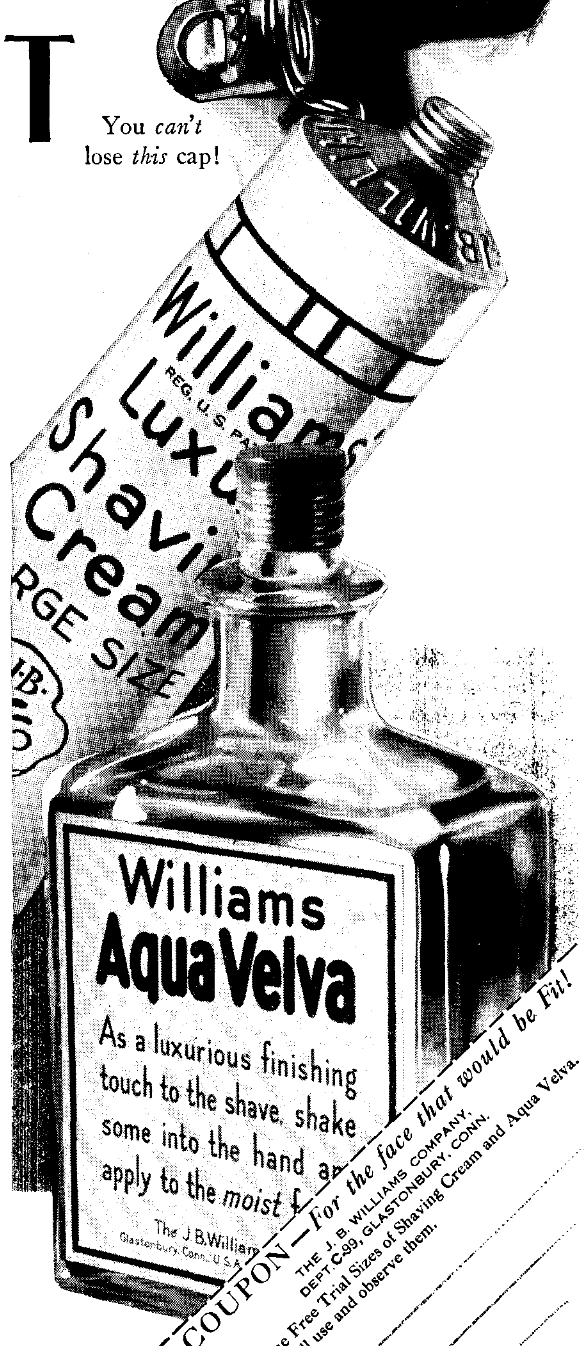
"What's that lying in the field?" Kitchen asked curiously; and Doctor Strout remembered the bull. He tried to think as rapidly as possible, but he had a certain satisfaction in the perception that Tim Tasker had come to grief at last. There was, he decided, nothing for it but to tell part of the truth.

"It's a bull," he explained. "Tim and I started up through there and the bull

(*Continued on page 46*)

He goes with Confidence

who knows his face is FIT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A Prudent Man

Continued from page 44

charged us, out of the oak scrub. Tim had to shoot it."

"Must be Eph Curd's," the other man commented; and he grinned. "Eph'll raise cain about that," he remarked.

"Tim has gone up to fix it with him," Doctor Strout explained.

Kitchen grinned. "There'll be some fireworks before Tim gets this all explained to Eph," he remarked. "Let's go up to the house. If Tim knows you, I guess it's all right about the license, long as you've got one."

"Oh, I've got one," Doctor Strout repeated. "I'll have this car ready in a minute, too."

They stiffened suddenly to attention; somewhere upwind, half a mile or more away, two shots had sounded. But after a moment the doctor said:

"That's Tim, I guess, on his way back down here. He must have struck birds."

"Likely," the warden agreed. "I'll wait here till he comes, then."

So Doctor Strout proceeded with his repairs upon the car. While he was thus engaged, the other man climbed the fence and strolled up the glade to examine the dead bull. He came back presently, and remarked that Tim had shot straight. The doctor nodded abstractedly. This business with the car was taking longer than he had expected. It was a quarter of an hour or more before he was done.

BUT even then Tim had not returned. They waited a little longer, uncertainly debating what to do. The skies were darker, and at last Kitchen said:

"I've got to move along. Let's drive up to the house. If Tim isn't there, no matter about the license; you can come back down here and wait for him, but I'll have to head for town."

The doctor agreed, and cranked the car. Kitchen rode with him as far as the highway; then he shifted to his own machine and followed Doctor Strout up the road. Eph's was, he explained, the first house; and after half a mile or so, they turned into the farmyard there.

As they alighted from their cars, two or three crows on silent wing came low over the top of the barn, and Doctor Strout caught his gun out of the car and slipped in a shell, hoping for a shot at them; but he was too late. He was about to put the gun back in the car when Ephraim Curd came out of the kitchen door. The man's dark face was gleaming with some strange excitement, and he stared at them uncertainly. Doctor Strout forgot his gun. It was still under his arm when he followed the warden toward where the farmer stood.

"Hello, Eph," Kitchen remarked.

Curd nodded; and the warden asked casually:

"Tim Tasker been here, has he?"

Eph's cheek twitched. "Yes, he's been here," he said at last. His eyes were flickering, but his tone had that in it which for a moment silenced them. Kitchen thought this emotion that was so evident in the man was wrath over the death of his bull, and he looked around at Doctor Strout and winked understandingly.

"Gone, has he?" he persisted.

The farmer swallowed hard. Doctor Strout began to fill his pipe, the gun under his arm; and then Ephraim said in a strangling voice:

"He went down in the pasture, and my bull killed him."

There was a ringing silence. Doctor Strout found that he had dropped his pouch, spilled his tobacco. He stooped, automatically, to recover as much of it as could be salvaged. The gun hindered him, and the warden said casually:

"Here! I'll hold your gun while you scrape that up."

And he took the weapon, and turned back to Ephraim Curd again, the gun in his hand.

"What's that, Eph?" he protested. "You say the bull killed Tim?"

Doctor Strout stood erect again, intent upon his pipe and pouch. His hands, he saw, were quite steady now. Old Ephraim Curd was explaining: "I just telephoned to town."

"Say," Kitchen protested, "you're dreaming, Eph! We heard Tim shoot, up this way, half an hour ago."

The farmer repeated carefully: "I telephoned to town, right off. There'll be somebody out here soon."

And he went on:

"I was working, fixing my manure pit, out behind the barn. Zwicker, the fish man, was there talking to me; and Tim came along, and he wanted to shoot on my land."

"I thought you and Tim didn't get along," Kitchen suggested. Doctor Strout's pipe was going now. He tucked his hands in his pockets, out of the wind; and he was content to contemplate what went forward without any word at all.

"We've had words," Ephraim admitted. "He took Gramp Tasker away from me. I never did like a hair of Tim's head, but I wouldn't have wished this on him."

And he pursued: "He wanted to gun my place, and I told him he could; but I told him to keep out of the pasture. Zwicker, he heard me."

"Oh, Zwicker heard you?" Kitchen commented.

"So Tim wanted to know why," Ephraim carefully explained. "And I told him that bull was ugly. I been trying to get the bull into the barn to beef him, but he won't come in. He's gone wild all summer. Zwicker'll tell you the same!"

"Yeah!" the warden echoed.

"So Tim said he'd go down and kill the bull, if I wanted it killed," the farmer continued, in that slow, ponderous tone. "I tried to argy him out of it, but you know the way Tim was. He started down to the pasture. Zwicker saw him go. I stayed there by the manure pit, working, and Zwicker he went on to town."

"You didn't go along down with Tim?" the warden asked.

"I didn't want any truck with that bull," said Ephraim. "I warned Tim, but you know the way he was."

"So he went to the pasture alone?"

"AND by and by I heard the bull bellow," Ephraim recited. The day was cold, but there were beads upon his brow. "I heard the old bull bellow," Eph repeated. "And then I heard two shots. The same you heard, likely. And I heard the bull bellow some more, after the shots!"

He hesitated, choosing his words with a due prudence.

"So I knew something must have happened," he explained. "And I went down over the hill. When I come in sight of the pasture, I see the bull going off through the scrub."

"Oh, you saw him, did you?" Kitchen remarked, and caught the doctor's eye.

"Going off into the brush," Eph repeated. "And I went on down, and when I got to the fence, there was Tim."

He hesitated momentarily.

"He was kind of hanging in the fence," he said. "His gun was back in the pasture a couple of rod, like he'd dropped it when he was running for the fence. And it looked like the bull had caught him just when he was trying to climb through. Got him right in the back with one of its horns."

They made no comment, and he may have found their silence faintly disturbing, for he added urgently:

"You can see the bull's tracks all around there. He was up there this morning, too, chasing Jim Hill's hound!"

"Oh, he was up there today, eh?" Kitchen remarked.

"I come in to get my gun, figuring to shoot him then," Eph asserted. "He don't show himself often; don't give me a chance. But time I got back, he was gone."

A few flakes of snow began to fall, and Kitchen commented: "This will cover the tracks, anyway."

Doctor Strout thought there appeared a new confidence in the eyes of the man who faced them here. Eph went on volubly: "So after I found him, I come right back up here and telephoned."

"But you had told him not to go in the pasture?"

"Yes, sir," Ephraim insisted. "Zwicker heard me. I allus told folks to be careful of that old bull."

"You're a right careful man," the game warden commented. "But—things go wrong for you, quite a lot, spite of your carefulness, don't they, Eph?"

"Well, they went wrong for Tim, this time," said Ephraim Curd. He could not quite keep the satisfaction out of his tones.

The warden nodded. He hesitated, and he looked at Doctor Strout; but the doctor was content to leave this matter in the other's hands. So Kitchen said:

"Let's go down there and fetch him up to the house, out of the snow."

"Best leave him till they come from town," Ephraim urged.

"Well, we'll go down, anyway," the warden insisted, and he added, "we might try and see if we can find the bull."

THE farmer protested that he had no desire to seek this murderous creature; nevertheless they started through the barn. But at the farther door, by the manure pit, Doctor Strout announced that he would stay behind. While they went on, Ephraim still carefully explaining what had happened, the doctor waited there, standing in the wide barn door.

He had no morbid curiosity to see the shattering despair in the countenance of Ephraim Curd when Kitchen should lead him to the body of the dead bull. It was the machinery of this drama, not its conclusion, that absorbed his reflections now.

He remarked that the wind was northeast. If it held in that quarter, there would be colder weather, and rain or snow. This was as certain as were the other ancient laws that ruled the universe; and the doctor, considering the matter, was conscious of a great peace in this reflection, as though a puzzle which had long bewildered him were solved. The workings of the law might be slow, but they were sure.

For a while his eyes were dim with thought; but by and by his glance fastened in singular fascination on a pickax, old and worn, lying by the edge of the manure pit. The shape of its worn and rounded points was, he thought, very much that of the dead bull's long, keen horns.

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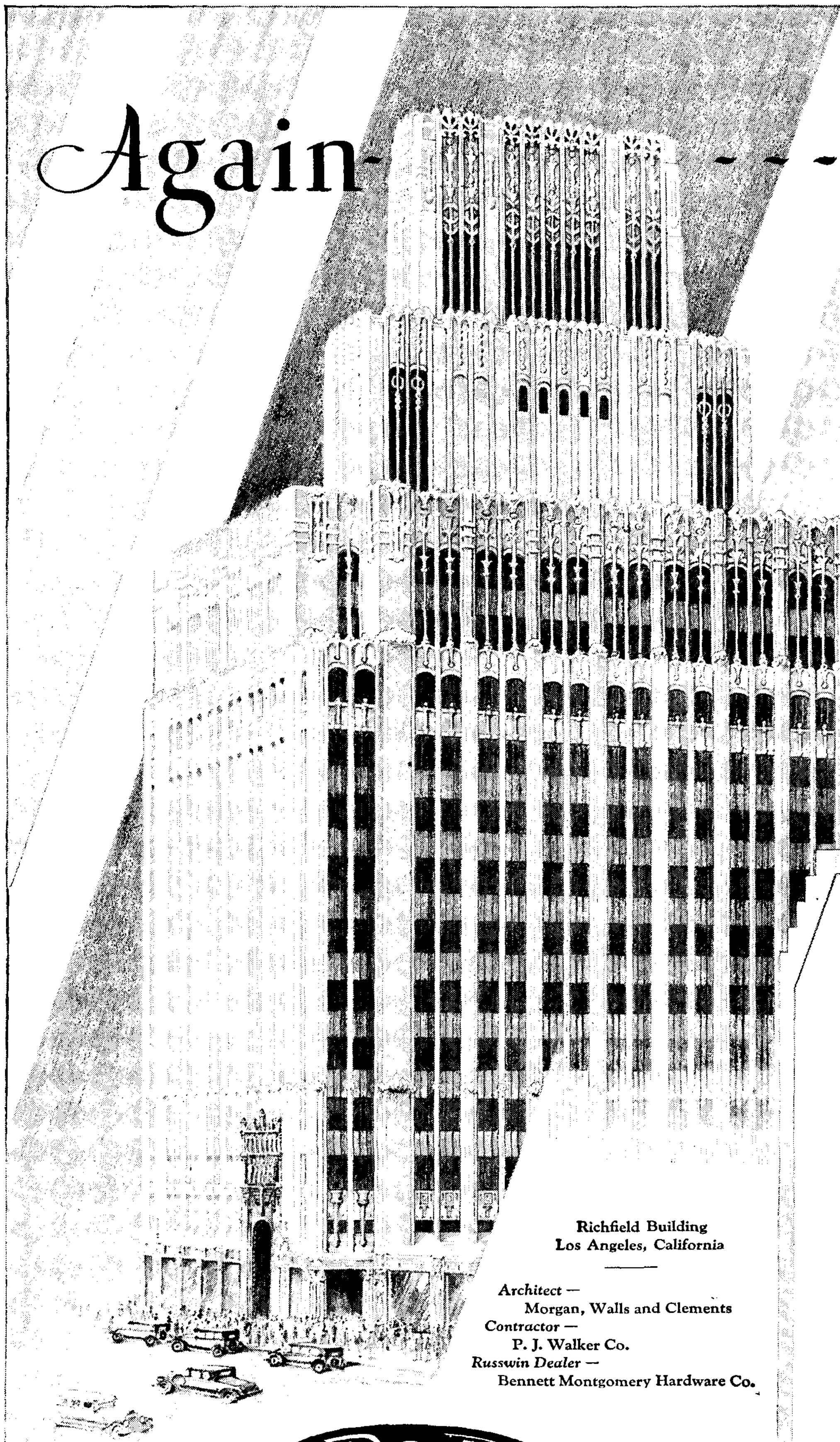

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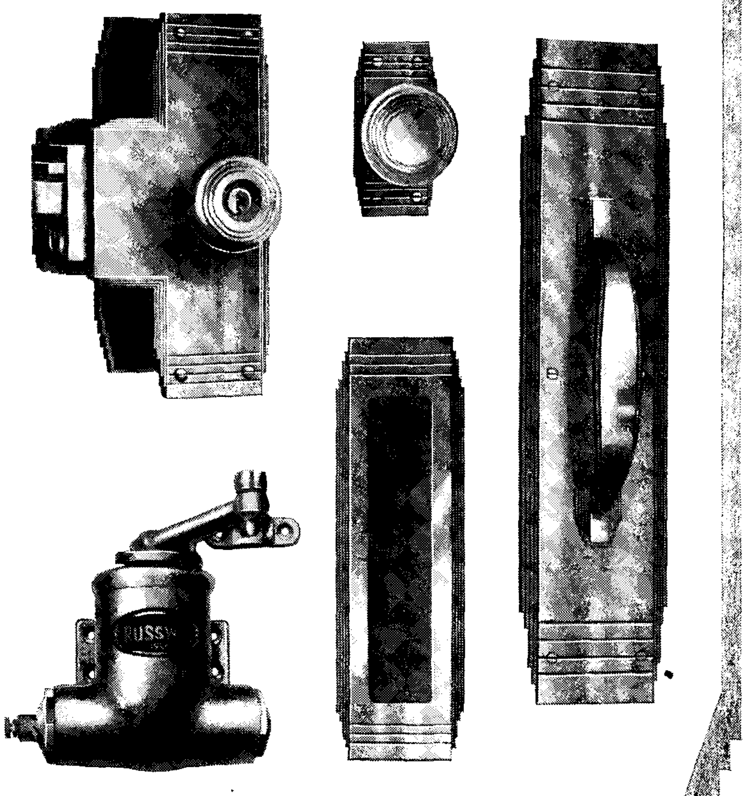

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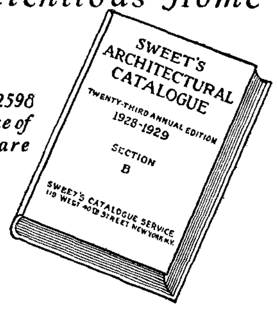
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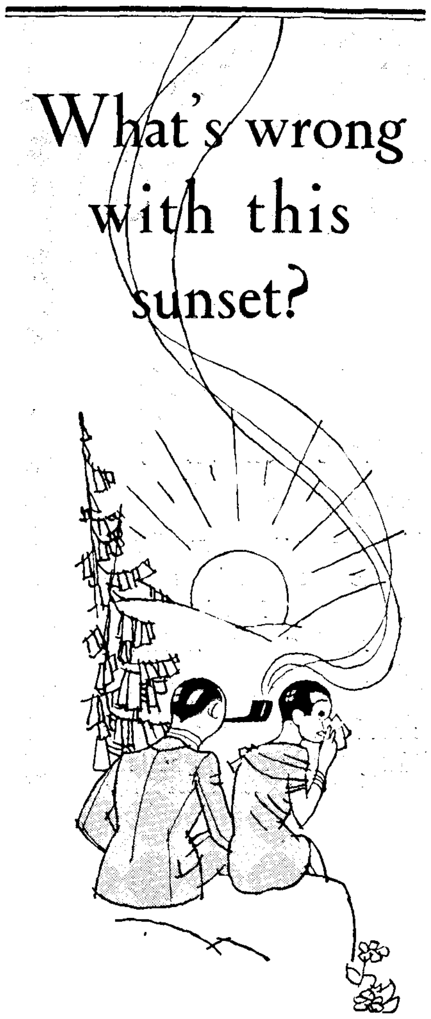

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The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 39

her, studying her out of his half-dropped lids and cool eyes. He admired her and slightly feared her. He believed that there was no limit to her ambition, her resource, her capacity, her ability.

It was true that he had bought her; she and her family were the pensioners of the Allies; she had permitted the Elector to agree to put troops in the field for the Emperor. Still he did not trust her. He thought her equally without shame and fear, and admired her very greatly. Her beauty, too, was extraordinary. It seemed never to fade, or dim, or be fatigued, but always to be brilliant and radiant, with a quality of life, of light itself.

She smiled now in a way he did not greatly like—he most mistrusted her when she was most amiable. She said softly and agreeably:

"We come now to my favor which I have to ask His Imperial Majesty. A plenipotentiary will be sent from Vienna to Dresden with this treaty, will he not?"

Spanheim replied that this would be so.

"The favor that I ask is that Marshal de Haverbeck may be this plenipotentiary."

"He is not the most suitable person," objected Spanheim, slowly, turning over many things rapidly in his mind.

She fixed Spanheim with her large, brilliant, light brown eyes and smiled, and tapped the protocol with her fan, and lightly tapped her foot upon the floor also, as a woman who would not be gainsaid or denied.

"Marshal de Haverbeck," she said, "is a Saxon and it is most fitting that he should be sent to Dresden. I do demand and expect it."

"Madame, I will do what I can," replied Spanheim, cautiously. "This gentleman carries himself very high, and it is difficult even for the Emperor to deal with him against his wish. If he should not choose to come—"

"The Emperor must see to it that he does come, or the Alliance is in danger. I have a fancy for Marshal de Haverbeck's visit, Count, and my fancy must be indulged."

THEY looked at each other, she, unsmiling, now; he bowed, as if in conventional assent to a prince's demands.

"I have a reason," she added, rising, "for this gentleman's presence in Dresden. When he was in the Saxon army he complained, and justly, of its condition. I should be glad for him to see that we have some very good soldiers now, and that our organization is excellent. I have designed a review for his benefit."

Spanheim pursed up his lips and thus committed himself as far as he might. He was thinking—"You are going rather far, you are going, perhaps, a little too far; I wonder if the Elector is quite the fool you seem to think him."

He admired her courage. But, however blind in his passion was the Elector, surely she ventured too much. Since her influence had been bought with so much cost, it was not desirable she should lose it. Spanheim was galled.

"I would not," he said, "put you out of patience, but I must remind you of the avid enemies you have, none the less perilous for being submissive."

"This is plain talk," said the lady, taking off her fur cloak and showing her velvet dress with rich devices in gold.

"We are allies," returned the Austrian, "in a manner, friends. I would not have you lose for a chimera, very solid advantages. Do you not, madame, value the sweets of dominion?"

"Your advice is rejected," replied Madame de Rocklitz. "Why should I not wish to see this man? He is my cousin."

"Come, madame, the cheat is too palpable. You are interested in this gentleman. Make no trifling cavils. Do you want to play into the hands of Stürm and the Electress?"

"Count Stürm," Madame de Rocklitz assured him, "goes the moment I wish it; and, as for that unfortunate princess, she can injure none but herself."

THIS obstinate attitude on the part of the favorite filled Spanheim with a lively vexation. It would be infuriating if, after he had bought her influence, she fell. He looked at her intently. He had two daughters about her age, newly come from a convent, innocent as doves, unpolluted as lily buds. It was odd to consider that. Madame de Rocklitz fondled the curl, fine as silk, on her bosom, and asked him why he stared at her.

"Madame," said Spanheim, vehemently, "I entreat you not to be overweening in this. Women of parts are apt to be very positive in their opinions. What strikes their fancy hath them wholly."

"Fancy!" mocked the lady. "Fancy!"

"I hope it is no more, Madame Rocklitz. Look at the Elector. Consider that all your riches, power, authority, depend on him. I know him, as perhaps you cannot."

"And yet I know him very well."

"Does he show you his gloomy moods? Lately, he has become uneasy. He winces from your church condemnation. You must get one of your pastors to give you absolution. That sticks with him."

"I shall overcome that. The court divines will be dismissed."

"But the Consistory and Herr Knock are against you, Madame de Rocklitz."

"I shall carry it, even against them."

"Likely enough. Yet be watchful and prudent. You have interceded for the witches too often. The Elector has told me how detestable he finds this panic at sorcery."

"This," said Madame de Rocklitz, with distaste, "is beyond the scope of our converse. Will you send Marshal de Haverbeck to Dresden?"

"The Elector is troubled about the omen at Flöha."

"It was some wicked murder," shuddered the lady. "It meant nothing."

"He thinks it did. He is uneasy because he has no prospect of children. However infatuated a prince, madame, he will think sometimes of his line. Take care, he does not begin to consider himself cursed. Some of the clergy have hinted as much."

"You are trying to terrify me."

"To warn you. Is this a moment to bring to Dresden, Marshal de Haverbeck, once your suitor, a man equipped to arouse jealousy, who in all outrivals the Elector? A man he detested, who flung up his service in disdain, once his subject, now the Emperor's favorite general? Madame, you cannot do it."

"I will do it," she replied, with a sudden sparkle of animation. She even seemed pleased, gay. Spanheim was amazed at this spectacle of feminine lightness and recklessness. He knew that if she insisted he must gratify her or forego the alliance with Saxony, and he cursed the destiny that made the fortunes of nations dependent on a woman's unstable will.

"I'll do it," he assented, grimly, "but you will smart for it."

She smiled under his reproof.

"Do not put me with the common rate and bulk of mankind. I am not dazzled by those airy and glaring notions that do entice most. Perhaps for all I have I care very little."

She paused.

"Perhaps I can mete out my loss, Count Spanheim. You instruct me how to soothe and cheat my master. Can you tell me how to soothe and cheat myself?"

He shook his head.

"You are too young for repentance."

"Repentance! I did not speak of that."

He was puzzled. Did she mean that she would give up everything for De Haverbeck? If she did, she made a childish mistake, for even if she could escape from her lover and her family, the other man, Spanheim was sure, would never marry her. He might, though, take her as his mistress. She was dangerous, a complete wanton, thought Spanheim, with sudden disgust. Tired already of one lover, searching for another. He knew her type. She would bring every man she seduced to ruin, with that face that retained so innocent an outline. De Haverbeck was too good for her harlot's tricks. She'd pull down Saxony before she finished. What more perilous than a woman of unbridled desires with the delicate aspect of a maiden? Yet he could not contest her point.

"I'll endeavor to do what you request."

"It is my condition," she reminded him.

SPANHEIM, taking his leave, gave her a curt look of scorn. Erect and fine she was in her blue velvet gown stuck with bullion, her hair in the wanton disorder she had made fashionable, her lovely face that still retained that beguiling expression of purity. She must be corrupt indeed to wish the man who had once held her in honest esteem to see her open shame.

So thought Spanheim, knowing little of love.

It was Casimir's obscene laughter that pointed the news which reached Dresden soon enough that Marshal de Haverbeck was to be sent as plenipotentiary with the pact of alliance from the Emperor. It was Count Stürm who got out of him when he was in his cups, half-maudlin, half-drunken, the fact that the very night that Madelon had made her bargain with the Elector, Delphicus de Haverbeck had been at Arnsdorf . . . Casimir, his beauty all bloated and raddled, his lips loose and trembling, his eyes flushed and his lids drooping, his complexion blotched with powder, his wig awry, and his breath fiery with spirits, made a drunken boast to Count Stürm (who took pains to often be his companion) that he had brought off that stroke of business.

"If I hadn't told her that he'd got a mistress she'd have gone off with him—sentimental hussy!—and missed the fool and her fortune."

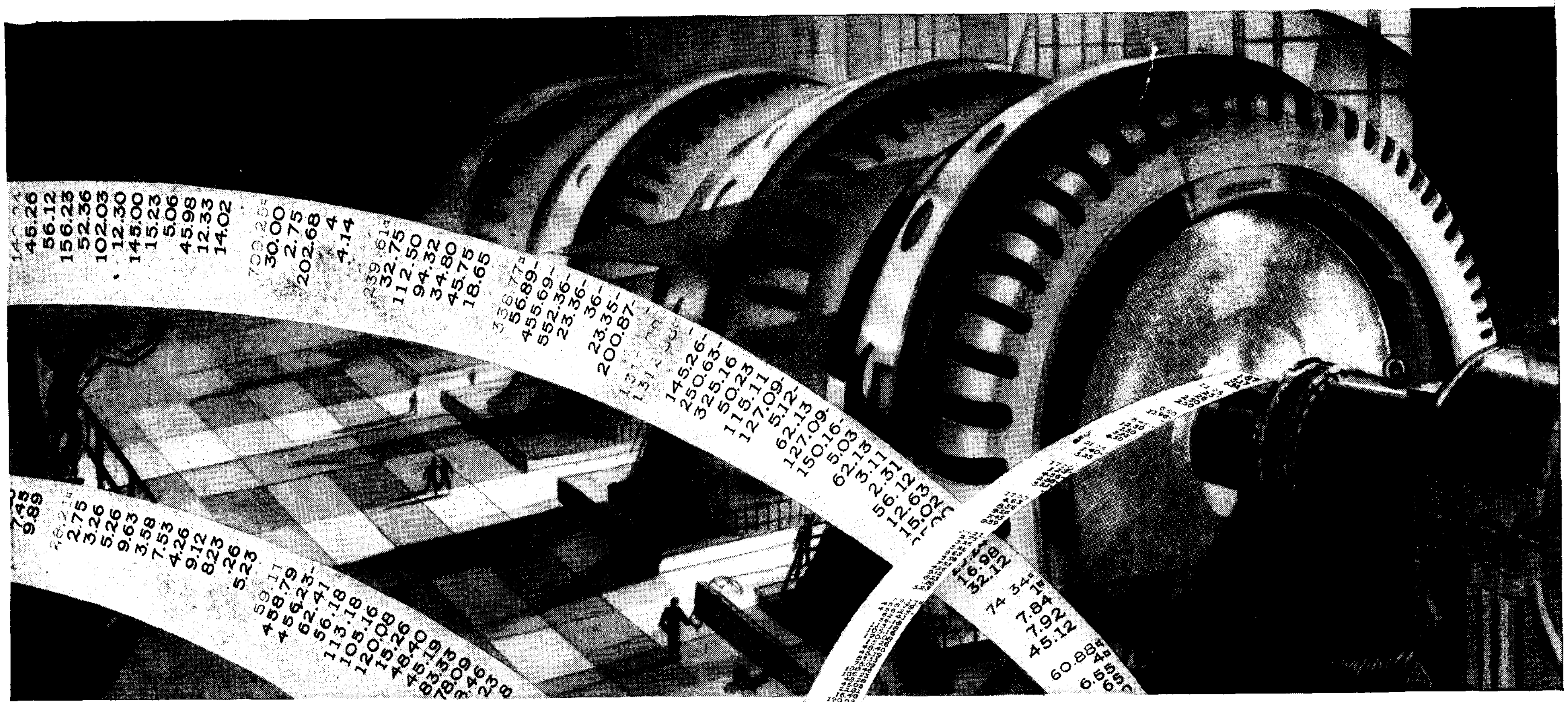
Count Stürm noted the tipsy boast which he knew well enough contained a sharp kernel of truth.

"Delphicus de Haverbeck," he reflected, "is the weak point in the armor of the Rocklitz . . . In ordering him to be sent to Dresden she has committed her first indiscretion."

The minister took an early opportunity to see his master alone, and to remark, casually enough:

"Is not Marshal de Haverbeck a

(*Continued on page 50*)



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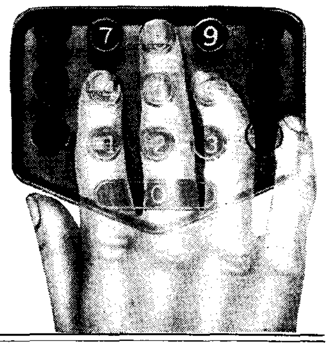

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The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 48

strange choice to send from Vienna to Dresden with the Articles of the Alliance?"

He had the satisfaction of seeing his stroke tell at once on Johann Georg. The ingenuous young man flushed and exclaimed:

"Marshal de Haverbeck! Who is sending him?"

"The Emperor," said Ferdinand Stürm, smoothly. "Spanheim tells me that he has a special request that he might be envoy and that the Emperor has acceded, and that the marshal is probably by now on the road."

"A special request from whom?" scowled Johann Georg.

And with infinite relish and a difficulty in keeping a note of exultation from his voice, Stürm replied:

"The Countess of Rocklitz."

Johann Georg scowled. He had to make a considerable effort not to show that he was shocked and startled. His heavy jaw set sullenly and the blood rushed to his blond face.

THE Elector went directly to the apartments of Madame de Rocklitz.

She had that morning coaxed out of him, and not for the first time, the keys to his great and immeasurable treasure, kept in the vaults beneath the Residenzschloss—the richest treasure owned by any prince in Europe and accumulated by the princes of the Albertine line for the last two centuries. So vast and so priceless was this collection of precious objects that it was commonly believed that many of them had been made by the Elector Johann Georg I out of magic gold which he had manufactured himself in his alchemist's laboratory.

The wealth of this prince had been so fabulous that the supposition was not absurd. His successors had been prudent and had conserved what his magic arts had produced. The House of Wettin owned, too, the largest silver mines in Europe, and there were few who could compete with them in the outward display of pomp and power. The treasures of the green vaults were supposed to outshine those of the Hofburg in Vienna. Arch-Marshal of the Empire, the Elector of Saxony had the right to carry the imperial sword at a coronation, and his display on those occasions of gold and silver plate, the parade of diamonds in habit and hat, his dress and cloak set with pearl and ruby, sapphire and emerald, had always been such as to outshine his peers and fellow princes.

Twice before the Rocklitz had coaxed out of her lover the keys of the famous vaults, and gone down there and selected for her own use and adornment some of the famous treasures at which the Electress had never even looked. And on this morning when she had glanced out of the window of their room on to the courtyard, wet and cold with melting snow, and seen the gray sky like a goose's breast, smooth and dull, overhead, she had turned into his arms again and asked for the key of the treasure-house to beguile the quiet winter day.

That gray sky of the early morning had now spread into the muffled gust of a storm.

Snow beat softly on the palace windows. As the Elector entered her room he saw at once that she had already visited the treasure vaults, and that her servants had brought up into her apartments vases of jasper, of serpentine, of onyx and heliotrope; statuettes from the antiques of bronze; jewels of Saxon pearls, aigrets of diamonds, carvings in ivory, amber and coral and pale flower-decked porcelain, fine as a butterfly's wings, from his celebrated factory at Meissen. All these gorgeous and precious objects were set about on a soft shining Chinese carpet for her inspection.

Madelon reposed on a day-bed cushioned in gold brocade, wearing a coat of white fur, and cross-laced short stays with silver ribbon. She admired this and that, and ordered how they should be set out around her room, which was already replenished with silk and gold tapestry, with vases of bloodstone and alabaster, with rock-crystal lamps, with curtains and hangings of Utrecht velvet arranged with the skill and taste of men trained to the utmost fineness.

The Elector paused inside the door, feeling a certain sense of slight or insult, when he saw his peerless treasures thus scattered over a lady's boudoir, and viewed so carelessly, almost as much with disdain as with admiration. He would not have felt this, but would have been infatuate with love and delight at the thought that she might gain pleasure from anything that was his, if it had not been that Stürm had mentioned De Haverbeck. As it was, he violently told the servants to begone and stood sullen in the middle of the room, among the vases of bronze and the statuettes of silver. He looked at her uneasily, his pride of birth, of race, oddly offended. He decided that he would not easily give her his keys again.

"Why are you angry?" asked Madelon. She knew at once his moods and never tried to evade them.

Johann Georg being incapable of any guile, replied, bluntly:

"Why did you ask Spanheim to send De Haverbeck to Dresden?"

SHE had for days been prepared for that question, and had most carefully rehearsed her answer. Her lovely face was serene.

"Any woman would understand my motive, as I suppose. Delphicus de Haverbeck knew Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz. He does not know Madame de Rocklitz. I should like him to make her acquaintance."

"Why?" persisted the Elector, obstinately, and still with a lowering frown. "I last saw him riding from Arnsdorf. Then, on a sudden, he threw up his commission and was gone from Dresden."

"Your Highness," smiled Madame de Rocklitz . . . she never failed on every possible occasion to give him his full title and all respect, to elevate him in his own eyes. "Your Highness, he could not endure to face the man who had had the fortune which he had missed."

"He was your suitor. I know," said Johann Georg, striding up and down between the bronze figures and the tall vases; the enameled figures of saints, the carved ivories of satyrs, gods, beasts, birds, dragons, the caskets and cabinets of black amber, sardonyx and chrysolith.

"And I refused him," said Madame de Rocklitz. "Once, twice, three times," she seemed to repeat the words with infinite pleasure, "he has been refused my hand."

"WELL, why can't you let it go at that?" said Johann Georg, uneasily. And he added with youthful jealousy: "He's successful—a successful soldier—and that pleases the women, I know."

"You," smiled Madelon watching him, "will be a successful soldier. Let Your Highness but get into the field with your own men at your back, and you will return to me with armfuls of captured flags and laurel wreaths and *Te Deums* ringing in your ears." She turned round a pearl ring which was like a thick bubble on her finger, and added: "Delphicus de Haverbeck is but an adventurer, after all—a mercenary captain, a soldier of fortune."

"He does not so think himself, nor do his friends so describe him," objected Johann Georg obstinately. "He is, on his mother's side, of the house of Luneburg, and they have helped him. He lodges with the Duke of Brunswick in Vienna. The Emperor has set him high. There is talk of an archduchess for his wife."

"Ah," cried Madame de Rocklitz, "an archduchess for his wife—I have not heard that talk."

The Elector paused heavily close to her couch where she leaned on cushions of sapphire silk.

"Why do you want him here?" he persisted, staring down with suspicious eyes behind the thick fair lashes.

(*Continued on page 52*)

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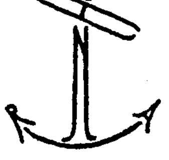

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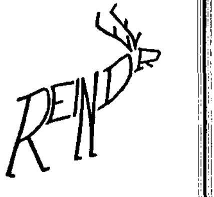

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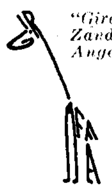

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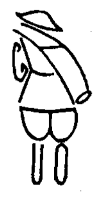

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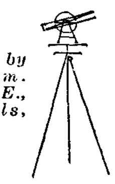

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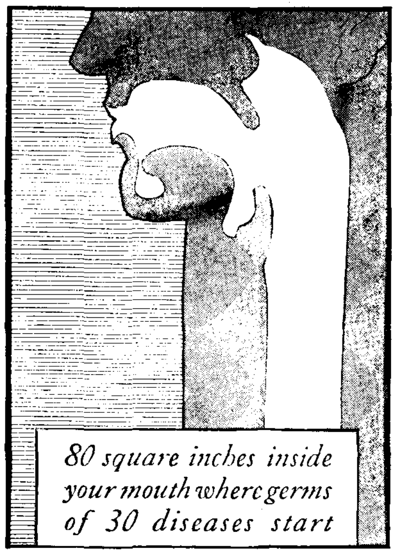
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The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 50

She looked up and spoke with animation and a radiant sparkle:

"I have changed in these six months, and you, too, and the army of Saxony. Do you remember how he criticized it? That memorial he sent? He was right, but under my father's hands it has become a very efficient instrument. He never knew you, you know. You were a boy then, just a boy to him. But now, you are a prince indeed."

She added, a little wildly: "Don't you desire him to see that—that you have an army now, one of the best in Europe, and—and—a mistress whom he wished for a wife? Did he not hurt your pride a little in the old days? He hurt mine, sir."

"Ah, he hurt your pride," said Johann Georg, as if a new idea had entered his head, "and how was that?"

She answered, obliquely: "Did he not hurt yours a little, sir—a very successful, flaunting, arrogant man? Then let him come to Dresden and set such pomp and parade before him that he shall return to Vienna and say that Saxony is not to be despised."

"But you—you admire him?" objected the Elector, still doubtful, but hardly able to withstand her arts.

"If I had admired him I might have had him. You know where my choice fell."

She turned on him those clear, light-golden eyes, which never failed to exercise for him such a peculiar fascination, and added:

"If you wish, convey to the Emperor that another envoy would be more acceptable, but if you do I shall be disappointed, for I shall feel that you are not sure of yourself, sir, and that you do not wholly trust me."

"That is not true," muttered the young Elector uneasily.

"Why, then, show it," she smiled lightly, and yet with ardor. "Why should you be uneasy about a man like De Haverbeck? Need I remind you of what I have given you, Your Highness, and how I am placed? What more pledge do you want? Oh, my love, shall I never lift us above petty follies?"

Johann Georg was half-ashamed and wholly convinced. Her word, her look, her glance encouraged him to feel noble and great and strong, as if the two of them were set high above the world.

He sat beside her on the downy blue pillows of the couch, and taking her hand, asked her with trembling eagerness if, when he went to the war, to open the campaign in the spring, she would come with him.

She promised that she would, smiling gravely, and fondling his fair, flushed face with the tips of her fine fingers.

"I am a good soldier, too, my love. I shall enjoy the campaign."

HER infinite arts induced him to believe that in fulfilling her wishes he fulfilled his own. She was, he thought, so clever. Of course it would be a princely action to dazzle De Haverbeck; to show him that he was a man and a ruler.

Johann Georg gazed at the precious objects displayed before him. He thought there was something sinister in all these queer forms, old devils, gods, and sirens, peering and mouthing in hard, costly, glittering gold, silver, crystal heliotrope or marble.

"This is like the treasure hidden in the mountains where we rode near Lilienstein, Madelon."

He smiled uneasily and thought of the origin of much of this wealth, the magician's kitchen of Johann Georg I, where, by his infernal arts, he was enabled to manufacture gold.

Madelon laughed and showed him some smaller treasures on the cushion beside her; a Nuremberg watch (an egg-like crystal) showing all the delicate works; four little busts of Cæsars in a venturine of yellow mica; another watch in the form of a cross that had belonged to an abbess; a reliquary with the monogram C. V. that had belonged to Charles Quint and showed in finest silver chiseling scenes from the Life and Passion of Jesus Christ.

Johann Georg flushed when he beheld this. It was not a plaything. She should not have handled it so lightly. He put it carefully aside.

"It is popish mummery," smiled Madelon.

SHE trifled with his Christmas gift to her: a golden egg which, opened, showed a coronet of pearls, diamonds and rubies mounted on a cornelian seal which showed a ship in tempest with the motto *"Constant malgré l'orage."* The crown could be detached to form a ring; the seal was hollow and filled with perfumes; inside, the egg was enameled with a flaming heart and the device *"Constant et fidèle."*

Johann Georg eyed her, still uneasily. Why must she mingle sacred emblems with heathenish profanities?

He began to talk of the tricks of the witches daily discovered in Saxony. He was going, now, he said, to hear the report of the commission which had lately come back from Chemnitz; they had arrested six people.

"I'll not hear of it," said Madelon, hotly. "It is cruel and stupid. It comes between me and my peace."

Johann Georg did not answer; he picked up a little figure in ivory crowned with Saxon amethyst—oh, a lovely face.

"Who is this?"

"Leda. You see the swan at the side."

He glanced at her oddly and dropped the jewel.

"Leda. That is what they call the picture—so like you, Madelon."

"Oh, yes. Is this like me?"

"No. She was a witch. She loved a demon. The swan was a devil." He rose. "It is horribly tedious here. We'll go by sledge to Moritzburg tomorrow."

He kissed her and left her suddenly. Madelon looked after him without regret. Ah, but she found it tedious, all amusing, coaxing, praising, soothing—and he so stupid, so dull and ignorant, poor youth. . . . She, too, would be glad to get to Moritzburg in the open air, anywhere.

Madelon picked up an ancient gold mirror with a handle in the form of a harlequin that sparkled with rubies, and looked at herself in the heavy, mellow light of the winter afternoon and studied the clear complexion that yet required no paint, no powder, that had no lines to efface; there were no shadows to defy, no pallor to amend in the visage of twenty-one. At present her beauty cost her no trouble, and would not for many years to come.

She put down the mirror indifferently and told her woman that Herr Knock was to be admitted the moment he came to her chamber. She added that the vases and statues and jewels were not to be moved.

Close and gentle the snow beat at the window and the sound of the distant storm was muffled in the closely scented sumptuous chamber as the Elector's mistress waited for the pastor.

Herr Knock was the President of the Consistory and therefore the head of the Lutheran church in Saxony. He came into the presence of Madame de Rocklitz with apprehension and dismay, yet with no faltering of fortitude. He knew himself a ruined man, and had his resignation in his pocket . . . He might, on this score, have excused himself from the audience to which she had peremptorily summoned him; but there were things to say to this young woman that few save he could say, and he was not the man to shirk a duty.

Madame de Rocklitz looked at him boldly. He was an elderly man of a robust habit—upright, honest and not censorious; generous in his dealings and incorruptible. Few such had been left in office during the reign of the House of Neitschütz.

She bid the clergyman sit down, and then she said, in her voice which had been carefully schooled to an expressionless tone:

"Both of the court divines have refused me absolution, sir; but I ask you, by the Elector's commands, to take off this ban."

"Madame de Rocklitz," he replied, quietly, "it is my purpose to resign from an office that has become odious to me. I have no doubt that you can find a successor who will be more compliant."

"But you have not resigned," objected the lady. "You are yet President of the Consistory. You have power to do as I request. Take off this ban on me."

"That I will not." He was firm. "When you repent, when you leave the Elector, you may have the absolution of the Church. No honest pastor could give it you before. If thou shalt confess within the month—thou shalt be saved."

"I AM not in the wrong," said Madame de Rocklitz. "I will not admit myself in the wrong. I was contracted to him before he was contracted to the Margravine of Anspach."

"Madame, I know that pretension."

"It is more than a pretension," said Madame de Rocklitz. "I hoped you had heard of it. I wish it made public."

"Madame," replied Dr. Knock, "everyone has heard of it. They know, they say, that you aim at a divorce, and setting aside this poor unhappy wronged lady, the Electress, and putting yourself in her place; and it may be done—with all the arts and influence you have. I do not say that it cannot be done in the eyes of man; but in the eyes of Heaven, never! They say, too, that you will endeavor to bring us all around to the idea of polygamy, that a prince may have two wives, that you are the righteous wife of the left hand. The Council of State has been approached with the idea of a morganatic union. In brief, madame, there are very strange consequences to be apprehended from your contention that there is nothing sinful in your connection with the Elector."

"There is nothing sinful," insisted Madame de Rocklitz.

She took from her bosom a paper which she handed to the pastor and bade him read it.

He cast his eye over this, which he believed, indeed almost knew, to be a forgery. It was dated a year ago, and signed by Johann Georg IV. In this paper the Elector declared that though no formal marriage had taken place between himself and Madame de Rocklitz, but only a mutual promise before witnesses, he still acknowledged and held this to be a valid and true marriage inasmuch as the usual ceremony was

(*Continued on page 54*)

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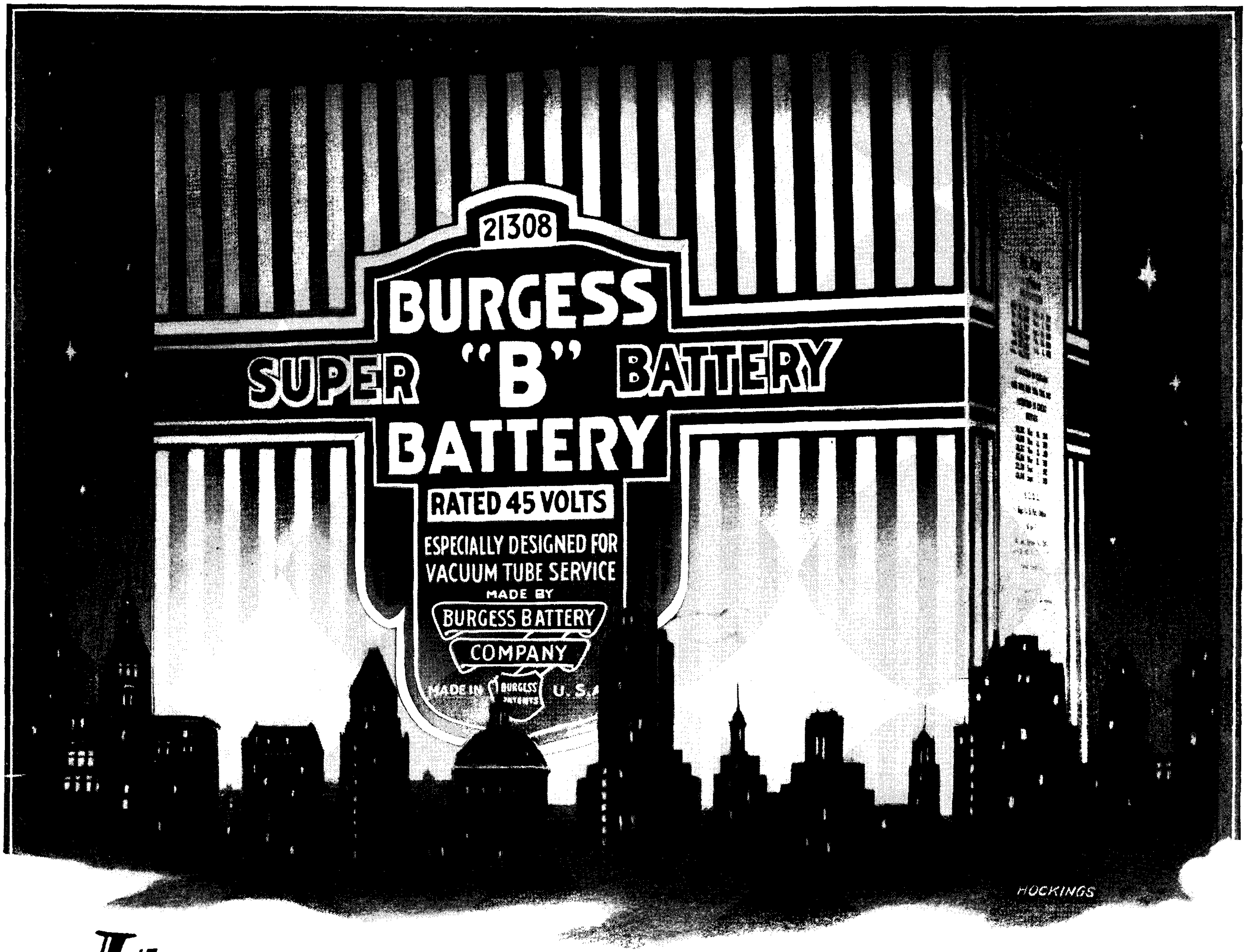
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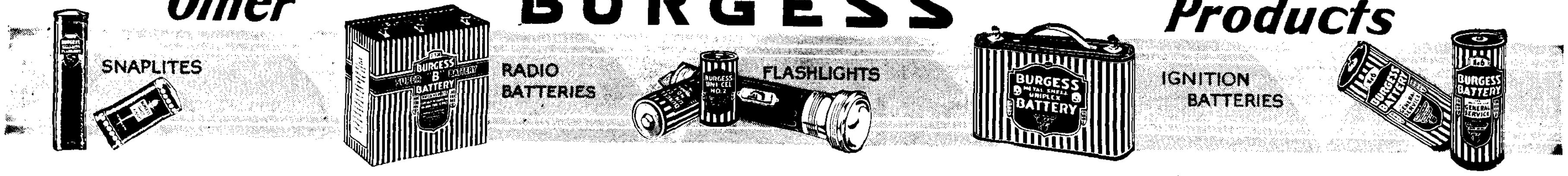
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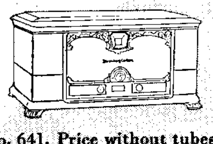

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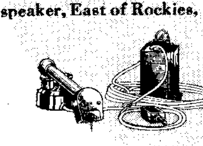

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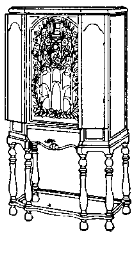

No. 846 Stromberg-Carlson. Half octagonal cabinet with Automatic Volume Control; Meter for visual tuning; "Silent" Push Button; Sensitivity Control; Built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Uses a total of 10 tubes, three of them Screen Grid. Price, without tubes, East of Rockies $347.50

Stromberg-Carlson

MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION AND VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 52

only an addition of the church, and what they had gone through was equivalent to it. He further declared that "although the children which might result from this marriage are lawfully born, yet they shall remain, to avoid difficulties, excluded from all rights, claims and pretensions to the Electorate or the land, but shall content themselves with the title of count," and such provision as he should make for them which should be honorable and worthy of the lady.

This professed declaration finished by the Elector declaring his intention of taking to himself a wife of equal rank to his own, "who is to bear the title of Electress and the children to succeed to the Electorate."

THE pastor handed back to the lady this fantastic document.

"This will not do, madame," he declared sternly, "upon my honor this will not do."

She looked at him steadily and he saw a little color creep into her clear skin.

"Your lover is the husband of the Electress," he added, "and none of your subtle sophistries will alter that. The wretched lady who is so neglected by her husband—"

"When he goes to her," smiled Madame de Rocklitz, defiantly, "it is because I send him. Every kindness she has, I give her."

The pastor, shaking his head somberly, said again: "This will not do, madame, this will not do. You live in sin and in adultery, and every man and woman in Saxony knows it. Your name is a shame and a by-word. You must have heard the shouts and seen the looks when you have driven abroad, while the Electress is loved and commiserated with. Your influence has been all for evil, for corruption and wantonness, and reckless extravagance. You are making a scandal and shame in high places which should be a black example to the country."

"Tell one of the court divines to give me absolution," said Madame de Rocklitz, "and if he will not, find me a third."

"I will do neither, madame, until you have left this other woman's husband and expressed contrition for your sins, for the great scandal of your sins, for the open wantonness and profligacy of your life."

"You have refused me," said Madame de Rocklitz, commanding herself, "and you must take the consequences. There will be a President of the Consistory who will see that I obtain absolution."

"And so you will mock God as you have mocked man," he replied, scornfully. "How do you think this will serve your conscience or your reputation? You must needs defile an altar to enable you to approach it, corrupt a pastor to force him to absolve you—where in this is your profit? And how do you salve even your pride, for people laugh and mock at you, even when they mop and bow to you?"

Madame de Rocklitz interrupted:

"You may believe that I have faith in myself, for all that. I counted all my hazards before I decided to play this game. I have made a man and a soldier of your prince, and I count him my husband."

"Then you amuse yourself with a lie," replied the pastor, sternly. "But I can tell you this, having some compassion for your extreme youth, and the evil of your bringing up, the foul company you kept with vicious brothers and no mother. Ah, do not wince and turn from me, Madame de Rocklitz—all these things are known. You may be glad yet of a plain man's compassion."

"What is it you would tell me?" she demanded, haughtily, rising.

"I would tell you this: beware you do not push your influence over the Elector too far, nor flaunt it too boldly. You may be accused of bewitching him. . . . 'The Lord shall root out all deceitful lips and the tongue that speaketh proud things.' "

Now she was moved, now she paled, at that one word, as at none of the other words that he had spoken.

"Bewitching him?" she repeated.

"People do begin to murmur it," replied the pastor. "Now that they have seen you refused the offices of the Church, they do think of you as something evil, and, as for His Highness himself, he is yet tender in his conscience and honest in his heart. If this should come to his ears and he should once begin to suspect and fear you—"

"It will not be," interrupted Madame de Rocklitz, sternly. "It shall never be. And as for being refused the offices of the Church, I have said that is an insult I will not stand. Now you may go, sir, and send in your resignation."

He left her with no further word, or glance, or salutation; a ruined, an upright man.

"Help me, Lord, for there is not one godly man left."

MADAME DE ROCKLITZ stood alone among the treasures of the Elector of Saxony, not heeding them, nor the soft snow falling outside, tapping closely at the windowpane, nor the gray skies above Dresden, nor the muffled beat of the storm, thinking but of some half-forgotten incident of long ago. . . . long ago, or last year? When she had heard of a woman having been taken to the Königsberg for enchanting a man who was not her husband, who had perished on the rack in the bloody darkness of the dungeon gloom—they said her limbs were wrenched apart in the torture, and fell out of their sockets. . . . Madame de Rocklitz clasped her hand on her lovely bosom and peered round the splendid room. Refused absolution . . . driven out of the Church . . .

She had seen people shrink from her carriage as it passed through the streets. She had heard the names they had called after her and seen the mud thrown on the bearings of the House of Neitschütz as they laid on her carriage panels.

For the first time since she had come to Dresden she was afraid. "I must stop this persecution of the witches. I must turn his mind from that. Stürm must go, he fosters this. . . Oh, not that . . . he hated the Leda just now, he did not care to see me with the reliquary . . . Spanheim warned me."

She looked at the paper she had wrung out of Johann Georg and which Herr Knock had scorned . . . useless all these pretenses and glosses on her shame.

She felt lonely and eyed by a wide, watchful circle of enemies; she pushed aside her plunder of treasure with disgust. She would put all this out of her mind and think only of De Haverbeck; furtively she pulled from her bosom the little case that contained the scrap from the Gazette.

(To be continued next week)

TRY THIS BLADE

Built for Your Razor by WADE & BUTCHER (Founded 1725) . .

WADE & BUTCHER
PAT'D U.S.A. 1,672,516
SPECIAL
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3 times as thick as a wafer blade. Not an imitation· a Patented Blade

A SAFETY RAZOR is only as good as its blade. Here at last is a safety razor blade made from a piece of steel three times as thick as the ordinary wafer blade—hollow ground—and oil tempered to the same degree of hardness as our famous Sheffield barber's razor. Made of Wade & Butcher's special CARBO-CHROME steel—carbon for toughness, chrome to resist rust. Curved to fit your safety, it can't crack.

Wade & Butcher Curved Blades give you all the advantages of a straight razor edge in your safety.

Sharper Blades that Stay Sharp . . . Rigid, individual inspection insures uniformly good blades in every package. With 200 years of experience back of them, surely such blades are worth a 10c trial.

Pkge. of Five* 50c—*Twelve* $1.00....*at your Dealers

Wade & Butcher's 200 years of experience also assure the finest straight razors and Sheffield cutlery available today.

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CURVED BLADES

Trial Blade 10¢

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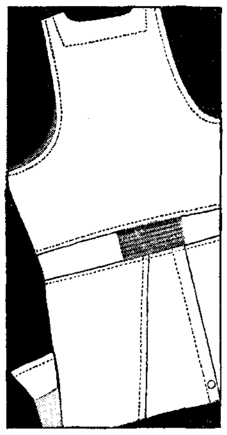
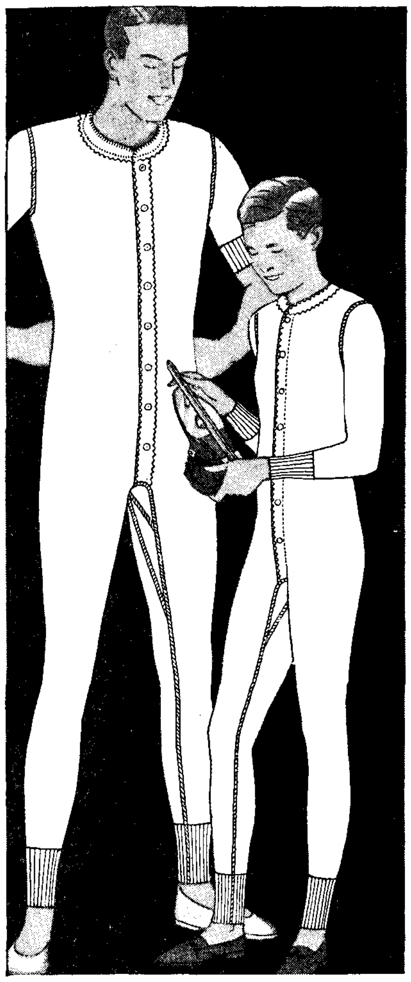
Canadian Address: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.
Enclosed 10c for one Wade & Butcher Blade for my razor.
Name.. C-10
Address..

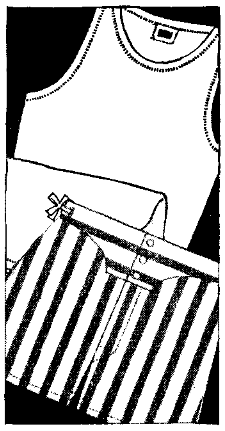
DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR

HANES OFFERS YOU THE BIGGEST UNDERWEAR VALUES— AND AN UNUSUAL STYLE RANGE

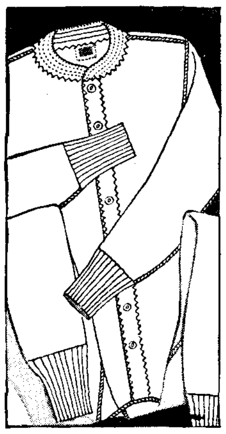


Hanes Samsonbak Athletic Union Suit of madras and broadcloth with patented belt. Only $1.



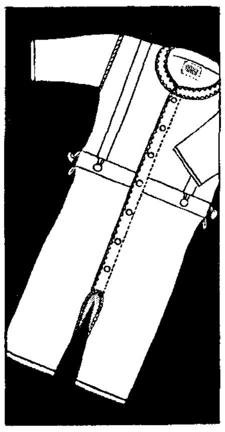


Hanes Shirts and Shorts in smart, new styles and colors. 50c, 75c, $1. *Wide choice, real comfort.*



Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights, $1.25 *to* $1.50. *Shirts and drawers,* 75c *to* $1.

Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweights. Short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. Remarkable value at $1.50. *Red Label Lightweights,* $1.00.



Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 *to* 12, 85c. *Boys', age* 2 *to* 16, "*heavies,*" 75c *to* $1.

You can pay more than HANES costs, but you can't get more. There's no doubt about it, HANES offers the best underwear values. You can prove it yourself.

Take that union suit in the center illustration. It's the Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight. Luxurious—doesn't do it justice. Because in addition to soft materials and fine finish—it fits you as you were never fitted before. It is made to *trunk* as well as *chest* measurements. Like the heavyweight suits and every other HANES knitted garment, it is *knitted,* not cut, to size. Never bunches, binds or wrinkles.

Yet look at the price. Match that value if you can. The same goes for every other type of HANES Underwear. The winter underwear! The summery athletic union suits—if they're your favorite, be sure to see the patented HANES SAMSONBAK. The smart shirts and shorts. The boys' and children's garments!

Wear HANES—you can't get more comfort and satisfaction or put your underwear dollars to better use. Your garment, whatever your preference may be—your size—and your price are waiting for you at the nearest HANES dealer. If your regular store can't show you the complete line, write to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS TRADE MARK HANES FOR EVERY SEASON

She'll Never Know

Continued from page 9

say they don't know you," she said.

"I crashed the gate," he said. "I—I've been wanting to tell you for some time, but—I was afraid."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I love you," he answered simply.

Oh, he hadn't meant to tell her. What could be more insane than to hope that Dinky Dolan could win a girl like Sallie Comerford? He was white as he looked at her.

"A lie," she was saying, "I can't forgive. This—going to a party to which you weren't asked—is harmless enough—but—what stands behind that?" She raised her hand to quell his interruption. "You've told me that you love me. I love you. But to love a man who wasn't truthful in the important things, who wasn't honest—that, if I ever found it out, would break my heart, would kill me. You're not—not really untruthful, are you?"

"You said yourself it was a harmless prank. I—did it for fun."

Her eyes held his. "I believe you," she said. "I trust you absolutely, because I love you. But, oh, never lie to me, never let me find that you aren't in every way honorable. Because I'd rather have you leave me now, never to see me again, than learn you weren't the man I thought you."

"My sweet," he said, "I'd die before I'd do anything that would destroy your faith in me."

She had an engagement after tea, and as he handed her into a taxi her eyes caressed him.

"You'll come tonight—see father—we'll tell them—" And then she was gone.

Slowly he walked to his apartment. He'd won her, and, by heaven, he'd keep her! He had a couple of hundred thousand dollars. He'd buy into some business—

Was he mad? Why, she didn't even know his right name. When she found out that he'd lied about his name . . . when she found out that his name was coupled with rumors of chicanery. . . . Why had he told her that he loved her? Why had he listened to her confession of love? How could he face her? He couldn't! He'd have to disappear from her life. Well, he would.

"YOU didn't hurry home from tea," a voice greeted him as he entered his living-room.

There was Lanehart, lolling in a big chair, smoking a rank cigar.

"How the hell did you get in here?" demanded Dinky.

"Rang the bell and showed your Jap my badge."

"Well, now that you've given my Jap a treat, suppose you beat it," suggested Dinky.

"Oh, we got matters to talk over," said Lanehart easily. "What were you doing with the Comerford girl at tea this afternoon? I almost dropped dead when I looked in Sherry's and saw you there with her. Flying high, ain't you? She's some chicken."

"Leave her out of this," said Dolan.

"Too nice a girl for a John Law to mention, eh?"

"You said it," cried Dolan.

"Then maybe she's too nice for a crook to be taking tea with her," said Lanehart. "I'll have a little talk with her and tip her off—"

"You wouldn't do that, Lanehart," said Dolan.

His usual complete self-control was absent.

"Why wouldn't I?" asked the detective. "The daughter of one of the big swells, and you trailing around with her—"

"All right, I'll drop her," said Dink.

"You won't have to," jeered Lanehart. "When she finds out who you are— A girl like that is entitled to protection from a crook like you."

His gun flashed just in time. Hands clenched, Dolan stopped his spring.

"Why," laughed the detective, "I never knew you to get sore at any of our other little talks. Getting sensitive about my calling you a crook, eh?"

"I don't want you talking about Miss Comerford," said Dolan.

"Well, I'm not going to let you rob her."

"Good God!" cried the Dink. "Would I rob the woman I love? Lanehart, keep away from her. I'll keep away from her. I'd rather be dead than have that girl find out about me. I promise you—I'll leave town, leave the country. I'll never see her, never phone, never write—"

"She'll think that's damn' funny," said Lanehart.

"I'd rather have her think anything than know I'm a crook. Anyway, you can't prove it." Defiance flared in his voice.

"No, I admit that," said the detective. "But I'll tell her your reputation, how many times you've been arrested on suspicion. Oh, I'll make her believe me."

DOLAN stared at him. Other people had shrunk away from him because of a rumor, but—

"Lanehart, she loves me. It—it would just about kill her to find out what I am. If I never see her—can't you let her keep her faith—"

"She won't suffer so much as you think," the detective jeered.

"She will," cried Dolan. "She's the kind to be humiliated, heartbroken, to die, almost, if the man she loves proves unworthy."

"Well, I'll try her out to see how close she comes to dying," chuckled Lanehart.

"I'd pay fifty thousand to keep it from her," said Dolan.

"A second ago you were willing to pay your life," said the detective.

"I still am," said Dolan.

"How about giving five years—maybe ten—of that life?" asked Lanehart gently.

The Dink grew white.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"If I don't get the Van Ingen pearls I'll be pounding the pavement again," said Lanehart. "You've got 'em—I know it. You're boasting how much you'd pay to keep the girl from finding out about you—well, come through with the Van Ingen pearls."

"Five years—maybe ten?" The Dink wet his lips with the top of his tongue. "You—you'll never let her know?"

"I'll never tell her," said Lanehart.

She'd never heard of Dink Dolan. If she read that he was convicted, sent to jail, she'd never connect the convict with the man who had made love to her.

To preserve her faith at the trifling cost of his own freedom. . . .

"I'll give you the Van Ingen pearls," said the Dink.

Step forth, Number 34298, once known as Dink Dolan, from the gray ranks of your fellow-convicts, and let your shoulder be struck by a shining blade. Friends, have I shown you a chevalier?

THE MAGNETIC POWER OF A SUCCESSFUL RECORD

In the brief time since the new executive group acquired control of Durant Motors, Inc., many prominent automobile dealers have made heavy capital investments in the Durant franchise.

These new Durant dealers are outstanding business leaders in their communities—and the communities represent practically every state in the Union, ranging from the great metropolitan centers to prosperous towns.

This trade trend towards Durant has great public significance, for it is one of the most emphatic endorsements Durant products could receive.

Men of this stamp do not transform their business and reinvest their capital without a powerful incentive.

In this instance, the incentive is not far to seek. It is found in a keen desire to enjoy the competitive advantages of a 4-Forward-Speed Six priced under a thousand dollars—and to become associated with the men who now control Durant.

To the combined credit of these executives stands one of the greatest successes in automotive history. Through the aggressive application of time-honored ideals of integrity and fair dealing, they created one of the most valuable automobile properties in the world.

Now they are applying the same talents and the same ideals to the development of another great property—Durant Motors, Inc.

They are perpetuating a lifetime purpose to build good motor cars, to advertise them in honest language, and to sell them at prices that mean profit to the dealer and *value* to the purchaser.

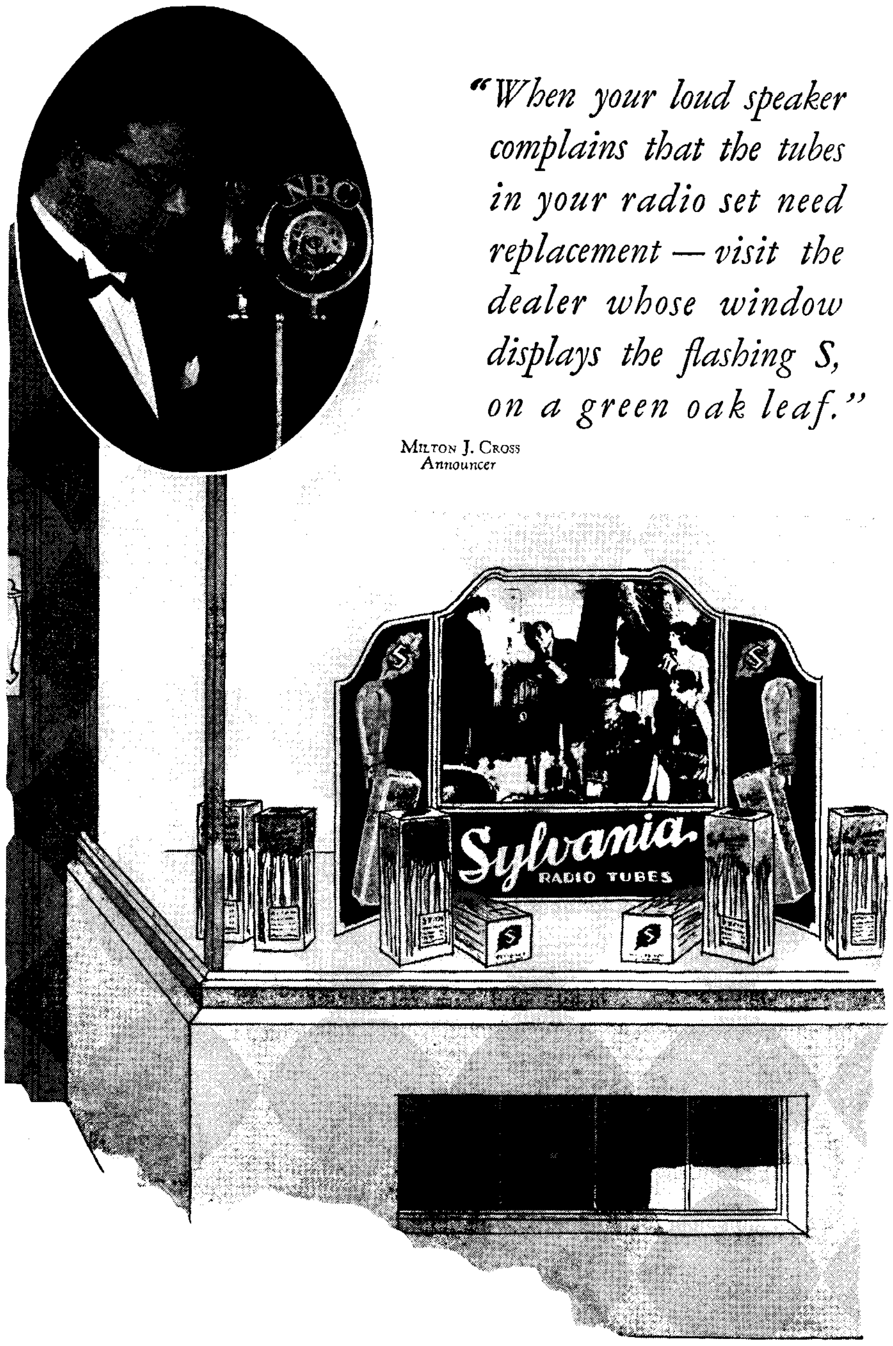
DURANT MOTORS, INC., DETROIT, U. S. A.
FACTORIES—LANSING, MICH., OAKLAND, CAL., LEASIDE, ONT.

THE SIX-SIXTY	109 in. wheelbase—$685 to $875
THE SIX-SIXTY THREE	112 in. wheelbase—$845 to $1025
THE SIX-SIXTY-SIX (*4-Forward Speeds*)	112 in. wheelbase—$945 to $1125
THE SIX-SEVENTY (*4-Forward Speeds*)	119 in. wheelbase—$1195 to $1425

All prices at factory—Lansing, Michigan

DURANT

A GOOD CAR



"When your loud speaker complains that the tubes in your radio set need replacement — visit the dealer whose window displays the flashing S, on a green oak leaf."

Milton J. Cross
Announcer

AND the day Sylvania Tubes move in—tube troubles move out of your set.

Your receiver functions as its maker intended—and you begin to enjoy the *natural* reproduction of broadcast programs.

Sylvania Tubes don't last forever. But it often seems that way to those who enjoy their goodness.

Listen to the Sylvania Foresters Orchestra and Quartette every Wednesday Evening—Over WJZ and KDKA and KWK and KYW and WBZ and WBZA and WBT and WHAM and WJR and WLW and WREN and WRVA.

SYLVANIA PRODUCTS COMPANY
EMPORIUM, PENNSYLVANIA

Visit the Dealer Whose Window Displays The Flashing S on a Green Oak Leaf

Sylvania
RADIO TUBES

LICENSED UNDER RCA PATENTS

Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

THERE are few inanimate objects that have engendered fear in human hearts so spontaneously as the little round disk in a radio station that is known as a microphone. Most radio performers experience qualms the first few seconds they appear before the microphone at the beginning of each new program. One of the most interesting things in a broadcast studio is to watch the reactions of artists as they approach the dreaded instrument.

Take the case of Carlton Boxill, the tenor who sings each week with the Gold Spot orchestra. Just before the program goes on the air, Carlton marches up to the microphone in a most determined way, then backs away and repeats the performance several times before the "on the air" signal lights up. "It gives me confidence," he says.

Florence Malone always insists upon wearing something that will enable her to fit herself into the rôle she is about to speak, even though she knows full well her hearers cannot see her. Long tresses may be unfashionable, but in a recent presentation of Romeo and Juliet she donned a wig with curls that reached to her waist before she would appear in front of the microphone. "Somehow," she explained, "one cannot feel very Julietish without curls."

One of the most amusing things is to watch radio players at the end of a scene. It is then that the habits of a lifetime come to the surface. Although no audience sits before them, most of them step back a few paces and bow just as they would were they actually on a real stage.

Roy d'Arcy, a movie villain who recently appeared before the microphone, refused to part with his walking stick and stood before the "mike" leaning heavily upon it, as he would have done had he been talking to a friend on a street corner. The "feel" of that cane helped him overcome some of the trepidation caused by the unsympathetic "mike."

Orchestra conductors have their foibles too. Louis Katzman jumps around all over the place while conducting, not only beating every drum and tooting every horn in his orchestra, but singing every song as well. When a singer appears before the microphone with his orchestra, Louis' lips move silently, forming every word with the singer.

Hugo Mariani has a penchant for multicolored shirts when broadcasting. This trait seems to have spread to Harold Sanford, the expert on Victor Herbert works. Harold recently appeared in the most dazzling creation ever seen in any studio. Among the colors vividly displayed in kaleidoscopic effect were green, yellow and purple. To top it off he wore a tie of white and yellow embossed with blue forget-me-nots.

If others follow his example it won't be long before some of the fear that exists in broadcast studios is transferred from the performers to the long-suffering "mike."

Joy Rules the Day

Along comes Rita Burgess Gould, one of the NBC artistes, with the observation that "radio has lifted itself to the heights because it tries to make people laugh rather than cry."

Thanks, Rita. Those of us who serve time at the loud-speaker end of radio have often wondered what the real intention behind the programs is. Now that you have told us, we may be able to restrain the sobs that often fill our throats.

What is Yours?

Some dreams are beautiful; mine are nightmares. Invariably I dream that studio managers with guns are forcing me before the "mike" to try to do the things I criticize in others. Here's a Chicago reader's dream:

"Dear Jack:

"Last night all the local stations were broadcasting jazz, so I shut off the radio, fell asleep and dreamed a beautiful dream. I thought I was the Radio Commission and WDFL had applied for a license, representing that never would they put on the air any jazz bands, saxophone players, whinnying sopranos, 'mammy' singers, or 'blues' shouters. I had just signed a permit granting this station leave to use five million watts twenty-four hours a day on any wave band it chose, when somebody turned on the radio and I awoke to hear a jazz band playing—I don't remember what. It doesn't matter anyway, because there is only one jazz tune in the world and all of them are it. Yours,

"J. Kentner Elliott.

"P. S. But wouldn't it be great if my dream came true?"

300 Miles to the Gallon!

Continued from page 11

comes to worst, are amazing in their variety.

Beyond oil wells, indeed even beyond any combustible material of any sort, passes the vision of H. H. Franklin, car maker and American developer of the air-cooled engine. Energy broadcast on ether waves or through the decomposition of atoms may drive our cars some day, he thinks. As for our present-day use of gasoline, he says, "At the present time approximately ninety per cent of the power of a motor car engine is consumed by wind resistance. Only ten per cent is required for overcoming inertia and friction. I believe that scientific stream-lining of bodies will encourage wider use of air-cooled engines, which will eliminate the broad-pointed areas necessary for radiators."

When Mr. Albert R. Erskine, president of the Studebaker company, blithely faced my questions concerning dry oil well days by turning me over to William S. James, Studebaker research engineer, the latter gentleman said, most reassuringly:

"Why, it's quite possible to produce automotive equipment suitable for the use of charcoal from small twigs and other refuse of this nature. During the World War gasoline was scarce in Egypt and they had their cotton crop to gather and transport.

"They developed cheap methods of producing charcoal from waste wood and twigs, with which they harvested the crop in charcoal-burning steam lorries."

One notable young car builder, E. L. Cord, president of the Auburn Automobile company, put the problem and its answer to me this way: "Why, nobody has ever yet built a fully effective internal-combustion engine that would consume the full power of its fuel. Other problems than 100 per cent fuel efficiency have entered into making of such engines. There are commercial problems, production problems, the ideas of the public as to what shape an engine and a motor car should have."

French trucks, fitted with ordinary gas engines, have been operated with gas obtained from a small gas producer, burning wood or charcoal, fitted on the running board. Engines have been operated on butter fats, on animal oils, on fish oils, on alcohol from sugar cane.

There's Some Oil Left

Of course we shall stick to the easy-flowing petroleum for a motor car supply as long as possible. It costs, at the refinery, from seven to eight cents a gallon; marketing and transportation costs add about ten cents a gallon to this price.

Twenty-cent gasoline will not only keep the motor car industry where it is today but will permit it to keep on growing. It is desirable, therefore, to draw our motor fuel from oil wells as long as possible.

One of the most notable of these optimists was an Illinois farmer boy who had learned in his early days to put his faith in the yield of this good old earth. His name is Charles W. Nash. He told me about his confidence in the oil supply:

"I remember very well, that when I first entered the motor car industry nearly twenty years ago, the Automobile Chamber of Commerce was beginning to worry about what we were going to do for fuel for the automobile. It was freely predicted by many that the gasoline supply would become exhausted within a very few years.

"My own opinion is that there is now deposited in the earth so much undiscovered crude oil that it will be several generations before there will be a noticeable shortage of petroleum motor fuel."

"If the oil business had gone ahead on the basis of 1913," Walter Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, told me, "both the oil industry and the motor car industry would have been far behind their present situation. Whether we could get enough fuel at reasonable prices for motor cars has been a serious problem at times. But it is a problem that is being rapidly solved."

Two and a half million barrels of oil a day is one big mess of oil. It's needed, however, to keep up the supply of eight or ten barrels of oil that you, an average car owner, must have every 365 days.

How to "Crack" Oil

There are 320,000 oil wells to draw upon. Sounds like a lot, but there's a joker in the picture. Over in Pennsylvania, every week or so, ancient wells, which ceased spurting forty years ago, are "put under pump" for a few hours and yield two or three barrels. In Kansas, Texas and Oklahoma, oil is coaxed in small but steady quantities, from wells drilled years ago. Wells which yield oil without coaxing or pumping are few. Which means that new wells must be drilled all the time.

Back in 1913, we were inclined to lean solely on the gusher; today the gushing oil is only about fifty per cent of our supply.

The refiners, as we have already seen, are getting more gasoline out of oil than they used to. Prior to 1913—when the gasoline panic reached its height among oil and motor car men—refiners merely "cooked" the crude oil and by distillation changed a scant nine per cent of it into gasoline. That was all they could get, by mere boiling.

The "cracking system" changed all this. I don't suppose there's a motorist in America who has not wondered, at some time or other, what this snappily named process of "cracking" really is. Very simple. You simply throw away your old open-air cooker and boil your crude oil in an air-tight tank, under high pressure. Thus you'll be "cracking" molecules of crude oil, thereby releasing extra quantities of gasoline that you never could have broken down by ordinary cooking.

Under "pressure cooking," forty per cent of crude oil becomes motor gasoline.

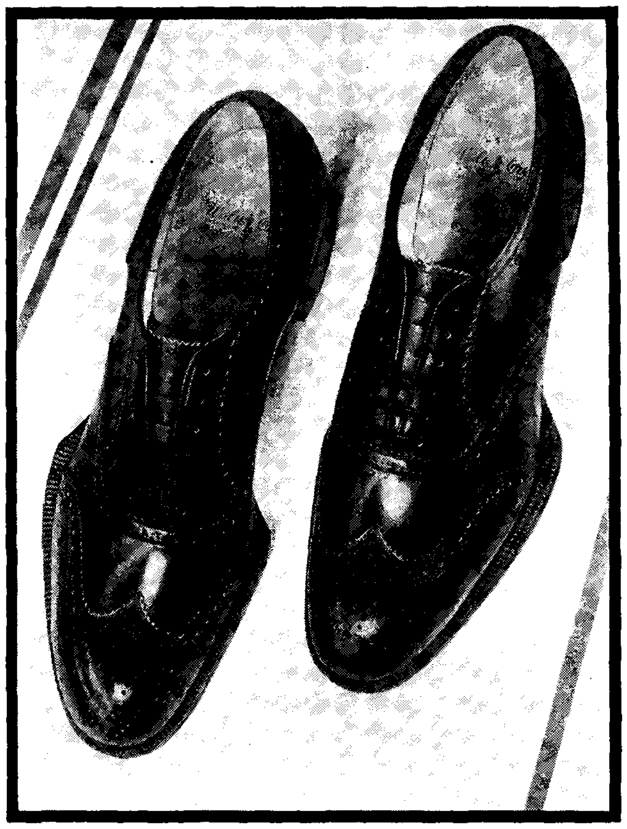
"We can turn sixty per cent of crude oil into gasoline, if necessary," said E. M. Clark, eminent chemist, comfortingly, to this writer. "All we have to do is to regulate the pressure."

Now it's true, of course, that the distilled gasoline of 1913 had more power in it, quantity for quantity, than the "cracked" gasoline of today. It was, as the oil men say, more explosive. It's drug-store gasoline; the kind you are supposed to get in a small bottle for a dime. It's the kind that took Lindbergh to Paris.

John T. Casey, chief of the flying field at Red Bank, New Jersey, explains the difference thus:

"They call the very best gas we flyers can get by the name of '73-76.' That means by hydrometer test. We get it in drums. It costs about forty cents a gallon, retail. The next high test is '68-70;' the retail cost of that is about

(*Continued on page 60*)

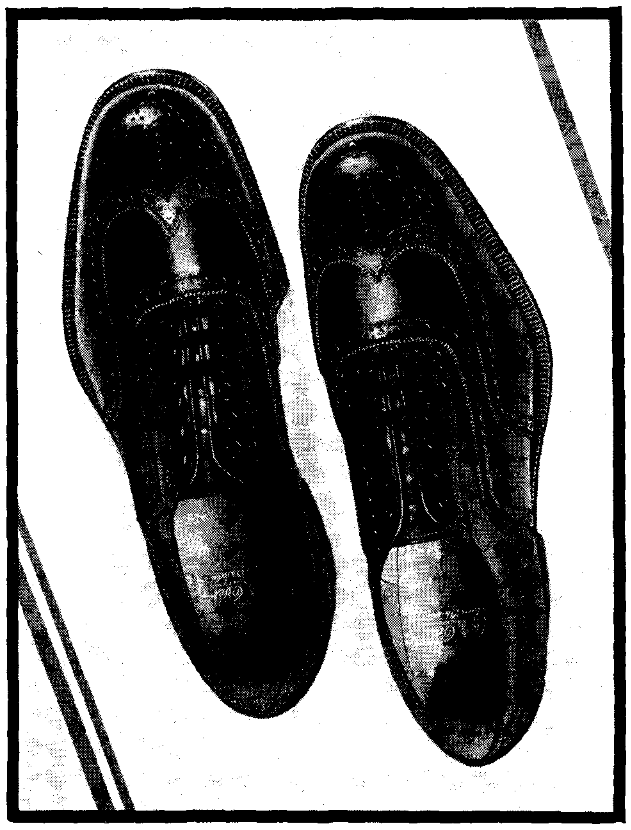


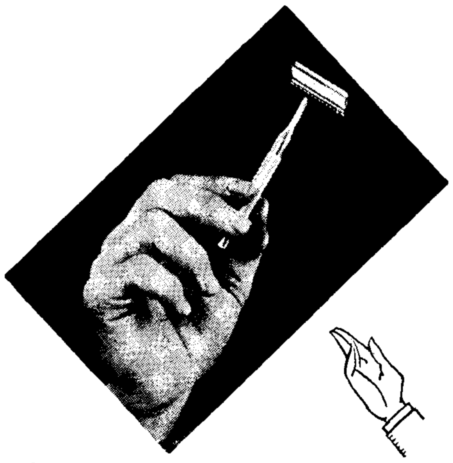
A sporting brief for brogues

Reluctant to leave too quickly summer's pleasures for the serious work of fall, the man of today makes an easy transition by retaining in his dress certain characteristics of his sporting taste. For example, he favors Walk-Over brogues. ABOVE, the STRATFORD with new short French tip and pointed toe. BELOW, the full brogue WARWICK, a new last, deep and comfortable, a smart new trim. Each of imported Black Calfskin, $10.

WALK·OVER SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.





here's why

and

here's why

. . . millions of men have already swung over to the . . .

Enders Razor

The razor itself has a balance and lightness delightfully different from any you ever used.

Blades for this perfectly balanced razor must be able to cut a sterilized human hair *cleanly* before being packed. Enders blades have the keenest edge that steel will take!

Find out tomorrow morning how much this perfectly balanced razor and its hair-tested blades can contribute to your shaving comfort!

Enders

The new, perfectly balanced Enders Razor, with 6 blades . . . $1.00

Blades, package of 5 35

NOTE: If unable to secure an Enders or blades, write us, enclosing purchase price.

ENDERS SALES CO.
105 West 40th St., New York, N.Y.

300 Miles to the Gallon!

Continued from page 59

thirty-five cents. Then you come down to the ordinary automobile gasoline."

"What happens if you try to use the forty-cent gasoline in your automobile?" I asked him.

"I've tried it, in a pinch," he said. "You'd be surprised to know how little difference it makes. You get a quicker pickup and maybe a hotter explosion, but an ordinary driver in a good 1929 car wouldn't notice it." Casey had a boost for automobile engineers. "They've got these automobile engines down so fine these days," he said, "that they'll run almost as well on the cheapest honest gasoline as on our fancy '73-76'," he said. And then he handed a bouquet to the gasoline maker. "More than once," he added, "I've flown my planes, in a pinch, on ordinary gas right out of an automobile gas tank and it had plenty of power to get me where I was going.

"But, for the air, there's a margin of power, weight for weight, in the high test gasoline. It gives an aviator a percentage of advantage."

So much for that part of petroleum known as gasoline. But there are other parts of a gallon of oil beside gasoline that will drive an engine.

Think of a quart of crude oil as consisting of various layers. The top layer—almost the upper half—consists of your gasoline. We have engines for that. The second layer, a thin one, consists of kerosene. We also have engines for that. The third layer lying just above the thick lubricating greases is what is known as fuel oil; the sort that is used in heating houses. And now we have engines for that.

Opened up New Era

Not many weeks ago the newspapers excitedly told us that a Packard Diesel engine carried a plane from Detroit to New York, using as its sole fuel not gasoline but this third-layer fuel oil.

That flight opened up a new era for engine makers, for oil producers, for the art of aviation and, perhaps, ultimately for you and me, or our children as motor car users.

No batteries are used with a Diesel engine; compression itself explodes the charge of fuel that enters the cylinders. Heavy Diesel engines have been considered the height of luxury on rich men's yachts; now light-weight Diesel engines, as the Packard experiment shows, are showing signs of coming into the range of practical, everyday use.

How soon we'll have Diesel engines in our cars is a question. I talked with Alvan Macauley, president of the Packard Motor Car Company, about it. One thing seems sure and that is that we're not likely to have Diesel-engined motor cars right away. He told me:

"Those who expect to use the Diesel engine in their cars must wait at least five years, if not longer. Even then," he added, "we can't promise the new engine will be generally suitable for automobiles. In the present gasoline engine the compression pressure when the throttle is wide open is only ninety pounds per square inch, whereas, in the Diesel engine five hundred pounds pressure per square inch is required at all times.

"The fact that the very high compression necessary in the Diesel type engine is present whether the engine is idling, operating at cruising speed or at full speed, does not detract from its value in airplanes or boats, for in these uses the engine is practically always operated at a high percentage of its maximum output.

"On the other hand the automobile engine is operated at wide-open throttle at maximum speed for a very small percentage of the total time, and we consider that it would be probably objectionable in an automobile engine to have this very high compression required by a Diesel when driving a car about town under traffic conditions.

"One thing that seems to me epochal in this new engine is that we have added, in the automotive field, a third engine in the petroleum scale. This makes it possible to get more power out of a gallon of crude oil.

What to Expect from the Diesel

"Our Diesel engine is a fuel oil engine. We have been able to operate it, either on the thick crude oil, filtered after it comes directly from the well, or we can operate it on fuel oil after the gasoline, kerosene and even some of the lighter lubricating oils have been removed from the crude oil."

What this new engine means to aviation was pointed out to me, simply, by Capt. L. M. Woolson, aëronautic and research engineer, who had a guiding hand in its creation.

"Lindbergh, who flew about 3,200 miles to Paris, and still had some gasoline left for emergency, could, with the same weight of fuel, oil, and a Diesel engine, of power equal to that of the Spirit of St. Louis, have flown about twenty-five or thirty per cent farther than he did. He could have passed Paris with fuel, roughly speaking, for an additional 800 miles."

Twenty million gallons of gasoline, taken from soft coal, was used for operating motor cars in Germany last year. This is just another story of that touch of laboratory magic that has served to revolutionize human existence within the past twenty or twenty-five years.

I have beside me, as I write, a typewritten address of twenty-five pages. It was delivered by Dr. Krauch, a German scientist, before a group of American oil men. It sent the president of one of our greatest oil companies to Germany to pay several million dollars for American patent rights in the I. G. Farbenindustrie method of oil production from soft coal.

"Catalysis," runs the topic of the address, "applied to the Conversion of Hydrocarbons." It proved as clear to this layman as Einstein's famous five pages of arithmetic. But, buried away in it, were these very understandable words:

"With such knowledge we tackled the hydrogenation of coal and its products. . . . We managed to produce, without difficulty, the most diverse marketable products such as gasoline, kerosene, gas-oil, lubricating oils and so on. . . ."

E. M. Clark, Standard Oil chemist, most casually explained the new German powers to me:

"You see, the only difference between ordinary soft or bituminous coal and crude oil that comes from our wells is that the coal is deficient, chiefly, in hydrogen. All you have to do to turn coal into crude oil is to add hydrogen to it, and we've found out how to do that. To my mind, that settles the fuel oil problem for ages."

It is no longer a question of where we'll get our motor fuel. There's plenty of it in sight, as anyone can see.

"It may interest you to know," said Mr. Kettering, in our talk in his laboratory, "that, out of every twelve gallons of gasoline that you put into your tank, only one gallon goes for power. The other eleven gallons go into heating the water in your cooling system, the metal in your engine, and into the surrounding air.

"Only eight per cent of our gasoline is converted in automobiles into power for propulsion; the rest is wasted in heat and friction of the engine and automobile.

"We have been amazingly clumsy, in both the oil and automotive industries, about utilizing the full power of gasoline. For some reason or other, it hasn't been anybody's special business to work out this problem. The oil people got out the gasoline and the motor car makers got out the cars, and everyone, for a time, was content. The oil man stuck to his job, and the automotive engineer stuck to his.

"The problem of getting full power out of gasoline thus fell into a sort of No Man's Land of science. Just imagine," he continued, "what would have happened if oil drillers had struck crankshafts down in the earth, instead of oil. The automotive engineers, simply because crankshafts are machinery, would not have hesitated a moment to shorten or lengthen or change these crankshafts, produced by nature, to meet their own needs. Gasoline is just as much a part of an automobile as a crankshaft, and its molecules are of an identical nature with those of iron, steel, aluminum or any other element that goes into an automobile. But just because gasoline was not machinery the automotive industry has accepted gasoline, without attempting to make any change in it, or without attempting to adapt or rearrange its molecules, as they do those of iron and steel, to automotive purposes. It's time that we did this, and I can assure you that the job is well under way. Vastly more power is in sight for gasoline engines. Up to now, automotive engineers have been building their engines around a cracked and a highly variable fuel. You couldn't stand the variation in the materials in your car that automobile engineers have had to stand in fuel. They have been forced to build an engine that would run on almost any kind of gasoline. The engine today isn't the problem. The real problem is the adaptation of gasoline.

Taking the Knock Out of Gas

"It's the knock in the fuel that handicaps the engine maker. If we can take the knock out of fuel, we can, theoretically, get at least twice the number of miles per gallon, if not more, at ordinary speed that is obtainable now. You saw in the laboratory today that the knock is not a function of the engine, it is a function of the fuel. When the knock is taken out of gasoline fuel, we can make the gasoline engine at least equal in efficiency to the Diesel engine. The Diesel engine utilizes thirty-three per cent of the total energy in fuel, so you can see that we are only at the edge of the problem, which may be solved within the next few years, of getting far more power out of a gallon of gasoline than we have ever gotten before."

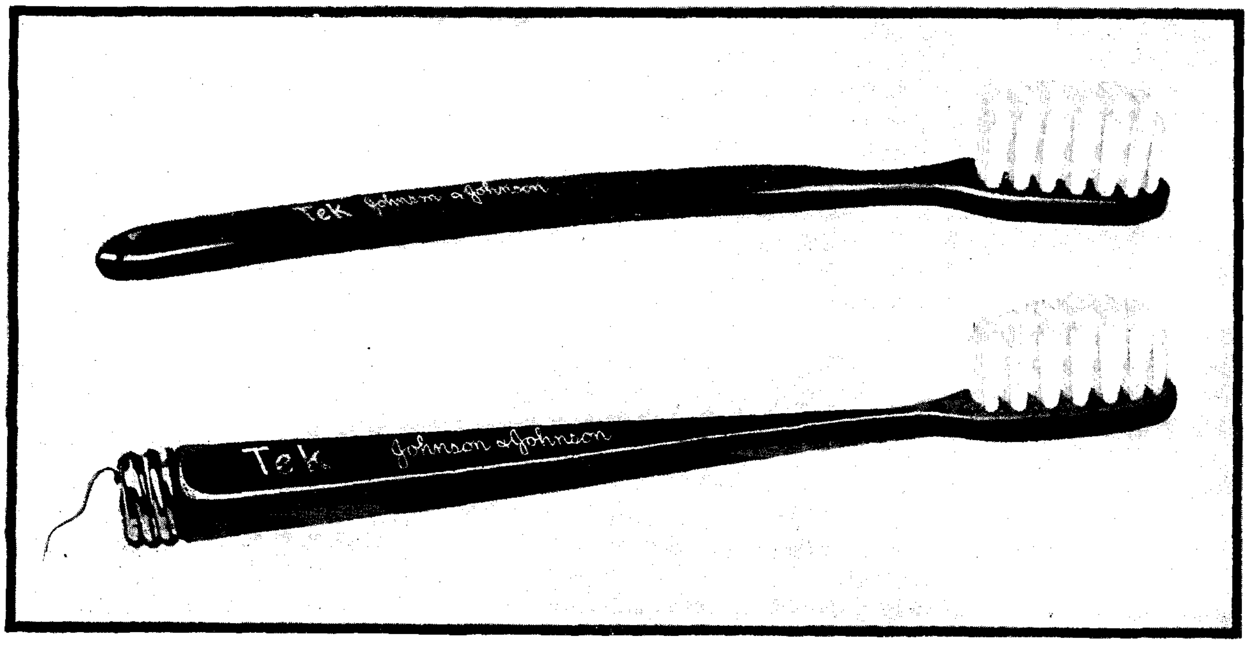
So you see that, whether our fuel comes from crude oil that spurts from the earth, or whether it comes from oil that is obtained by liquefying soft coal, or whether it comes from cooking the oil out of shale, the real problem that remains is how to get the most power out of whatever fuel we do use, at the lowest possible cost.

Check with Tek the Advance of Tooth Decay . . Destroyer of Beauty

Introducing a tooth brush by
JOHNSON & JOHNSON

The only way to keep teeth is to keep them clean. The only means to healthy gums is brisk daily massage. Tek does these two jobs together and does them better. Its shorter brush-head scrubs out every often-neglected corner of your dental arch, removing the cause of tartar and decay. Tek's extra width (one more row of bristles than the old-fashioned brush) automatically exercises your gums with every full brushing stroke. * * You probably need a new brush now. Get a Tek. Notice its smaller, clean-cut outline, the whiteness of its springy bristles, the pleasant colors of its handles. Now try Tek. Once you have experienced its definite after-feeling of tingling stimulation and refreshing cleanness you will never switch back to a bulkier, less efficient brush.

Drawn by HELEN THURLOW



You need two brushes, say dental authorities, one for morning and one for evening. This assures thoroughly dried, efficient bristles and longer service from each brush. Get a set of Tek brushes. One model has dental floss in the handle for cleaning between the teeth. Floss refills on sale everywhere.

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Tek handles are made in six beautiful colors . . of Lucite in Chinese Red, Jade Green, Ebony Black, Canary Yellow and French Blue . . and of Amber. A Color for each of the family. For the children . . Tek Jr.

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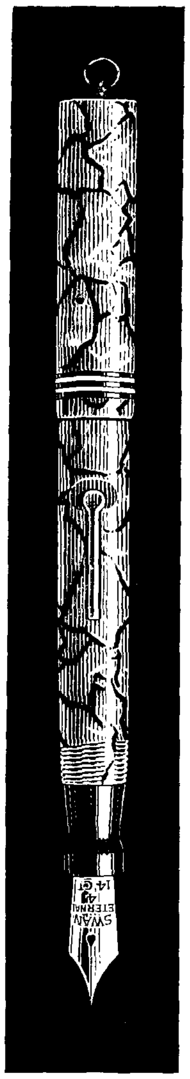

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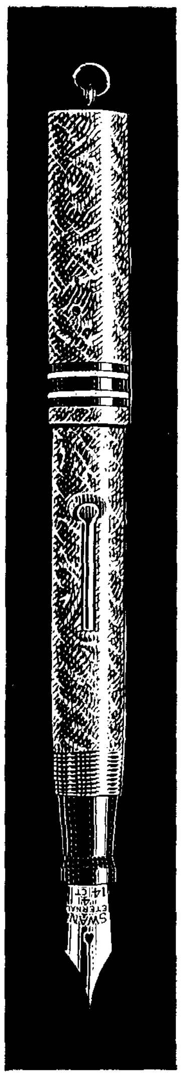

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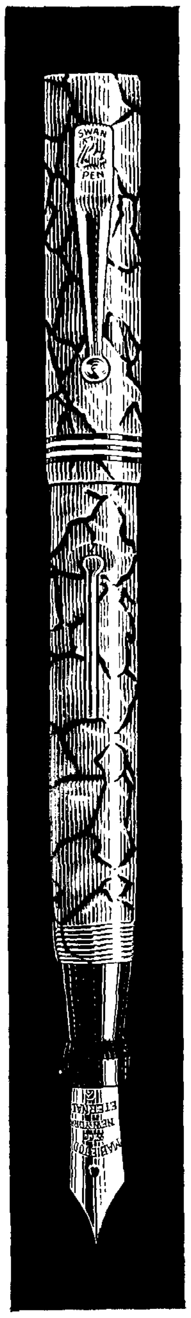

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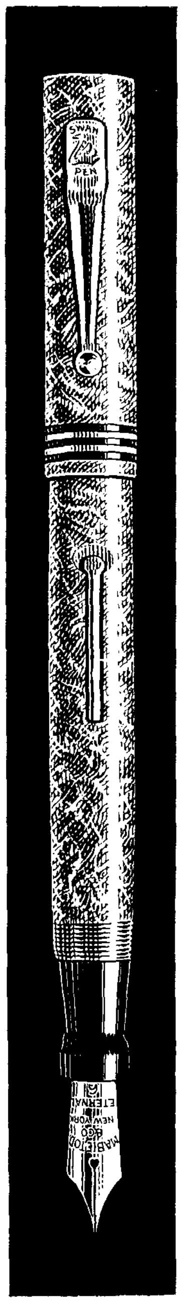

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Only the utmost skill of hands could achieve the laboratory precision of *Swan* adjustment—and make that precision permanent. In this is the perfection of *Swan* ETERNAL PENS, the assurance of continuity in superlative performance which permits them to be guaranteed, not merely for a lifetime, but eternally.

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The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 13

lovely right now," murmured Molly. "But in six months out heah . . ."

"Jim, why don't you take her down to Yellowjacket?" interposed the rancher.

Molly slapped her hands. "Thet would be fine. Gloriana, you would get well quick down at Yellowjacket."

Jim spoke up seriously: "It'd never do. We'll have the Hash Knife Outfit to entertain."

Gloriana was all interest. "Pray what is Yellowjacket? And what is the Hash Knife Outfit?"

Uncle Jim haw-hawed. "Glory, don't let them tease you. Yellowjacket is a cattle range, wildest left in Arizona. An' the Hash Knife Outfit is a gang of cattle thieves."

"Now you've made me want to go," exclaimed Gloriana. "More than anything I want to see a desperado. I—I want to be scared. And I want to go to some lonely place. And when I'm strong again I want to ride. . . . Jim, have you a horse you will let me have?"

"*A* horse? Glory, you've grown amazingly modest. I have a hundred horses you can ride—that is, as soon as you can stick in a saddle."

"You will take me on trips into the desert?" queried Gloriana, breathlessly, her great eyes shining like stars.

Jim concealed his thrill of satisfaction. Added to Gloriana's need of love there seemed a thirst for something she had never had. Perhaps this was merely for excitement. But if she showed an innate leaning toward the beauty and wildness of nature, then Arizona would claim her, and change her body and soul.

"Glory, I reckon I'll have to take you, if we want any work done," replied Jim.

Gloriana was as delighted as nonplussed. "But I don't quite understand your reference to work. I can't do very much."

"I didn't mean work for you, Glory, though I daresay a little would be good for you. I meant that the cowboys said there wouldn't 'never be no more ranchin' now.' "

"And why not?" queried Gloriana, vastly puzzled.

"I showed them a photograph of you."

Gloriana joined in the laugh at her expense.

"That horrid picture of me! I have some really good ones."

"For heaven's sake, don't let anybody see them!" exclaimed Jim, plaintively.

THEREUPON followed a half-hour of pleasant conversation, mostly for Gloriana's edification, and received by her with undisguised enthusiasm. Then she said she was very tired and begged to be excused.

"Jim, take me back to my Indian wigwam. I'd never find it," she begged, and bade the others good night.

When back in Gloriana's room Jim stirred the fire and put on a few fresh sticks of wood.

"Well?" he queried, presently, rising to face his sister, and he was quite conscious of the anxious gruffness of his voice.

To Jim's surprise she placed a hand on each of his shoulders.

"Jim, your Western girl is distractingly pretty, sweet as a wild flower, honest and good as gold—and far braver than I could have been. I saw what you couldn't see. Probably it was harder for her to meet me than that Hack fellow she--she bit to save your life. I'm your family, so to speak."

"Thanks, Glory," replied Jim, somewhat huskily. "I—I was afraid—"

"I'd not like her? Jim, I don't blame you for loving her. I did like her. . . . But—and here's the rub—she is illiterate. She comes from an illiterate family. She's only a very common little person —and certainly not fit to be the wife of James Traft."

"That's your Eastern point of view," returned Jim. "It might—though I don't admit it—be right if we were back home. But we're out West. I love the West. It has made me a man. It is now my home. I worship this 'common little person,' as you call her. She's strong and true and big, and crude like this great raw West. And as I've thrown in my fortune here I consider myself most lucky to win such a girl. . . . All of which, Glory, dear, is aside from the fact that but for her I'd be dead. . . . But for Molly *you* wouldn't have had any brother to come to!"

"DON'T think me ungrateful," she rejoined, in hurried, shuddering earnestness. "I'm not. . . . But I wouldn't be a Traft if I failed to be frank. Jim, I disapprove. But it would be absurd for me to oppose. I have come to you for help—for a home—to find *my* chance in life, if there be one. Besides, I like Molly. . . . The trouble will come not from me, but from *her*. Can't you see it? I don't think I ever was subjected to such study. Yet no trace of jealousy or bitterness! She was just being a woman seeing *you*, your family, your position through me. I saw fear in her eyes as she bade me good night. That fear was not of me, or that I might come between you. It was a fear of realization, of love. She ought not marry you because she is Molly Dunn of the Cibeque! And Jim, if she's really as strong and fine as it seems she is, she will not marry you."

"I've had the very same fear myself," admitted Jim. "But I always laughed myself out of it. Now you—"

"Jim, I'll do my utmost for you. I'll be nicer to that little girl than I ever was to anyone in my life. I *can* make people like me. But the worst of me is I'm cold. I've been frozen inside since Ed Darnell deceived me. I can't promise to love Molly, though it'd appear easy enough."

She seemed so eloquent, so moving, so beautiful, that Jim could have decried aloud her intimation of her indifference.

"Glory, I couldn't ask any more," he concluded. "It's more than I had hoped for. You have made me feel—oh, sort of warm deep down—glad you've come West. We'll win out in the end. We've got the stuff. . . . And now good night. You're worn out."

"Good night, brother Jim," she said, and kissed him. "I'm glad I came."

Jim left her with her kiss lingering on his lips. He went toward his room, and on the way tapped on Molly's door.

"Are you in bed?" he called.

"No, Jim—not quite," she replied, and presently opened the door a few inches to disclose a sweet agitated face.

"I just wanted to ask. . . . Do you like her?"

"Like! I shore fell in love powerful deep. She's—she's—" but Molly could find no adequate word to express herself.

Jim darted his head downward to give her a quick kiss. "Darling, I'd gamble my soul on you," he whispered, gratefully. Then louder: "Did your mother like Glory?"

"Shore. But she was aboot scared stiff. . . . An' Jim, me too—a little."

"Well, now, you mustn't be. Glory said some mighty sweet things about you."

"Oh, Jim—tell me," she begged, breathlessly.

"Not much. I'll keep them until I want something special out of you. Ha! Ha!— But they're awful nice. . . . Good night, Molly."

Jim found his uncle dozing before the living-room fire. "Wake up—I want to talk to you."

"Huh?" grunted Uncle Jim.

"Wake up and talk to me," replied Jim. "Did you like Glory?"

"Wal, she's the most amazing girl I ever saw. Bright an' smart as beautiful! She's got a haid on her, Jim. An' only nineteen. I reckon she'll be a bitter pill for Molly. But Molly is true-blue. She'll be Western. In the end she an' Glory will be sisters. Not soon, but you can bet on it."

"I said as much to both of them. . . . So, Uncle, we've got the happiness and future of two wonderful girls to make. I swear I'm stumped. I'm scared. I'm struck pretty deep."

"Wal, it's a problem, shore. But you're young an' you want results too quick."

"I can be patient. I'll do everything under the sun. But suppose Molly gets upset by Glory? Scared of my family, so to speak."

"Wal, in thet case I'd put Glory up against the real stuff out *heah*, an' have Molly with her. Thet'll square the balance. Then they'll learn from each other."

"IT'S a good idea," agreed Jim almost with enthusiasm. "You mean put Glory up against rough outdoor life—horses, cowboys, camp, cold, heat, rain, dust and hail? Hard beds, poor feed, privation—danger—and so on?"

"Shore, an' so on. Put her up against everythin' thet Molly knows."

"It's risky, Uncle. Glory is not strong. It might kill her."

"Wal, you'd have to go slow an' easy, till she could just aboot stand it an' thet's all."

"But, if it *didn't* kill her—" mused Jim, fascinated by the memory of how terrible and wonderful the raw West had been to him. It was that which had won him for Molly Dunn; and now he regarded the stronger and primitive in him more desirable than any development he might have had in the East. The thing had to be gone through to be understood. Gloriana would succumb to it sooner than he had done, despite or probably because of her sensitive, feminine nature. And during this transition of his sister he was going to have trouble holding on to his sweetheart. Jim regretted that he had not persuaded Molly to marry him before Gloriana had come out. Could he do it yet? His mind whirled and his blood leaped at the suggestion. But it would not do, because Molly might suspect the reason. All of a sudden he realized that his uncle was talking.

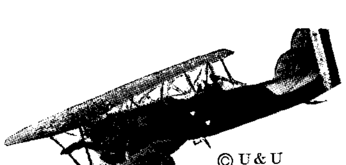
"Beg pardon, Uncle, I was lost."

"Wal, I was changin' the subject," replied the rancher. "Locke was in a while ago an' he's got wind of Bambridge shippin' steers tomorrow from Winslow. We was figurin' thet it might be a good idea for you to run down there an' look 'em over."

"What's the idea, Uncle?" asked Jim, soberly.

"Bambridge doesn't know you, nor none of his outfit, so Locke reckons. An' you've never been in Winslow. You could look them steers over without bein' recognized. An' for thet matter it wouldn't make a whole lot of differ-

(*Continued on page 64*)



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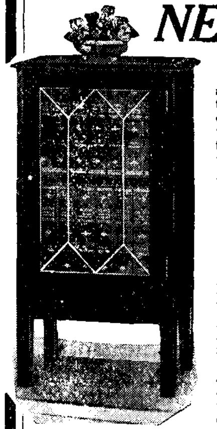

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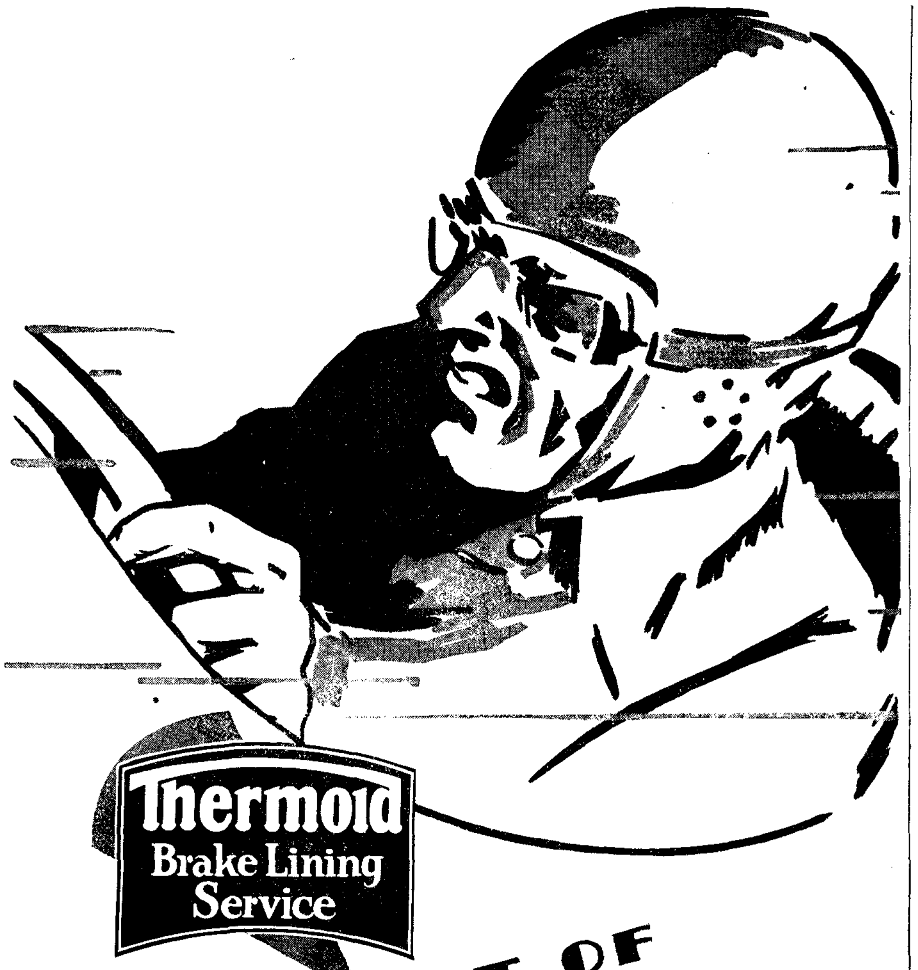

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The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 63

ence if you were. . . . Whatever is comin' of this Bambridge deal is shore comin'. I've seen a hundred Bambridges come an' go. I know the brand. . . . Ten years ago a fine-spoken most damn' likeable fellow named Stokes drifted into Flag. Had money. Began to buy stock an' sell. Soon was operatin' big. Everybody his friend. But there was somethin' aboot Stokes thet stuck in my craw. An' Jim, I seen him hangin' to a cottonwood tree—by the neck."

"Queer business, this cattle-raising," mused Jim, darkly.

"Wal, so long's there are big open ranges there'll be rustlers. An' I reckon when the ranges are fenced the cattlemen of my type an' Bambridge, an' Jed Stone, too, all will have passed. It's a phase of the West."

"You regard Jed Stone as a cattleman?" queried Jim, in surprise.

"Shore do. He's a factor you've got to regard. Yellowjacket belongs to you, legally, because I bought it, an' *gave* it to you. But Stone shore thinks it belongs to him," replied Traft, with a dry laugh.

"Humph! And for what reason?"

"He's just been ridin' it for years, thinkin' it free range, same as the rest. But it's a ranch, an' two sections of land, twelve hundred acres, have been surveyed. The best water—an' by the way, Jim, Yellowjacket Spring is the wonderfulest in Arizona—an' level grounds are in thet surveyed plot. The corners were hid pretty well by the man who first owned the ranch. I haven't been down there for years, but Locke has an' he's seen them; so we can prove our claims."

"Good heavens, Uncle!" exclaimed Jim. "Do you mean we may have to prove to an outlaw that we have a right to a piece of land you bought?"

"Not Stone. You'll have to prove it to him with guns. Haw! Haw! . . . But Bambridge, an' mebbe thet cattleman who's in with him—I forget the name—may want to see our proofs. Of course, son, nothin' but a little fight may ever come of this. But I've a hunch Yellowjacket will catch your eye. It did mine. It's the wildest an' most beautiful place to live I ever seen in Arizona. Yellowjacket isn't a valley, exactly. Really it's a great wide canyon, with yellow walls. Protected from storms. Best place to hunt in Arizona. Bear, deer, turkey just thick—an' lots of beaver. An' where there's beaver you bet it's wild."

"Well, I've set my heart on Yellowjacket, Uncle Jim Traft," declared Jim, forcefully, "and Slinger Dunn has a half interest in the stock running there. That was the deal I made with him, you know, to get him into the Diamond."

"Shore, an' you don't know how good a deal it was. Wish Dunn could go to Winslow with you. . . . An' come to think of it, Jim, you take Curly along."

"Fine. We'll hop the early train."

IN THE nipping frosty dawn, Jim, clad in jeans and boots, and heavy leather jacket, stamped into the bunk house, and yelled: "Curly Prentis! Get up and into your jeans."

A lithe, clean-limbed young giant came thudding to the floor, and in the twinkling of an eye, almost, Curly was in his clothes. He stalked into the kitchen, where he found Jeff, the cook. "Water, Jeff, an' if it's not hot I'll shoot at your toes."

Bud poked his cherub face above the blankets and blinked at Jim.

"What's wrong, Boss?"

"I'm going to Winslow. Bambridge is shipping cattle, and I want to look over the bunch."

"Dog-gone it, Jim, don't go," rejoined Bud, seriously.

"I'm not stuck on going but Uncle says go, and that settles it."

"Let me go along?

"I reckon I can't, Bud. Uncle said take Curly."

"Jim, are my eyes pore or is thet a gun you're packin'?"

"Yep. I've got in the habit, you know, since I bossed the Diamond."

"But some of these days you'll be throwin' it, sure. Jim, you've got a rotten temper. An' you oughtn't be trusted with a gun, onless the outfit was around."

Curly came in, his tawny hair damp and tousled, his cheeks rosy as a girl's.

"Shet up, you little monkey," he admonished, glaring at his bosom friend.

"All right," said Bud, sinking back in his blankets. "It shore won't be on my haid. But I'm tellin' you, Boss, Curly has been plumb crazy since—"

BUD narrowly escaped a well-aimed bootjack, which thumped hard on the wall, and he succumbed. Then Jim and Curly went into the kitchen and had breakfast, after which they hurried out into the snow. Curly had little to say until they reached the station.

"Ring Locke was in last night," announced Curly. "An' he shore had bad news. He got wind of this heah Bambridge shippin'. He's always gettin' tipped off aboot things we don't want to heah. He has too many friends."

"Wait till we're on the train," said Jim, tersely. The station room and platform were not the places just then for indiscriminate speech. Cowboys, cattlemen, Mexican laborers, and other passengers for this early train, were noisily in evidence.

When they got into the train and found a seat somewhat isolated from those occupied, Jim whispered: "What did Locke hear?"

"Some darn fool sent him word there were Diamond steers in thet bunch of stock Bambridge is shippin'."

"So that's it? Uncle didn't tell me Locke said that. . . . The nerve of this Bambridge! . . . Curly, what're you growling about?"

"Locke ought to have kept his big mouth shet. . . ."

"And why?"

"Cause we all knew what'd come off, pronto. Old Traft would send you down there, an' if you saw any steers with our brand you'd go right to Bambridge an' tell him."

"Why shouldn't I tell him, cowboy?" queried Jim, somewhat nettled. How long it took to understand these queer cattlemen!

"Wal, we reckon Bambridge oughtn't know we're suspicious, till we've had a spell at Yellowjacket."

"But, Curly, surely Locke and Uncle Jim know more what is best than you."

"Hell, yes. But they don't have to do the fightin'."

THE Hash Knife were back from a drive, the nature of which showed in their begrimed weary faces, baggy eyes, and the ragged condition of their garb.

"Home!" croaked Malloy, flinging his crooked length down before the fire Stone was building.

"My Gawd!" ejaculated Stone. "Did you ever have a home?"

"Aw, you can't gibe me," replied Malloy, imperturbably. "What I mean is hyar's rest an' comfort—after a hell of a job."

"It shore was," agreed Pecos.

"An' ain't it good to be down out of the snow an' thet damn' Tonto wind," said Madden. "Like spring down hyar at Yellowjacket. It smells different."

"Wal, we'll sit tight till spring, you can gamble on thet," spoke up the gambler Carr.

"Mebbe we will," interposed Jed Stone, sarcastically, yet not without pathos.

"Aw hell," bit out Malloy. "Jed, don't begin your belly-achin', now we're home. We've got supplies till spring, plenty of drink an' money to gamble with. Let's forget it an' be happy."

SONORA came in dragging a pack, and young Frank Reed followed. Lang, the ex-sheriff, also appeared heavily laden. It was about mid-day, and outside the sun shone brightly warm. The air was cool and sweet with sage and cedar, and had a hint of spring, *though the time was early December.*

"Reckon Jed built thet fire cause he's so absent-minded," remarked someone.

"No, I want a cup of coffee. I'm soured on whisky. . . . At that it ain't bad to be back in the old cabin. . . . Bambridge anyhow!"

"He shore pulled a rummy deal," said Pecos, his tone harmonizing with Stone's.

"Wal, no one much ain't a-goin' to connect the Hash Knife with thet winter shippin' of stock. So what the hell?" replied Malloy. "But it wasn't a slick trick to turn."

For Malloy to show disapproval of a cattle steal seemed to prove it was the last word in bold and careless rustling.

"Bambridge will skip Arizona, pronto," put in Anderson, wagging his shaggy head. "I'd have give my pipe to see thet young Traft call him."

"So would I—an' some more," said Stone, thoughtfully. "Nervy youngster. . . . Frank, tell me about it again."

"Boss, I told you twice," complained Reed.

"Sure. But we was on the trail an' it was cold an' windy. You made it short an' sweet, too. . . . Here's a cigar."

Thus importuned the young cowboy rustler lighted the cigar, smiling his satisfaction, and settled himself comfortably.

"I was in Chance's saloon after the shippin', an' I heard a man say: 'Damn' funny about that Bambridge cattle drive. I went by the railroad stockyards late last night, 'cause I live out thet way. There wasn't no cattle there. An' next mornin' at daylight the pen was full of bawlin' steers.'"

"Haw! Haw!" croaked Malloy, gleefully, rubbing his thin brown hands.

"Laugh, you frog!" exclaimed Stone, darkly. "Thet drive was another blunder. We ought to have left the cattle at Bambridge's ranch, which I wanted to do. But he got sore. . . . An' well—Frank—"

"We drove the stock in at midnight, as you-all ain't forgettin'," resumed Reed, puffing his cigar. "It was a slick job fer any cowpunchin' outfit. An' next mornin' at ten o'clock them steers was all on a stock train, ready to move. Thet was another slick job. . . . I stayed at Chance's, sleepin' in a chair, an' went out to the yards after breakfast. Already the railroad men was movin' the cars to the pen. There wasn't no cowboy in sight 'till thet mornin' train from Flag come in. Then I seen Curly Prentis. Used to ride under him, when he had charge of the U Bar. He had a young fellar with him thet turned out to be Jim Traft. They watched the cattle fer about two minutes. No more! An' young Traft jumped right up an' down. You could see Prentis talkin' turkey to *him.*

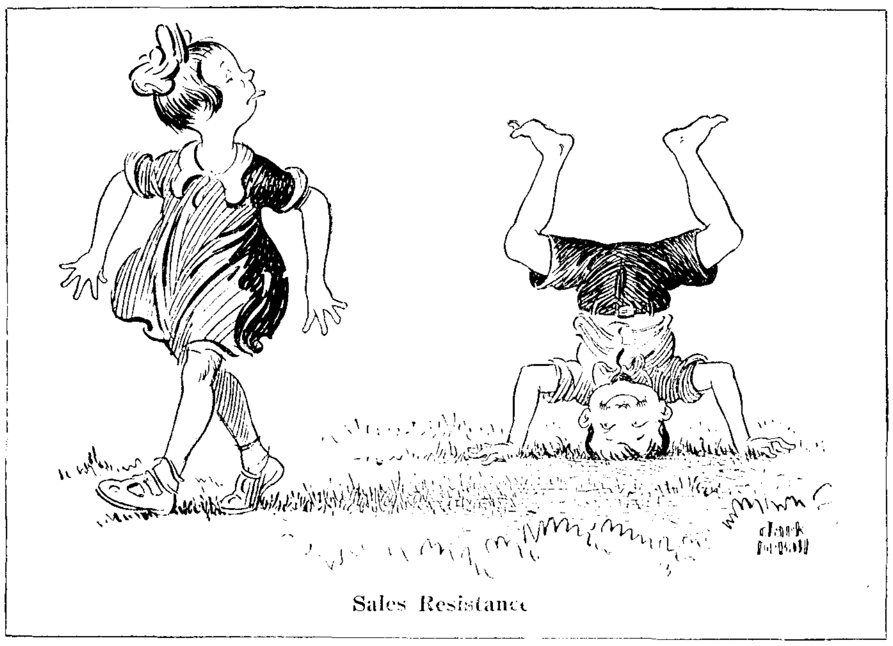
"I made it my business to foller them back to the station. An' you bet your life Curly Prentis seen me. There ain't much thet hombre doesn't see. But it was safe, I reckon, 'cause nobody knows I'm with the Hash Knife. Prentis an' Traft went in the freight office, an' I ducked in the station. As luck would have it Bambridge came in with a dark-complected fellar, sporty dressed, an' good-lookin'. I edged over an' heard Bambridge ask: 'Where you from?' The fellar said St. Louis. 'What do you know about cattle?' He said nuthin', but he happened to know a stock buyer in Kansas City who told him to hunt up George Bambridge, if he was goin' to Arizony. 'An' who's this stockman?' asked Bambridge, quick like. He said, 'Darnell'—I got thet name straight—'Come to my office uptown later in the day. I'm busy now with this cattle shipment.' . . . He was sure goin' to be damn' busy in a minnit, only he didn't guess it.

"JUST then Prentis an' Traft come in. They was both packin' guns, which was funny only for Traft, I reckon. Prentis sleeps in a gun. They looked kinda fire-eyed, an' Traft stopped Bambridge right in the middle of the station, an' he was in a hurry, too."

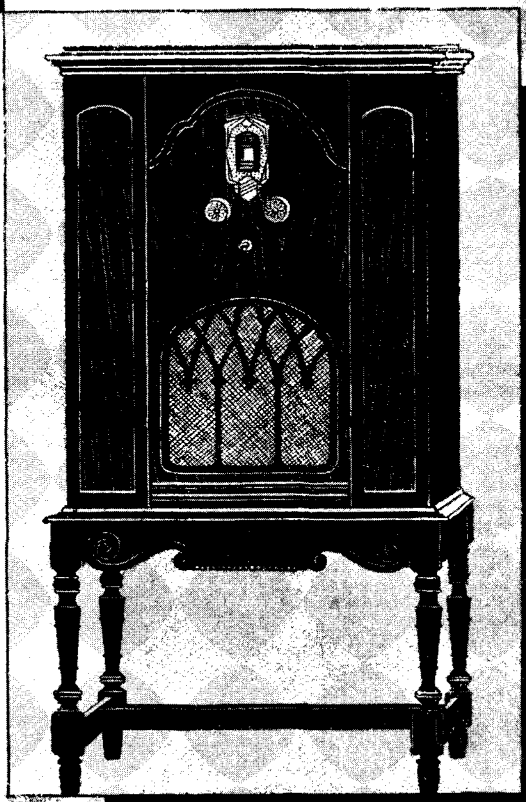
Reed leisurely drew on his cigar, and puffing out a white cloud of smoke he looked at Stone and Malloy, and Lang and Pecos and the others, as if to note if his story was having any effect. Malloy had a sardonic grin. Lang was pale for a weather-beaten, outdoor man. Anderson wore an intent, anxious expression.

"Talk, an' come to the point," ordered Stone, in a cold, testy voice.

(*To be continued next week*)



Sales Resistance



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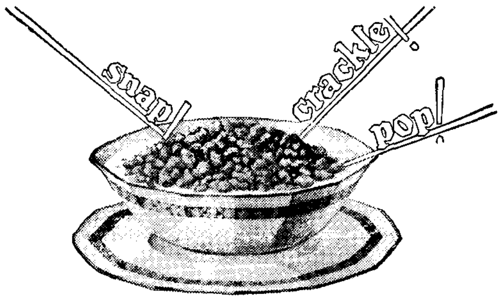
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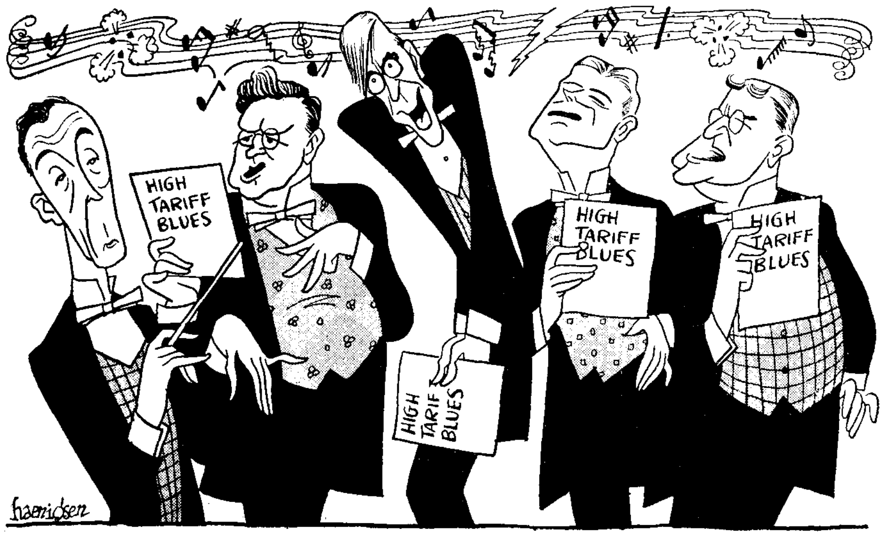

The Pennsylvania Blues

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE Senate tariff bill is Senator David A. Reed's tariff bill and he naturally has the responsibility of getting it through the Senate. I know that any such assertion as this will make Senator Smoot, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, unhappy, but it is none the less true.

Reed got most of the high rates on manufactured articles into the Senate bill, with Smoot, the apostle of high tariffs, voting against a good many of them. And Reed got the United States valuation in place of European costs, the old standard, written into the Senate bill as the basis of reckoning duties on the percentage basis.

Reed represents the Pennsylvania view of the necessity of high protection. And in Pennsylvania, if you go back far enough, the demand for high protection originated. Reed got manganese ore put on the free list a day or two after the United States Steel Company, chiefly a Pennsylvania concern, had got a favorable contract with Russia for most of the manganese it needs in steel making.

Even though it probably irks him to do so Reed speaks with the voice of Joseph R. Grundy, who watches over the destinies of tariff making for the Pennsylvania interests and who collects such large sums of money for the Republican party that he is entitled to have a voice in legislation.

Andrew Mellon, whom Reed also speaks for in Washington, though a much more agreeable personality, is probably also not a pleasant master. Especially is it irksome to Reed to have a master, or two masters as the case may be, for Reed is by temperament more of the old-fashioned senator who conceives it his duty to go to Washington and exercise his own independent judgment.

Impatient and Courteous

He is a relatively young man, well born and well trained, of greater ability than any one else among the regular Republicans, conscious of his superior mental powers, rather contemptuous of the masses who do the voting and only a little less contemptuous of the average intelligence of the Senate, hiding his sense of his superiority under a very polite manner but tending in the heat of battle on the floor to blurt out his real opinions and feelings. His courteous manner does not always serve to hide his condescension.

He is impatient of opposition, as all really able men are, especially when they feel that the opposition comes from men intellectually and socially their inferiors. He arouses the opposition which men conscious of their superiority always arouse, plus the opposition which a man who wishes not only to influence the minds but also to control the wills of other men arouses.

He is also impatient, in spite of his courtesy, and has imperfect control of his emotions. He is tremendously serious and has little sense of humor. He is, moreover, impolitic. He has not had, because of his training, experience in dealing with men that one gets from coming up from a lower station than he ever knew. I am trying to explain the nerves of the Senate in this trying struggle over the tariff.

Smiling at Defeat

Here is a man to whom subservience to political machines and big bosses is disagreeable, whom opposition from men inferior intellectually makes impatient and whom opponents aware of consciousness of superiority are impelled to bait. And he has not the commanding quality which makes men fear him, the quality that his cousin Jim Reed had in such an extraordinary degree.

He has no sting; no one dreads his tongue as men dread Caraway's tongue. If he had dominating force with his acute intelligence and industry, he would be a great man. He is an advocate rather than a principal, but one to whom the position of an advocate is irksome.

Smoot hates Reed because Reed has usurped his place as the leader of the regular Republicans in the tariff fight. And Reed can hardly do less than despise Watson, who is the nominal leader of the Republicans on the floor, because of a certain spuriousness in Watson.

And Reed must feel impatient of his chief lieutenant in the tariff fight, Bingham of *Connecticut*. Bingham exasperates more than any one else in the Senate. Bingham, an ex-college professor, says more things that are not so with the air of greater final authority than any one else in the Senate. His air in speaking implies a polite surprise that any one else should be so misguided and unintelligent as not to perceive the perfectly obvious truth as he perceives it.

His condescension is superb. He is easily worsted in argument, but accepts defeat smilingly, as if he did not realize that he had been defeated, and bobs up again with the same condescending readiness to set the Senate right.

Smoot is frightened if anybody shouts "boo" at him. Bingham exasperates. Watson arouses impatience. And Moses, the fourth of the old guard in the high-tariff fight, is waspish.

The Thirteenth Card

Continued from page 24

tell me why the wire entering Lord Minchingham's number in the case there is cut? There you are, you see—two inches above the stand."

The commissionaire swung round to face the instrument. He stared at the severed cord.

"God bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "It was all right last time I looked that way. I'll swear it was."

"Who else beside Lord Minchingham has been down in the hall?" Slane asked.

The commissionaire's face was a study in bewilderment. He could scarcely take his eyes off the cut cord.

"Why, no one out of the usual, sir. Just me and William, the elevator man. There was the princess' maid went out with the two little dogs, same as she does every now and then. One of the menservants came down to smoke a cigarette, and waited for her out in the street. I can't remember another soul, sir. Certainly, there's no one from outside has entered this building, and no one has left it that hasn't come back."

"Very well," Slane said, "we'll leave it at that. Now tell me. You look like a man of common sense. Where should you think this gentleman, Mr. Cartwright, could have got to?"

"Throwed himself out of one of the windows, I should think, sir," the man replied. "I can't think of any other way he could have disappeared without passing out of the front door. The only thing that seems to me possible is that he may have been a friend of the princess'. The telephone call may have been from her. He may have slipped down there, and been taken ill, or something of that sort."

"You will be here for at least an hour, won't you?"

"I'll be here to let you out, whatever time you come down," the man declared vigorously.

Slane took the lift to Minchingham's apartments. The three men were there, waiting eagerly for his coming.

"We have searched every corner of the place," Minchingham announced. "Whatever has become of Cartwright, he isn't here. Have you had any luck?"

"None at all," Slane replied. "The princess is our last hope. I am going there now. . . ."

ONCE or twice lately Slane had asked himself, half in derision, whether by continually focusing his mind upon certain subjects he had not become psychic. Certain it was that, after having left Minchingham's flat and commenced the descent of those few stairs which lay between him and his destination, he had a feeling that he was moving toward the solution of this baffling mystery. He paused before the dark mahogany door, and rang the bell. A grave and irreproachably dressed manservant answered his summons immediately.

"Is the princess at home?" Slane inquired.

The man was obviously surprised.

"Her Highness is at home," he admitted, "but she does not, as a rule, receive. Have you an appointment, sir?"

Slane shook his head.

"Mine is quite unexpected business," he confided. "Please take my card to her, and ask her if she will give me a very brief interview."

The man accepted the card, and disappeared. There was the sound of surprised feminine voices from the room which he had entered. He returned, however, without undue delay.

"Will you come this way, sir," he invited.

He ushered Slane at once into a delightfully comfortable though rather overheated lounge sitting-room. An aristocratic-looking lady, with white hair brushed back from her forehead, dark eyes, dressed simply in black but wearing some very beautiful jewelry, looked across at him curiously. Close to her chair, a young girl also in black, with heavy features, dark, strongly marked eyebrows and narrow eyes, was seated with a book in her hand, apparently interrupted in the task of reading aloud.

"Princess," Sir Jasper said, as the door closed, "I must apologize profoundly for intruding upon you at such an hour. May I explain my errand?"

"By all means," the princess acquiesced, in a voice which, notwithstanding its foreign accent, was very sweet and mellow. "Will you please to sit down?" she added, waving him to a chair. "This is my companion, whose presence you will not mind. Let me hear, please, what it is that you want from me at this strange hour of the evening."

"IT IS something which will sound to you, I am sure, absurd," Slane confessed, "so I shall first of all tell you of the predicament we are in. My friend who lives in the flat above, Lord Minchingham, had three other men to play bridge with him tonight. Some hour and a half ago—it may be two hours—they were in the act of sitting down to their game when one of the party—a Mr. Cartwright—was summoned to the telephone. He left the room. He did not return. In due course, Lord Minchingham went out to look for him. He had disappeared.

"That, Princess, was an hour and a half ago at least, and both the commissionaire and the elevator man are ready to swear that he has not left the building."

"This is very mysterious," the princess murmured, with the air of one sufficiently intrigued.

"It is almost amazing," Slane agreed. "Cartwright has not left this building. Very well—where can he be? We have explored thoroughly every inch of Lord Minchingham's flat. The offices which occupy the floor below you are every one of them locked, and to the best of the commissionaire's belief their tenants left at the usual time four or five hours ago. You see, Princess, that leaves us in the whole of this building only your apartments. I am going to ask you the great favor to be allowed, in company with one of your servants, to search your flat."

The princess' forehead was wrinkled in surprise.

"But Sir Jasper," she exclaimed, "this is incredible! I do not even know this Mr.—what did you call him?—Cartwright? Why should you imagine that he might by any possibility be in my apartment?"

"Princess," Slane pointed out, "the suggestion seems as incredible to us as to you. Please try to realize our point of view. A man cannot dissolve into thin air, and it has been demonstrated that this gentleman must be in this building, every part of which, except your apartment, has been thoroughly explored. No other situation would have induced me to make a suggestion which I know quite well must sound unreasonable."

The princess glanced at his card.

"I seem to know your name, Sir Jasper," she mused. "You write, perhaps?"

(*Continued on page 68*)

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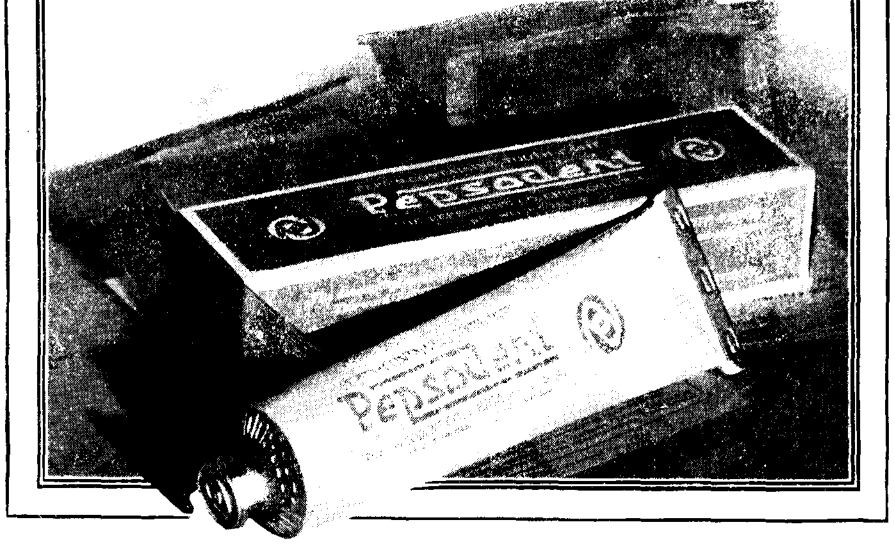

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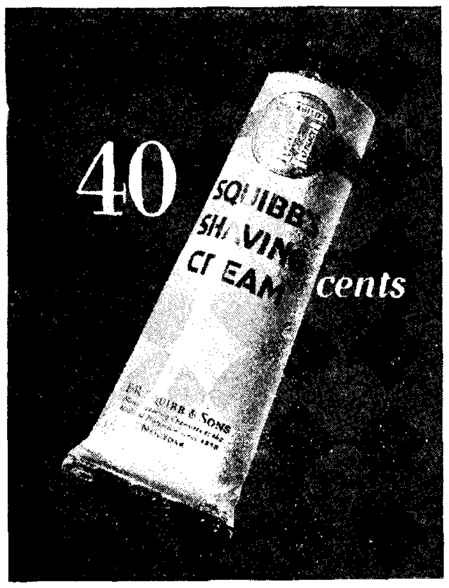
A SHAVING CREAM

BY SQUIBB



The Thirteenth Card

Continued from page 67

"Very seldom. A few articles on crime from various angles. I know quite well the Countess Montzini, who is, I believe, a friend of yours."

"Dear Olga!" the princess murmured. "Of course she is. Well, have your own way, Sir Jasper. Ring the bell, Anna. We will hand this gentleman over to Grubling."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you," Slane acknowledged, rising, "and so, I am sure, Lord Minchingham will be. I promise that I will be as little obtrusive as possible."

The princess smiled at him.

"You will find my small apartment of scant interest to you, I fear," she observed. "Search it thoroughly, however, and come and see me before you leave, Sir Jasper." . . .

GRUBLING, duly summoned, proved to be the usual type of taciturn but perfectly well-trained servant, and was evidently of either German or Russian nationality. He was not the man who had admitted Slane, but appeared to be a sort of major-domo. The princess explained what was required. His stolid features showed no surprise.

"If the gentleman will follow me," he begged, with a stiff bow.

Under his guidance, Slane proceeded to make a careful inspection of the whole flat. The princess' bedroom and boudoir were, as one might have expected, miracles of daintiness combined with a certain sad splendor. Surely, they bore no trace of any masculine visit. The apartment of Mademoiselle Anna was as bare as a domestic's—an iron bedstead, spread, however, with fine linen, an iron cross on the wall opposite, and one beautiful picture of the Virgin. An unused sleeping apartment was stored with a number of priceless pieces of furniture and *objets d'art.* Cupboards in various places, which Grubling unlocked, were filled with glass and rare china. The servants' quarters were ordinary, but Slane explored them inch by inch even to the telephone closet.

"There remains nothing else, sir," the man announced at last, respectfully. "You have been in every room, and seen every cupboard."

Slane pressed a pound note into his hand. The man accepted the note and opened once more the door of the salon.

"Well," the princess mocked good-humoredly, "you did not find your friend concealed by chance in my bed, or lurking in my wardrobe?"

"My friend does not seem to have had the good fortune to have found his way here at all," Slane confessed. "It only remains for me to ask your pardon for this intrusion, and to thank you most gratefully."

She held up her fingers and he was sufficiently versed in foreign customs to stoop and brush them with his lips. The girl's face, as she bade him good night, was expressionless.

"Come and see me again some day, Sir Jasper," the princess invited. "You must at least come and tell me all about your missing friend and where you found him."

"If you will allow me, I will certainly feel that I owe you that courtesy," Slane replied.

He was on his way to the door, more bewildered than ever. And then, for a moment, he hesitated, and a little thrill stole through his pulse. Upon a round mahogany table stood a great bowl of lilies, and in the shadow of the bowl there was something crumpled up, barely recognizable, which brought the light shooting into his eyes.

He paused, stooped down to smell the flowers, and his fingers closed upon a very unconsidered trifle—something just out of sight of the princess and her companion. Grubling was holding the door open. Mademoiselle Anna had picked up her book, ready to recommence the reading. The princess was leaning back in her chair, daintily smoking a cigarette as Slane, with a farewell bow, passed out.

They were all three waiting for him impatiently when he reëntered the library of the flat above. The cards were still upon the table.

"Well?" Minchingham inquired. "Any luck?"

"I don't know. Let me think for a moment. Count your cards, you fellows."

They came to the table, amazed at this strange request, but did as they were bidden, and reported thirteen each. Slane took up Cartwright's cards, which he had brought back from the hall, and let them fall through his fingers, one by one. From his trousers' pocket he produced a crumpled-up playing card with the same back.

"Thirteen," he murmured, letting it drop on the top of the others.

They all stared at him.

"What the devil are you driving at?" Minchingham demanded, taking up the battered card.

"One second," Slane begged, "let's be certain of this. The card you have there, Minchingham, is the two of spades. Has anyone else the two of spades?"

"Not in my hand," Minchingham declared.

"Nor mine," Martin Phipps echoed.

"Nor mine," from Goring Brett.

Slane glanced through Cartwright's hand.

"There is no other two of spades," he announced. "This card, therefore, belongs to Cartwright's hand. He left twelve outside upon the table. When he was called or fetched away, he took this one with him. I found it downstairs in the apartment of the Princess Varnava."

THERE was a brief period of stupefied silence.

"What the devil did the fellow mean by going down there without a word to us?" Minchingham finally demanded.

"Is he there now?" Martin Phipps asked.

"He is not there now," Slane assured them. "I have explored every inch of the princess' apartments. He is not there. Yet that card which was in Cartwright's hand when he left this room, was in the salon."

"Couldn't have jumped out of a window, could he?" Goring Brett suggested hesitatingly.

"Cartwright is a level-headed fellow," Slane pointed out. "He would hardly indulge in a jump of sixty feet or so on to some spiked railings without some serious object. Nevertheless, I fancy that our next move must be to the street."

"Have you any theory at all?" Minchingham demanded, as they made their way toward the lift.

"Only the ghost of a one," was the frank avowal. . . .

"Any news, sir?" the elevator man inquired, throwing open the gates.

"None at present."

"Has the gentleman turned up, sir?" the commissionaire asked eagerly, as he rose to receive them.

"No sign of him yet. Don't leave your place there. We're only going just outside."

They stood on the edge of the pavement. It was still a miserable night, but the driving snow had ceased. Slane backed a little into the street, and looked up. On the ground floor were the large plate glass windows of the Hanover Models Limited, above, four dark windows belonging to various offices. Then the windows of the princess' flat, through the drawn curtains of which shone a faint streak of light. Slane called to the commissionaire, and pointed upward.

"Those streaks of light there," he asked, "belong, I imagine, to the apartment of the princess?"

"That is so, sir," the man agreed.

"Now, whose offices are those below?"

"A gentleman named Michael, kind of an agent for furs and Oriental things."

"What sort of a man is he?"

The commissionaire was dubious.

"One of them foreigners, sir," he confided. "Stout fellow, with a beard and kind of a foreign way of dressing. Keeps two clerks there, and a typist."

Slane's interest in the windows seemed to have abated. He crossed the pavement toward the main entrance of the flats.

"Upstairs for a minute," he begged. "Sergeant, we shall be back again directly. Let no one pass out."

"I'll see to that, sir," the man promised.

THEY shot up to the third floor. As soon as the door of the library was closed behind them, Slane turned to his host.

"Minchingham," he demanded, "have you a weapon of any sort, and an electric torch?"

"I've got one revolver," was the somewhat dazed reply. "Plenty of electric torches. What in God's name—"

"Just a minute or two, there's a good fellow," Slane interrupted. "I may be making an absolute ass of myself, but give me a chance."

Minchingham ransacked a cupboard, and discovered a revolver which he handed to Slane, together with a torch.

"Come along down, you fellows, if you like," the latter invited. "I'm going to listen outside the premises of Mr. Michael. If there's no one there, there's nothing doing."

No one was willing to be left behind. They crept downstairs on tiptoe, found the brass plate indicating the offices of Messrs. Michael & Son, and grouped themselves round the door. There was no light to be seen inside, nor was there at first any sort of sound to be heard. A few breathless moments passed. Then Slane, who had been on his hands and knees on the floor, rose silently to his feet. There was a gleam in his eyes, and a new tenseness in his manner. He beckoned to the others to follow him, and they descended to the hall. The sergeant was still at his post, and the lift man was seated in his chair.

"Sergeant," Slane confided, "there is something wrong upstairs. Take this gun whilst I telephone Scotland Yard."

He crossed toward the telephone, and suddenly the elevator bell rang!

There was a moment's curious silence, broken by Slane, with a quick imperative question.

"Who'd be going out at this time of night, Sergeant?"

"I can't imagine, sir," the man acknowledged.

The attendant banged the iron doors to, and glided up. With only a few seconds' delay the lift reappeared. Out stepped Mademoiselle Anna, in a thick coat, carrying an umbrella, and with a small Pekingese under her arm. She made her way toward the door, but Slane blocked her progress.

"Sorry, mademoiselle," he apologized, "but do you think your little dog could dispense with his exercise tonight? He has already been out, hasn't he?"

She looked at him with flashing eyes.

"He goes out several times every night," she replied. "We are late because you upset the princess. He must certainly go as far as the corner."

She would have pushed her way past him, but Slane did not move.

"Mademoiselle," he said gravely, "the dog, after all, is not a vital affair. An order has been given that no one should leave this place until a certain matter has been cleared up."

Her eyes were filled with wicked anger.

"Who is there to give such an order?" she demanded, making another effort to pass.

Slane held her by the shoulder.

"Mademoiselle," he insisted, "you will not be permitted to reach the street. You will not be permitted to return even from whence you came. Sergeant, take care of this young lady for a few moments. I will hold you blameless in case there is any trouble."

She opened her mouth to shriek, but the commissionaire's hand was upon her lips. Slane stepped past her to the office telephone.

"Give me 1111-Y," he begged. "Quickly, please. It's a police call. . . . That Scotland Yard? . . . Sir Jasper Slane speaking. I don't suppose that by any chance Inspector Stimpson is in? . . . Ask him if he can speak with me. . . . Sent for a taxi, has he? Never mind. Tell him I have urgent business for him. He had better bring three or four men, and come himself to Cunningham Mansions. I'll be waiting for him in the hall. Ask him to make it as quickly as possible."

He rang off. The girl was still struggling.

"Look here," Slane remonstrated, "you'll do yourself no good going on like this. The game's up, whatever it was. Where's Mr. Cartwright?"

"What do I know about Mr. Cartwright?" she fumed.

Slane shrugged his shoulders, and turned away. She looked at him with the hatred of a wild animal. A tense quarter of an hour ensued. Then a motor car, followed by a taxi, drew up outside. Stimpson, accompanied by four constables, hastened in. Words flashed back and forth without prelude.

"Michael & Son?" Stimpson repeated eagerly. "We've had information about them during the last few days. First floor, did you say?"

"Give the inspector your pass-key, Sergeant," Slane begged. "You can let the young woman go now, if you like."

THERE was no longer any attempt at concealment. They turned on the lights in the corridor as they reached the first floor. Stimpson glanced around.

"I'd keep these gentlemen out of it if I were you, sir," he advised, turning to Slane. "If you've stumbled up against the crowd I think you have, they're likely to show fight."

No one took any notice, and the sergeant, producing his pass-key, opened up the premises of Messrs. Michael & Son. Entering, the little party of men found themselves in a sort of showroom, with glass cases on stands down the center, and a few rare furs hanging on the walls. A touch of the switch and the room was flooded with light. At the same moment, from the transom of the office beyond, a light flashed out and disappeared.

"Send two of your men back to the hall, Stimpson," Slane begged. "There's a trapdoor from the apartment above down to the office here. They may try to get up that way, and down the stairs."

Stimpson gave swift orders, and afterwards they pressed forward. The office door was locked, but once more the sergeant's pass-key was successful. Stimpson thrust his gun through the opening, and followed it cautiously. The room was empty except for one man seated in a chair, to which he was closely bound. Dangling from the ceiling was a beautifully made rope ladder.

"Good for you, Jasper, old chap!" Cartwright, who was partially gagged, croaked: "Cut these cords, someone."

The thing was done in a moment Cartwright pointed to the rope ladder.

"Quick, some of you fellows," he enjoined. "There's a trapdoor there to the princess' kitchen. It was that butler of hers who got me. He's just gone up with Michael. Quick, or they'll get down the stairs!"

Slane smiled reassuringly.

"Their welcome's waiting for them in the hall right enough," he promised. "Don't you worry, Cartwright."

"What the devil do you mean by breaking up a rubber like that?" Minchingham demanded.

Cartwright grinned feebly.

"What the devil do you mean by living over a gang of Bolshies?" he muttered. "Lead me to a whisky-and-soda."

ON THE following evening, Jasper Slane was the honored guest at the house of a cabinet minister. Certain matters were there explained to him.

"I should find it difficult," his host declared pompously, "to express to you, Sir Jasper, how deeply indebted the government of this country feels toward you for your services of last night. I will frankly admit that all our own men were on the wrong track. We knew of the existence of this gang—the infinite mischief they were doing—but we never associated the Princess Varnava with anything of the sort. It seems now that she escaped from Russia and saved her fortune by espousing Bolshevist doctrines. By degrees, it appears, so far as I can learn, she actually adopted them honestly and with a certain amount of conviction. Anyhow, she has been furnishing the Soviet people here and in Moscow with amazing information week after week. This last affair—Cartwright has explained that, I suppose?"

"Not thoroughly," Slane admitted.

"Well, there's a steamer coming up the Channel now with a million pounds' worth of Soviet gold on board," the cabinet minister confided. "The Soviet envoy here was beside himself to find out what the Cabinet had decided about seizing it. Cartwright was practically the only man, outside the Cabinet, who knew. He's been followed for days. They got him last night by a most transparent trick."

"Rang me up at Minchingham's," Cartwright intervened from the other side of the table "and gave me the Foreign Office password for 'Wanted immediately.' I recognized the password, which has never yet failed, and did just as I was told—descended by the stairs to speak to a messenger who was waiting in the princess' flat. I just remember hearing the butler behind me whilst I was bowing over her fingers, and the next thing I knew I was in that office below. I sat there with a gun pushed into my ribs for at least an hour, and they were just planning a little further amusement for me, I think, when you fellows came along."

Cartwright paused. Then—

"Tell me," he begged, "how did you tumble to the fact that I was or had been, in the princess' flat?"

"The two of spades—your thirteenth card," Slane confided.

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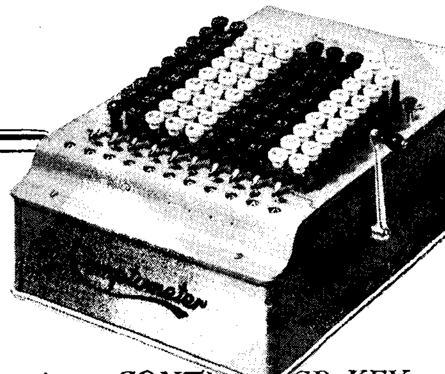

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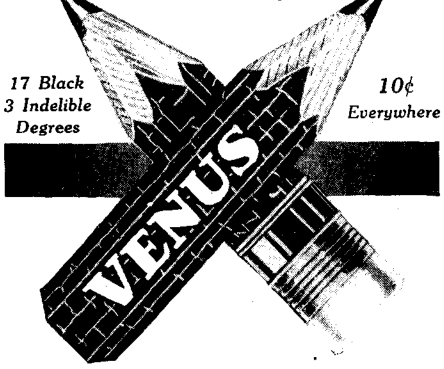

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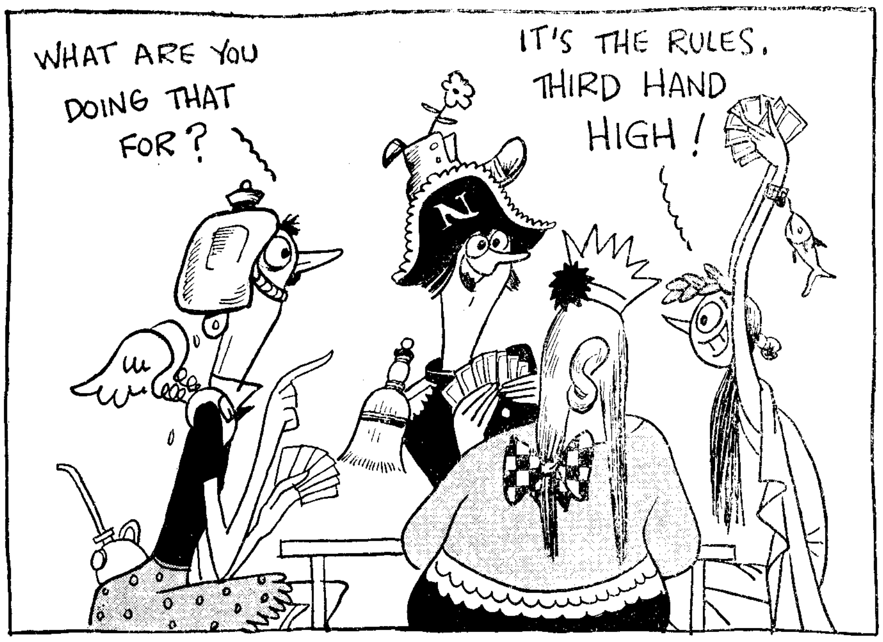

WHAT ARE YOU DOING THAT FOR?
IT'S THE RULES. THIRD HAND HIGH!
N

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 10-9-7-4
H. 5-3-2
D. A-K-Q
C. 9-6-4

West
S. Q-J-6
H. A-Q-9
D. 10-8-4
C. A-7-5-3

East
S. None
H. 10-8-7-6-4
D. J-9-5-3
C. J-10-8-2

South
S. A-K-8-5-3-2
H. K-J
D. 7-6-2
C. K-Q

IN AUCTION BRIDGE the bidding of the above hand would be quite simple. South would call one Spade. West, just short of doubling strength, would pass. North might pass or might jump the Spades to either two or three so as to shut out a bid by East.

At Contract Bridge South would start by bidding two Spades. He would count his hand as having five Spade tricks and one Club trick which, as two of the Spades and the one Club are high-card tricks, would justify a two-bid without considering the strength added by the King-Jack of Hearts. West would pass; and North would bid four Spades. He would reckon the jumping value of his hand as follows: four cards of partner's suit, 2; Ace-King-Queen of Diamonds, 13; total 15—and 12 is sufficient to jump an original two-bid (of a major suit) all the way to game.

The Play

When I saw the hand played, West made what was doubtless the correct lead, viz., the Ace of Clubs. When it won with East playing an encouraging Eight, West continued the suit and closed hand took the trick. At that time the hand seemed to be a pianola for Declarer; he naturally would expect, with Ace-King in closed hand and a total of ten trumps in his two hands, to drop the three adverse trumps with two leads and then to win with dummy's Ace-King-Queen of Diamonds. This comfortable vision of an easy game was rudely dissipated when East discarded on the first round of trumps and a trump trick was marked in the hand of West. Under this new aspect of things it became necessary for Declarer to win a Heart trick in order to make game.

Declarer won a second trump trick and put dummy in with a Diamond; then, after cashing his Diamonds, led a Heart from dummy toward closed hand's King-Jack. When East played small, Declarer decided that his best chance for a Heart trick was to finesse his Jack; but West won with the Queen and the grave of Declarer's hopes was neatly filled in and patted down. West of course won with his Ace of Hearts and cashed his good Spade, so the Declarer lost four tricks.

The Declarer need not have gone down on this hand; he overlooked a saving play which was not particularly difficult. When the trump situation was exposed, it was obvious that he must win one Heart trick. If West could be made to lead Hearts, a trick in the suit would be a certainty because the lead would be up to South's King-Jack. Obviously West would not make that lead voluntarily; but with the cards as they appeared to lie after East refused trumps, there was an excellent chance that he could be forced to do so.

After two rounds of trumps, South should have led a Diamond which dummy of course would win. Dummy then should lead a Club which, being his last card of that suit, would eliminate the Clubs from his hand. South would trump this trick, and when West played a Club, game was ensured. The Declarer then would lead two more Diamonds, caring not at all whether West followed suit, discarded or ruffed. Whether West assumed the lead by ruffing a Diamond, or followed suit or discarded, would be all the same because the lead would be forced on him with a Spade if he declined or was unable to ruff a Diamond trick of his own accord. Once West is in the lead, he must lead a Club which dummy could trump and on which closed hand could discard a Heart, or must lead a Heart up to closed hand's guarded King. Whatever he does, Declarer must make game.

It is remarkable how many "elimination" opportunities occur at the Bridge table and how often they are overlooked.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. K-8-7-2
H. Q
D. 7-6-5-3
C. A-J-7-4

East
S. J-9-5
H. A-J-10-6-5
D. Q-10-8-4
C. 6

West
S. Q-10-3
H. 8-7-4-3
D. K-J-2
C. Q-9-5

South
S. A-6-4
H. K-9-2
D. A-9
C. K-10-8-3-2

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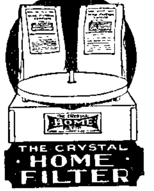

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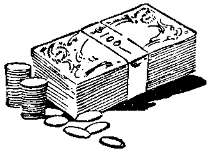

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Punch and Rudy

Continued from page 15

and lay the jack on the line so's our Lily can crash the pan-lifting racket. *You* got all the money in this family, go on and throw a beauty parlor for the kid."

"Oh, I think that's a gorgeous thought!" says Alice, beaming on the silent Alex. "Really, a beauty shop's just the thing we need. Why, you've no idea how much I spend in 'em in the course of a month."

"Don't kid yourself, Baby," I growls. "*I* got a idea!"

"We'd both patronize Lily's place," says Eve to Alice. "And maybe for once in my life I can get my hair waved the way I want it."

"I wouldn't call it a beauty parlor," murmurs Lily, dreamily. "That's too commonplace. I'd call it a salon of facial æsthetics."

"Good!" snaps Alex, suddenly coming to life. "Original—arresting! Lily, I'll discover your niche yet, for you've great possibilities, plenty of fire and imagination. All you need to do is to find your particular forte. However, I don't know that the beauty parlor business is it. Now—"

"Hurray!" yells Eve. "He's going to loan Lily the money! Isn't he a darling?"

ALEX was elected a darling by acclamation, though he was a bit miffed at the swift pick-up, because he hadn't yet come out flat with the offer to stake Lily. This umpchay couldn't plead a headache now, so he gamely went to work and wrote her a check. Oh, she was only a baker's daughter, but she knew how to get the dough! If laughing's healthy, that build-up of Alex was as good for me as a month in the mountains and I don't mean hills!

Now Lily had a girl friend flaunting about under the high-sounding name of Mame Flowers, and Mame, while a nice fellow, was no Ziegfeld number by no means. Her features could of stood an entirely new arrangement, my gentles, and her figure oftimes reminded me of a three-buck soft hat after about the tenth wearing. Just a girl that boys forget. I often swore that Lily, which had six more curves than a gimlet, only played around with Mame to bring out in detail what a knockout she was herself. Well, to make a long story even longer, I happened to think of Mame right then and I grins to Lily.

"You ought to elect Mame Flowers as your first job in that funny beauty deadfall of yours. If you made *her* a panic, you'd be over!"

"Let Mame alone, she's all right the way she is," exclaims Lily peevishly, as we got up to go home. "Mame has lots of good points and she doesn't need to be beautiful. Many a fine man would choose Mame for her common sense and good nature in preference to some pretty Stupid Stella!"

Lily and Mame was really a barefaced steal from the Siamese Twins, as many a burnt-up youth found out when he called on Lily. They was always together, and the boy scouts which wished to take Lily to the theater, a dance, the Aquarium, for a auto ride or a theme-song opening, had to take Mame likewise, take her home to Brooklyn afterwards and love it. Trying to get rid of her was like trying to lose diphtheria, and when the gents squawked Lily give 'em the air. In this way Mame met a lot of nice boys, but alas, she was never gave a chance to say "No!"

One night, about a month after Lily kicked open the doors of her ritzy beauty parlor, we all come in from a talkie, a thing I loathe, which is no doubt why I'm a regular attendant at them operas once a week. Everybody's as hungry as they claim a bear is, patrons, and they's nothing in the icebox which particularly arouses our passion. So Alice chased me out to get some sandwiches and what goes with 'em at the delicatessen, this being about three cents cheaper than if we'd all went to a café and be done with it.

I took Alex along for company and to split the bill. We walked a dozen blocks before we could find a spot open, so get rid of that comical idea that everything's open all night in New York. They's parts of Manhattan which is just as quiet after eleven P. M. as any flag station in the country. And remember, Broadway's just about as broad as a gnat's chest. It's all done with electric lights.

Well, the delicatessen which was still getting rid of herrings at this hour, was being operated by one man—and, flying rabbits, what a man! A few numbers on him and he could of passed anywheres as a box car, a little bit taller and he'd of got stoop-shouldered ducking airplanes. Strangely enough, this gil wasn't bad-looking except for one thing. On the end of his nose, of all places, he featured a large wart which stood out exactly like it was a large wart on the end of his nose. It looked as out of place as lightning rods do on churches and you could no more help noticing it than you could help noticing a cat with three heads. Thank heavens, all *we* done was view it!

Alex is very choosy when spending money; a exercise he greatly dislikes, being as tight as the skin on a grape, so while we're turning up our beaks at this brand of anchovies and refusing to give that brand of potato salad a hearing, the burly peasant running the drum gets confidential with us. The first crack out of the box is that he's ill of New York, his job and life. He then makes us a present of his name—Rudolph Klein. We identified ourselves with the easy graciousness that stamps the man about town. Care for that? Oh, I been places!

"I CAME to New York two years ago from Asbury Park to make my fortune," says Rudy, cutting our ham so thin that the first slice blew away. "And this is as far as I got—sayin' it with pickles! A man ain't got a chance in this town. It may be all the world to Jimmie Walker and them, but it's a pain in the tonsils to me! I'm sick of it—all hustle and bustle and saps which ain't got no place tearin' around like mad. Give me the country any day—where a guy can breathe. Jeez, I wouldn't slip you a dime for this burg!"

"There you are, Alex," I whispers quickly. "Get hot and see can you put *this* mock turtle across. Seems a likely candidate!"

"Can do!" murmurs the original talkie, coolly, and clearing his throat he turns back to Rudy. "My boy," he says, "your greatest mistake was in leaving the country for the city. The idea that New York has a monopoly on success is not only a very foolish one, but one that brings thousands of youths here daily from the outlands to an already overcrowded field, when they might have reached the heights in their own home towns. In the country your neighbors know and like you; the competition is far less than it is here, and if you make a success at anything there you needn't

(*Continued on page 72*)

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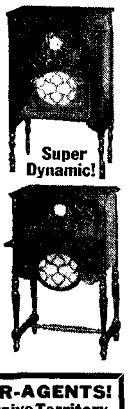

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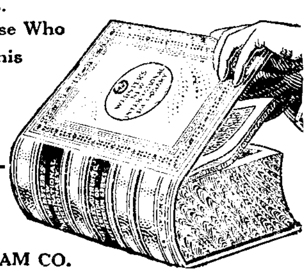

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Punch and Rudy

Continued from page 71

worry about New York—New York will send for you! Now suppose we examine your particular talents and we'll see—"

At that critical minute, my infants, they come a interruption in the shape of a party of gents which was all hay wire and plenty noisy. These clowns floundered around the store, knocking things over and howling for service and Rudolph tried to quiet them.

"Hey, you guys—pipe down!" he grunts. "It's late."

"Oh, boy, look at that nose!" yells one of these professing drinkers, pointing at it.

"What's the matter with it?" inquires the glowering Rudy, in a voice like thunder.

"Is that a cauliflower on the end of it or an eggplant?" demands another of the cut-ups.

"That's some more of your business, Useless!" Rudy hisses. "Another crack about my nose and I'll bust yours for you!"

"You wouldn't fool me, would you?" sneers his tête-à-tête. "You and who else?"

"Me and nobody else!" yells Rudy, frothing at the mouth, and he's over the counter in one wild leap. The entertainment was on!

LISTEN—them prancing punks had about as much chance with this enraged giant as a guinea pig has in a laboratory. It was a soft touch for Rudy, a two-fisted fool, which lashed out right and left and battered 'em all over the store till they finally reeled out the door and staggered to cover. He smacked two of the drunkest of 'em to the floor and both was cold sober when they got up and scurried away like nobody's affairs. With the side retired, Rudy brushed off his hands, turned to us and grins wickedly.

"They ain't much dough in this job, but lots of laughs. I guess that'll hold them nose-inspectors for a while, hey?"

"It was the luckiest moment of your life when they came in here!" declares Alex, solemnly.

"How come?" exclaims Rudolph.

"Because," explains the miracle man, "this little incident has clearly shown me your natural gift and you're as good as made! So you're dissatisfied with standing behind a counter ladling out sauerkraut and beans, eh? Well, my boy, you don't have to do so any more!"

"I think I'm bein' kidded," growls Rudy, "and you just seen how I like *that* kind of stuff."

"Indeed I did," nods Alex smiling, while I shuddered. "That's what gave me the big idea for ending your career as a delicatessen clerk. Now look here, Rudolph, you probably know that the boxing world is seeking high and low for a successor to Gene Tunney. There's upwards of a couple of million dollars awaiting the next world's heavyweight champion and why shouldn't that be you? You're young, you're healthy, you're built like a pugilist and look what you just did to those five drunks! Have you ever done any boxing?"

"Nope," says Rudy. "But I been battlin' all my life on account of that darned gag on my smeller!"

"Forget about the wart," butts in Alex, sharply. "That's merely a detail. You can have it removed at any time by an electric needle. Those things are done every day. The important question is—will you allow me to steer you into the heavyweight championship?"

"Jeez, I never seen you before in my life!" complains Rudy, all at sea but eager. "Are you a fight-manager?"

"Would I make you this proposition if I was a letter-carrier?" ducks Alex. "Come now—yes or no? I can probably get you a thousand for your first bout. Heavyweights have always commanded big money and the vogue for them is at its height at present."

"For a thousand bucks right in my hand I'd fight a lion and give him the first bite!" cries Rudy. "You've won yourself a scrapper, Brother!"

"Good!" says Mr. Fix-It briskly, and hands Rudy a card. "That's my office. Be there at ten o'clock sharp tomorrow morning. I'll have a contract ready and we'll work out our campaign. How much do we owe you for the ham and stuff?"

"Heh?" idly murmurs Rudolph, studying the card. "Oh, to Hades with that! It's on the house. Snatch a few pickles for yourselves on the ways out, too, if you want."

Certainly we did—I'll have you know that provender is expensive.

"Alex, the squirrels will get you yet!" I says, as we reach our flat. "I know you could sell a drowning man a anvil, but I think you overplayed your hand this time. What in the Idaho do *you* know about handling a box fighter?"

"Not a thing!" returns Alex calmly. "But I'll surround Rudy with people who do. And don't moan, Joseph—so far, we got out of it about five dollars' worth of food for nothing!"

What else we got out of it, kiddies, was merry Gehenna from the girls for being gone so long and forgetting to get cheese cake. Then, to top matters off, I had to take Mame Flowers home to dear old Brooklyn after midnight. Coming back, I fell asleep in the subway and rode all the ways to the Bronx. Alice wouldn't believe me, storming that I'd probably backed into some swallow-and-strangle joint, so for the next hour we kept those pigs for punishment, i, e., the neighbors, from sleeping their brains away. Just a pleasant evening. Heigh-ho!

WITHIN a week, Alex had signed Rudy Klein to exchange buffets with some other round-heeled artist which made a clean breast of being Rough House Wales, and Hon. Klein went in training for his first box fight at Billy Grupp's gym. Alex tried to get two grand for his pet, but the matchmaker told him he wouldn't give Germany and the Allies ten cents more to repeat at his club than he was tossing up for this exhibition of strength and skill, if any. Meanwhile, Lily's beauty parlor's going over like aviation and the oughday's simply pouring in to her and Alex, which, of course, had a piece of the place. At dinner one night we're slicing up some scandal when Lily gets to talking shop and she cracks about the raft of masculines which is her steady customers.

"How d'ye get these ways?" I sneers. "Men in a beauty parlor? Applesauce!"

"That's what *you* think!" says Lily. "Really, my male patrons are no small part of the business. What do they come in for? Why, face-liftings, scalp treatments, manicures, massages and I've even had actors, orchestra leaders and picture-house masters of ceremonies for permanent waves. My operatives are all registered and skilled in their profession, and, thanks to Alex, I have one of the best plastic surgeons in the city. For example, only today we had a perfect giant of a man come in for the strangest thing—he had a wart taken off the end of his nose!"

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"Alex," I busts out, after the girls had left the table for a chunk of the radio, "they can't be no *two* Rudy Kleins! With a million beauty parlors in New York, can you feature him stumbling into Lily's?"

"Why not?" returns Alex carelessly. "I sent him there."

"Oh—I see," I says slowly, and I didn't at all. "Well, I must say I love that fighter of yours. What you think is a future heavyweight champ is now hanging around beauty parlors, hey? That's one for the book. This Rough House Wales will probably smack him right into your lap before the first round's over!"

"If it's a fact that ignorance is bliss, you should be the happiest man on earth!" barks this chiseler. "I deliberately had Rudy go to Lily's place because I knew he'd succumb to her charms at once. That will give him an added incentive to win his first fight in a ring. He'll want to show Lily what a he-man he is. Awake, Joseph, the thing's primitive! Do you think Einstein's the only person with a theory? By the way, I'm having Rudy here for dinner tomorrow night."

Of course Mame Flowers was on hand at this food-tearing contest the next night, but although poor Mame was garbed in her Sunday best and give him a killing smile, Rudy merely presented her with a paltry glance and then turned his attentions to Lily. He had a mouse under one eye from his training activities, or rather from his sparring partners', and to say he was the headliner would be putting it truthfully; in fact, getting in a word was like getting in the Hall of Fame.

I could see that Alex was running a high pulse himself, but he kept in hand, for after all this exhibit was his latest discovery. Nevertheless, the maker of successes looked at his find as astonished as a guy which has just struck a match on Washington's Monument and immediately seen the whole gag go up in flames.

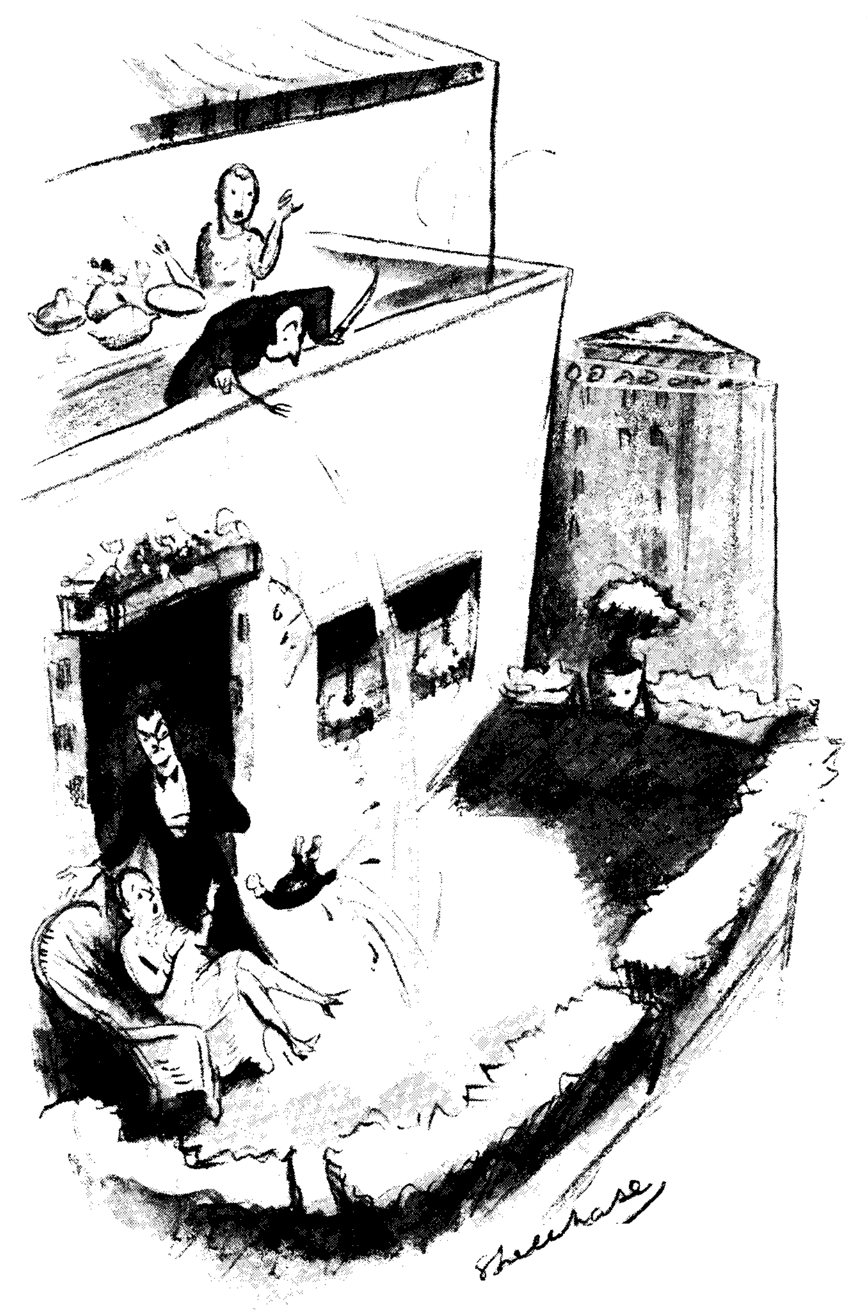
WHEN the time come for this one-man chatter tourney to break up, Rudy seemed plenty that way over our Lily and filed a application to call again. Our fair problem was about to stall out of it, but a swift glance from Alex caused her to blush prettily and sweetly give her consent. In our family, what Alex wishes is what happens! Then Rudy's promoted into hauling Mame Flowers home, like every other male caller had to do. This part of it didn't seem to set just right with Rudolph, but he made the best of it and escorted the ugly duckling out the door with a flourish which made me admire his sand.

"Heavens above!" explodes Alice after they checked out. "Wherever did you dig up *that* poisonous specimen, Alex?"

"He's a good car at that," I says. "He took Mame home without a holler, didn't he?"

"I hope it was safe to let Mame go home with him—a perfect stranger and all that," Lily murmurs.

(*Continued on page 74*)



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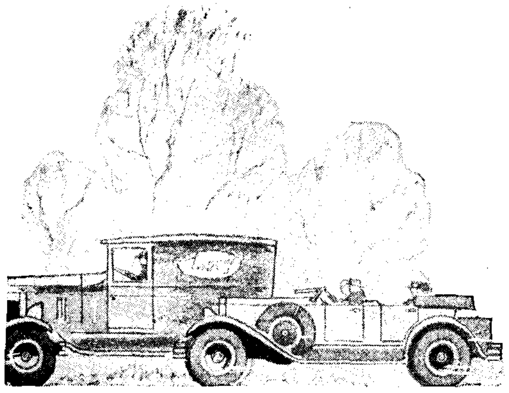

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Collier's Radio Hour

Every Sunday Evening

Punch and Rudy

Continued from page 73

"Rudy can protect himself," I grins.

Well, my little artichokes, Rudy continued training for his rapidly approaching tryst with Rough House Wales, but the conditioning grind seemed to be plain carbolic to him. He had the idea that a cold shower was all he needed to ready him for Mr. Wales and whenever he could, he shorted the gym to call on Lily, either at the house or at her beauty parlor and not to get his eyebrows plucked, neither.

I don't think Rudolph showed up once but that Mame Flowers wasn't on hand, and as usual he had to wind up by taking her home. The former pickle governess must of made the dread voyage to the vast reaches of Brooklyn a dozen times, but he took to punishment like a caddy and always come back to see Lily again, bright and smiling. Now, I kind of liked young Mr. Klein with all his faults and he had enough, so one day I says to Lily:

"Listen, Beautiful, why don't you give Rudy a break and bench that little girl friend of yours when he drops in?"

"Indeed I will not!" declares Lily, warmly. "Mame is serving a noble purpose. You see, Joe, Rudy is getting a bit limp about me—I recognize all the signs. Well, I never could be anything to him, neither a wife, a sister or a grandaunt. I don't want to break his heart, so I have Mame here when he calls, to keep the conversation general instead of personal. I know he's going to ask me to marry him after this bout and I just dread it. Honestly, I simply hate those kind of scenes!"

"No doubt Alex can square it," I soothes.

"I'm sure he can," says Lily. "Alex can overcome *any* difficulty."

RUDY'S chief concern as the date for the shambles drew near, was the thousand fish he was going to get for his part in the fiesta. He asked Alex about it a hundred times a day and he was thrice as interested in *that* angle of it than he was in winning the set-to. Just for fun I asked Billy Grupp at the gym one day exactly how Rudy shaped up as a heavyweight contender.

"He's terrible!" says William. "He makes the bag look like Tunney and he's got all these bums around here thinkin' they been cheated out of the title. The guy which could miss hittin' him could miss a brick wall with a shotgun. When you go to see this brawl don't sneeze as you sit down or you'll miss it. It'll be all over when you look up!"

Not only did I not sneeze the night of this cataclysm, acushlas, but I don't think I even breathed. At the bell, Rough House Wales rushed from his corner like it was afire, and before poor Rudy realized that the assault and battery was officially on, he'd been smacked to the canvas. While the crowd jumped to its feet and roared, Rudy got shakily up without waiting for a count, being too badly hurt and too inexperienced to grab the valuable rest.

He'd no more than stood erect when Wales stepped in fast and tagged him again, and again our Mr. Klein made a forced landing.

This time he just managed to stagger to his feet before the fatal "ten" and no lunatic asylum in the country harbored any goofier guests than he was. Out on his feet, Rudy reeled along the ropes and this Rough House person showed that his nickname was no kid, by crashing him to the resin for the third time. It looked like "C'mon, how d'ye get out of here?"

But Mr. Rudolph Klein, Esq., was as tough as twenty years in Leavenworth. He rose a bit wobbly, but much more indignant, and the glance he cast at Rough House Wales was distinctly unfriendly. Bracing himself against the ropes, Rudy shook his head to clear it and then goaled the ringsiders with this crack to Wales, "What's the big idea, hey?"

Before the astonished Wales could think of a witty retort, he was hit by two hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine in the shape of Rudy Klein. A wild but torrid right turned Wales completely around and another one toppled him to the mat with a bang. By this time, nobody in that fight club could of passed a sanity test and the din was something terrible! Wales, a old warhorse, took "nine" and then got up and knocked Rudy half-ways through the ropes. The mob went off in another frenzy and a guy next to me fainted. Rudy bounced glassy-eyed off the ring post and caught Wales with a beautiful right to the whiskers, ending the party. Rough House was out for fifteen minutes.

Our hero was quickly bundled into Alex's big car the minute he come out from his dressing-room. We're all there—we all seen the fight. The girls is awed and Alex is bubbling over.

"Rudy, you were simply wonderful!" he chortles. "I don't know when I ever got such a thrill. Now, your next fight will—"

"Where's 'at grand I was goin' to get?" Rudy interrupts, sternly.

"Eh? Oh—right here!" said Alex and hands him a fistful of bills. "Now, as I was saying, your next bout—"

"Be your blood pressure!" grunts Rudy, hoarsely, "They ain't goin' to *be* no next bout. I got all the box fightin' I can ever handle. Jeez, how that Wales baby can hit—did you see him knock me edgewise with his first poke? I thought he fractured my skull. They ain't a tooth in my head which ain't loose!"

"But, man, you knocked him out!" cried Alex.

"I knocked *him* out?" Rudy yells, pop-eyed.

"Of course," smiles Alex. "He's probably out yet!"

"WELL, that's one on me," remarks Rudolph, shaking his head. "I certainly didn't know that. The last I remember is skiddin' along the mat on my profile. Well, that makes no difference. Boxin', hey? Oh no, Brother, not for Mrs. Klein's little boy! I had my lesson. I'm goin' to take this grand, go back to Asbury where I come from and open my own delicatessen there! That's the only reason I took this fight—to get enough jack to set myself up in my real racket. With what I learned workin' in that dump where you met me, I can open up in Asbury and wow 'em. My wife and me can run the outfit nicely and—"

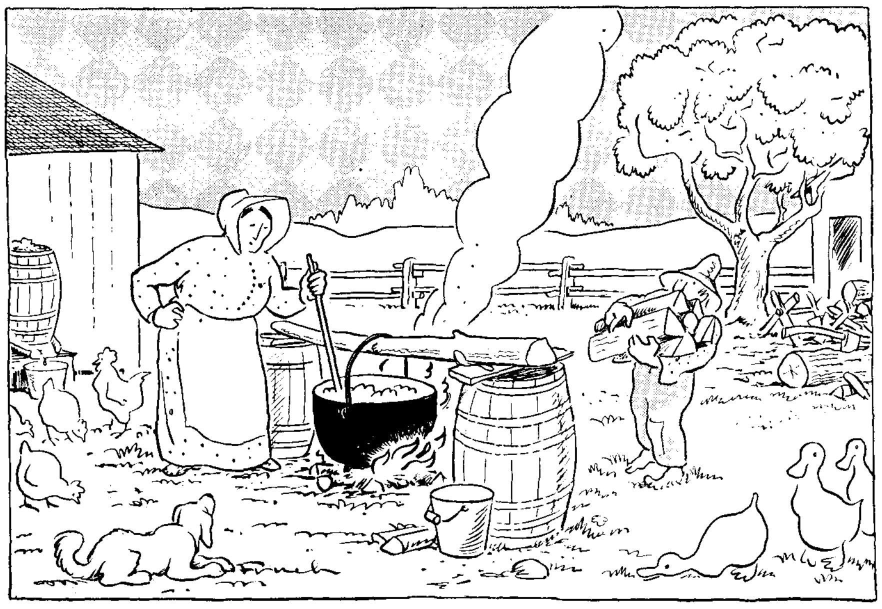
"Your *wife?*" explodes Lily. "Do you mean to tell me you're a married man?"

"And how!" Rudy grins cheerfully. "Me and Mame put on the old hobbles yesterday. I wanted somethin' to fight for. I got it. What a help she'll be to me in the business—her old man run a delicatessen for years and she knows her soused mackerel!"

"Mame Flowers!" gasps Lily.

"Mame *Klein!*" corrected the bride, and maybe you think the blush didn't become her!

Well, that's my story and I'm going to stick to it.



A Good Mixer

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

AN EXCEPTION was found to the old rule, "oil and water never mix," when soap was discovered, for a little soap will bring the two antagonistic substances into that foamy or milky mixture that the chemist calls an "emulsion." In our grandfathers' time soap-making was a household handicraft and every child in the farmhouse had a share in saving waste scraps of fat from the table for rendering, and wood ashes for the lye leach.

As there are many kinds of fats and oils that can be made into soaps, so many kinds of alkali besides the customary soda and potash lye can serve as the other ingredient. R. B. Trusler of the Mellon Institute, Pittsburgh, has been studying a new class of artificial alkalies which promises to revolutionize the art of cleanliness. These are a series of synthetic compounds of which the chief is known as "ethanolamine." This name is easier than it seems. The first part of it, "ethanol," is the name given by chemists to that alcohol that is under the ban as a beverage. The last part of the word, "amine" shows it belongs to the ammonia family. So ethanolamine is a hybrid of alcohol and ammonia.

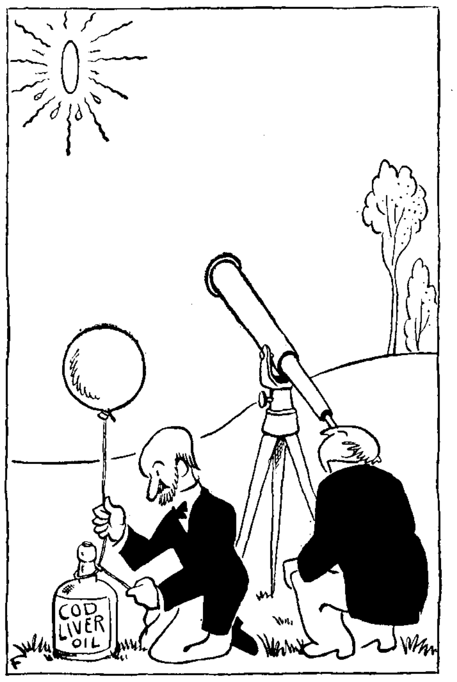
In combination with a fatty acid, such as the oleic acid of olive or cottonseed oils, it makes a soap that has the power of bringing oils into an emulsion which can be diluted with water without throwing out the oil. For instance, to get a hundred pounds of an oil into a state so that it can be mixed with water, it is only necessary to stir into the oil six to eight pounds of the soap. This makes a transparent solution which can be kept till needed and then diluted with water as desired. Even mineral oils can be brought into an emulsion by this means. Mixing one per cent or less of the soap with lubricating oils increases their viscosity and so makes them better for pressure oiling on heavy machinery.

The most important application of the new soap seems to be in dry-cleaning, for it is easily soluble in naphtha and, in this form, will permeate the fabric of clothing and felt hats.

Our Dissolving Sun

HAVE you ever seen Niagara Falls? If so, imagine that the mass of water continually pouring over the brink never reaches the bottom but turns into a ray of light and so passes off into space, like a gigantic searchlight. Can you imagine that? If so, then imagine 150 Niagaras so vanishing likewise into light. Got that? Well, then you are qualified to comprehend the modern conception of the source of sunshine according to Sir James Jeans.

Way back in the tail end of the nineteenth century, scientists insisted most strongly upon the imperishability of matter. No atom of it could be created or destroyed. But now in the twentieth century school children have no difficulty in believing what was then regarded as incredible.



The coming of Einstein has so changed our minds that now we hear without a shudder or shake of the head that the sun is losing weight at the rate of 250,000,000 tons a minute by the annihilation of matter.

The equivalent of 150 Niagaras is passing off all the time in the form of immaterial light. And the sun has been so dissolving into sunshine, for only a few hundred pounds remain of every ton it contained "in the beginning." Even faster at first, for some seven million million years. For stars are bigger at birth and grow smaller. Some of the younger stars are wasting away much faster than our sun. One of them radiates its mass into outer space at the rate of 45,000,000 Niagaras.

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You may send Inkograph, I will pay postman $............plus postage on delivery. NOTE: When remittance accompanies order Inkograph will be sent postpaid. If you prefer small size with ring on cap for ladies' sautoir or man's watch chain MARK X here ☐

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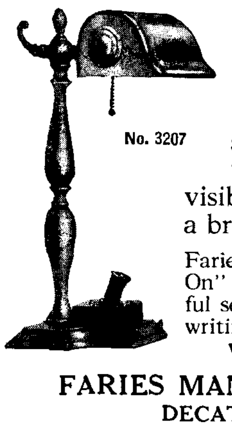

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The Slip-On Shade

The "Slip-On" Shade is an exclusive patented feature of Faries Verdelite Lamps. The Shade is so designed that it simply slips on and stays put until lifted off—no unsightly mechanical parts are visible, and you need not unwire the lamp to replace a broken shade or to clean the shade.

Faries lines of Portable Lamps with the "Slip-On" Shade may be seen illustrated in a beautiful selection of designs and finishes, by simply writing for Booklet C-10.

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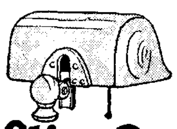

Slip-On Shade

FARIES MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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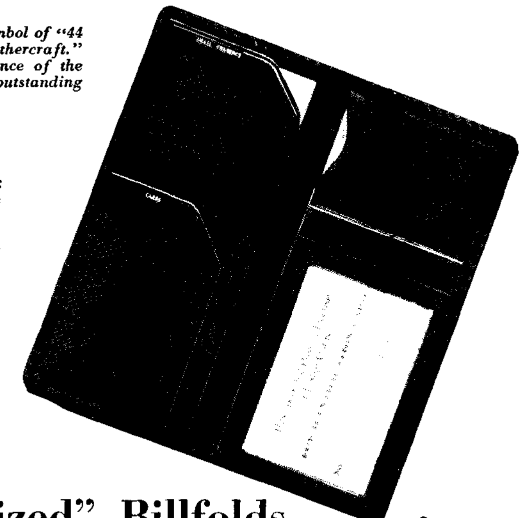

Look for this symbol of "44 Years of FineLeathercraft." It is your assurance of the latest style and outstanding quality.

Styled in London. *This ingenious wallet folds snugly into the breast pocket. Has celluloid covered pocket for identification and lodge cards and compartments for money, stamps and business cards. Made in a variety of leathers, including calfskins, imported moroccos and steerhides, with cut or hand-laced edges. It is instantly admired for its rich, smart appearance.*

Now—

"New-Sized" Billfolds with ADDED Features!

Open end hipfold, two card pockets and celluloid covered pass case; in calfskins, imported moroccos, steerhides or beautifully grained sheepskins. Cut or hand-laced edges: plain or hand-tooled designs. To retail $3.50 and up.

These new-style Enger-Kress billfolds for small currency, assure *compactness*, without sacrifice of *convenience*. Smaller than old style billfolds, but still large enough for the large size currency, identification, lodge or pass cards and other important accessories which every business man carries. They make excellent gifts. Ask to see them and the other equally attractive articles in the Enger-Kress Line at your dealer's today.

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Leather Crafters
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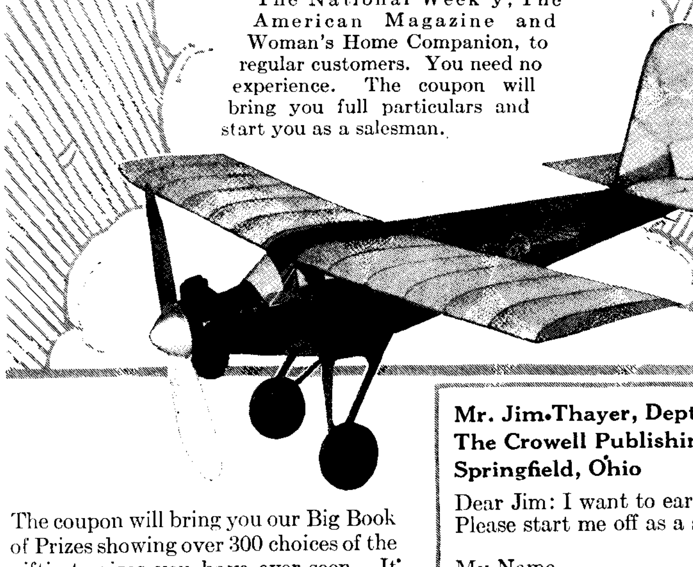
Boys! A Dandy Plane for YOU

This beautiful Silver Ace Plane very closely resembles the Spirit of St. Louis. When ready to fly the wings have a 30 inch spread. The propeller runs smoothly and with sufficient speed to drive the plane on a long flight.

This is one of the 300 prizes you can quickly and easily earn as a Crowell Junior Salesman. Prizes such as this speedy plane will be given you for delivering Collier's, The National Weekly, The American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion, to regular customers. You need no experience. The coupon will bring you full particulars and start you as a salesman.



The coupon will bring you our Big Book of Prizes showing over 300 choices of the niftiest prizes you have ever seen. It will also start you as a salesman and bring you the methods other successful boys are using to earn prizes.

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Dear Jim: I want to earn money and prizes. Please start me off as a salesman.

My Name..
Address..
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Bootleg Fashions

Continued from page 21

do you know that they are not patented designs purchased from an illegal imitator?"

The three gentlemen did not pause to reply. Chagrined, they descended. Furiously pulling their mustachios, they passed gloomily in defeat out of that house, through that obscure region, to report failure before a storming chief at the prefecture.

Yet hardly had their exit from the street been reported by a concealed observer in an upper window of Madame Ycours' establishment, when the midinettes burst into laughter, the madame herself clapped her hands and chuckled, and, forthwith, false walls of wardrobes were collapsed, camouflaged sides of cases exposed, imitation radiators lifted—to display a gorgeous variety of costumes whose designs did not originate in the obscure atelier of Madame Ycours. No less than half a dozen of the leading French dress studios had unwittingly contributed to that exhibition.

Flourish in Legions

Sewing machines whirred, needles were industriously plied, work proceeded as if nothing untoward had occurred, as if the little pirate shop had been oblivious of the existence of fashion-plate detectives hunting costume plagiarists at the instance of the Chambre de Couture; as if, indeed, this sudden and smooth resurgence of hidden garments was routine.

To report truthfully, it was. I know. I worked for Madame Ycours and lived through the incident of the three detectives and many similar "raids."

Of course her real name is not Ycours. Why should I reveal the identity of even a dress-pirate who was my friend and who gave me the opportunity to learn the inside of the Parisian costume business when circumstances obliged me, a young Frenchwoman of what, in Europe, we call "family," to make my own livelihood?

Madame Ycours is not the only offender against the unwritten and written law of France, that there shall be no plagiarism of patented dress designs. These pirates flourish in legions.

Copying is the bane of the costume trade of Paris. The scores of well-known and original houses whose names are to garments what the sterling mark is to silver, are constantly beset by parasites who steal and adapt their ideas. Bootlegging—and how are the Parisian coutourières to protect their designs once they have crossed the sea, when they are practically unable to do so in France?

A Brazilian lady of considerable beauty excited much curiosity in Paris. It was known, in the way such things become known through the gossip of servants and hotel employees, that she was not a woman of wealth. Yet, at Longchamps, at the opera, in the Bois she excited envy by the perfection of her dress. The creations she wore were always the top of the mode.

As we sipped tea one afternoon in the pavilion at Longchamps she frankly confided that dress was the least item in her living expense.

"When I first came to live in Paris," she confessed with her charming Spanish naïveté, "I spent practically all my limited income on dress, becoming an accepted customer of all the leading houses. When my income could not stand the strain I was obliged to become resourceful.

"My problem was solved by an enterprising gentleman who suggested a little arrangement whereby I continued to be a customer of the best establishments, ordering gowns that ranged in cost from two to five thousand francs. He paid the bills. The only condition he made was that I would give him the designs of my gowns before the gowns were completed.

"So you see, I am the most economically well-dressed woman in all Paris."

At least a dozen women of fashion of my acquaintance in Paris earn their wardrobes by feeding new ideas in this way to the costume bootleggers. During my years in the business there was but one I knew who was caught. She overdid a good thing, and that is usually a premise of failure.

About six weeks before the Grand Prix—the race which it is almost obligatory for everybody who is anybody to attend—this lady ordered special creations from half a dozen houses. It is high treason for any employee of an atelier to divulge even the slightest hint of new fashions in advance of that amazing fashion parade at the Longchamps track. To their astonishment, the finest couturières in Paris found their newest designs being worn by women in the Bois weeks before they had planned to deliver the garments. They consulted at their protective bureau, narrowed down their clientele to a possible dozen and finally realized that all were favored by orders from the same woman. She, of course, had passed on their ideas to the pirates. They could do nothing to her but exclude her from their shops. She is still in Paris, still prospering in her racket—because there are dozens of competing shops to pick from, and, also, she has learned the unwisdom of greed.

After I had served an apprenticeship in various studios, the skill I acquired as a sketcher of designs brought me into the front line of plagiarism's attack on originality. My job was to visit exclusive places like Deauville and sketch new ideas in attire. A glorious life. All my expenses were paid. I was gowned beautifully and was accepted by the socially élite.

Joining Forces

My technique was furtive, but simple. Provided with the latest novel, I pretended to be bored with proceedings and to find a quiet corner to read. Trusting to memory, I sketched rapid notes of a gown, hat, shoe, purse or belt that had attracted me. My daily quota was about twenty such sketches—my subjects, of course, always leaders of fashion. The extent of the use of fashion spies was brought home to me when at Auteuil one afternoon I detected a young woman studying me closely, saw her frequently dip into her purse as if to powder her nose, and discovered that she was actually sketching my clothes! She pointed out four girls—two of them débutantes—who were doing precisely the same thing.

The Prince of Wales punctured the prestige of the male spies once. It was known he would be present at the Goodwood races and some of the best male fashion spies were sent over from Paris. To the surprise of the best tailors of the world, wires and cables were dispatched describing the prince's ensemble as a top hat, a cutaway coat, no vest and gray-striped trousers with bell bottoms. Nobody had ever heard of that combination being worn without a waistcoat. Much eloquence was devoted to the wide-bottomed trousers. Cloth manufacturers rejoiced. It would mean more business.

Fashion commentators hailed the prince for his originality. Then from South Boston came the word that the Irish-Americans of that place had worn bell-bottom trousers for years and that the prince was setting no new fashion but reviving an old one.

Men's clothes are not, of course, subject to such whimsical change as women's. Fertile inventors of novelties, however, strive mightily to obtain recognition of some new fad by men in the public eye.

Now Maurice Chevalier, the actor, rules as the medium of new French fashions in men's dress. He is carefully watched by the fashion spies, although he fell from grace once when he played a practical joke on a buyer from Iowa, by appearing with tiny tassels about his coat skirt. The buyer instantly relayed the information to Iowa and was almost discharged on suspicion of being too much involved in the bars of Paris.

On the feast of Ste. Catherine, the midinettes have their day. Each shop elects a Catherinette, a model or designer or simple seamstress, unmarried and twenty-five years of age. I was the Catherinette of a shop where I worked. By thousands we took possession of the streets garlanded with flowers, and captured distinguished-looking old men and made them prisoners in a circle, while we danced ring-around-the-roses. My experience as a Catherinette was memorable because the old gentleman we caught was very impatient. We danced around him for several squares down the Boulevard des Italiens, until he finally summoned a gendarme, and we discovered that we had been delaying no less a person than George Bernard Shaw with our pleasantries. And at the dinner to close the day, there is always a special privilege granted the Catherinette of each establishment. She may speak her mind regarding her employers.

This privilege of publicly scolding their superiors gives the midinettes a moral advantage that sustains them under whatever petty tyrannies they may suffer. Although there is little of that, for the ateliers of Paris are happy working places. The girls are underpaid, and they work long hours—ten a day ordinarily and twelve and fourteen during the Lenten season preparing for Easter exhibits, when a single workshop will prepare as many as six or seven hundred different designs.

Three or four hundred francs is very high pay for skilled designers, and the highest paid are the specialists in sports apparel. More often they receive about half that, while midinettes are glad to get a hundred and fifty francs a month—about thirty dollars. But they regard their shops as the social hives of their lives, not as sweatshops. I know no happier girls—not even in high-salaried America, where a clever counter girl in a department store can make in a week what an expert Parisian midinette cannot make in a month. The girls center their hopes on the feast of Ste. Catherine, and one feast provides chatter, speculation and anticipation until the next, when romance runs riot among the ranks of the dress workers—hundreds of whom capture husbands as a result of the revelries.

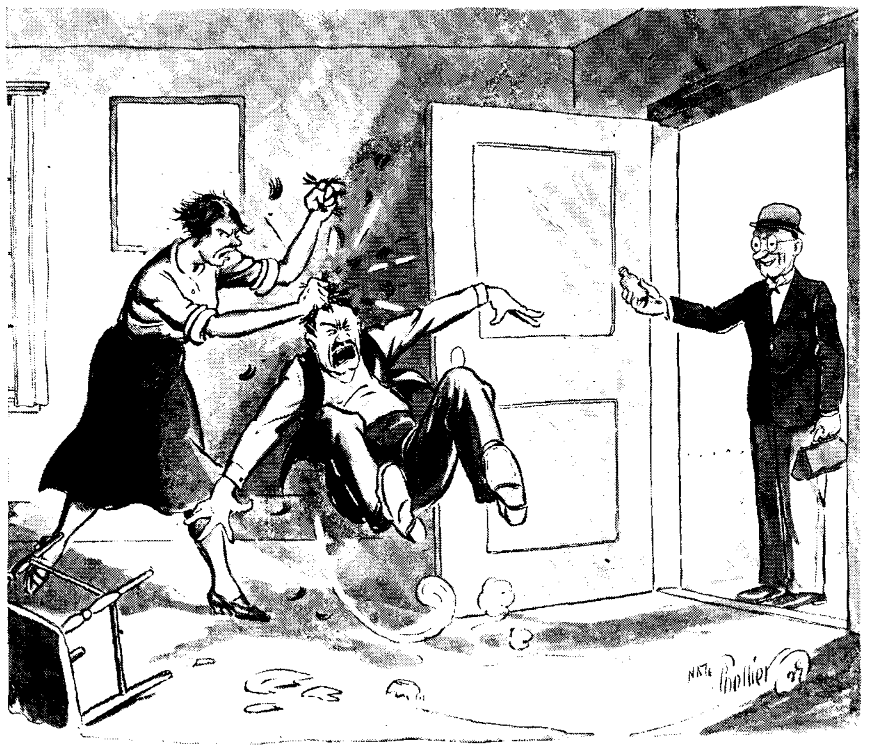
American buyers—I mean particularly women buyers for the great stores—have a fine code of ethics and are very much respected by the leading Parisian costumers because they pay and pay well for patterns and models, with the explicit understanding that if they give two or three thousand dollars for a gown it is going to be copied from the moment it reaches New York or Chicago.

Bootleg Labels

Of course there are the less respectable American buyers who hie from one dress speakeasy to another, as men in American cities will look for better liquor in different hide-aways.

Many women of means are wearing gowns labeled by such famous houses as Worth, exact duplicates in material and design of the Worth garments, but never made by Worth. This also, as you say, "goes" for all other famous houses. The only protection for the customer who wants the original is to buy it direct from the most reliable stores in America, or make the trip to France for it.

I regret to say that there is no protection whatever for the great modistes and couturières—unless they have or hire brains enough to invent a new material, such as chenille, or a new color, such as beige. And that advantage only lasts as long as others cannot legally produce something just as good. And if that takes too much time the bootleggers in clothes can be depended upon to imitate faithfully anything made by anybody anywhere.



Salesman: "Beg pardon. Can I interest you in our superfluous hair remover?"

Test This Amazing Money Making Invention FREE

Men, here's the most remarkable money maker of the age! A little automatic machine that makes old-style can openers obsolete! Now just a twist of the wrist makes the dollars hum for you! So mail the coupon today for liberal FREE TEST OFFER.

$7 to $10 In An Hour Just Showing This $1,000,000 Can Opening Machine

NO MORE awkward stabbing and hacking with old-style can openers! No more danger of blood poisoning from gashed and lacerated fingers! For now a remarkable new invention banishes every old-style can opener to the scrap heap. Now a simple twist of the wrist opens any can in a couple of seconds. No wonder they all simply go wild over it! No wonder salesmen often sell to every house in the block and make from $7 to $10 in an hour!

Works Like a Charm

This queer little device doesn't just chop a ragged hole in the top of the can. It cuts the entire top completely out (not off) clean as a whistle! Absolutely nothing else even remotely like it! The machine holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives it back without any sharp edges to snag your fingers. You just put the can in the machine—turn the handle—and almost instantly the job is done!

OH BOY!
How the Dollars Roll In
MAKES $236 IN A WEEK
"Speedo sells to nine out of ten prospects. Here is the result of my first month's work: June 13, 60 Speedos; June 20, 84 Speedos; June 30, 192 Speedos; July 6, 228 Speedos." M. Ornoff, Va.
Delighted With Speedo
"Received my Speedo outfit and am very delighted with it. I demonstrated one hour today and took five orders."—R. R. John, Ida.
14 Orders In 2 Hours
"I now realize the Speedo articles are the best ever—sold 14 in two hours at Grand Canyon."—J. J. Corwin, Ariz.

Sells Itself in 10 Seconds

Everyone knows how women detest the dangerous old style can opener. Imagine, then, how they welcome this startling new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful kitchen task.

Men, honestly I'm not exagerating one bit when I tell you that not ten words are necessary to sell any of them! All you do is hand your demonstrator to your prospect and let her try it! She sells herself in ten seconds by the clock—and you pocket a nice, fat profit! Yes, really, it's just that simple and easy! That's why $75 to $150 a week is easy anywhere.

OPENS ANY CAN In a Jiffy
You just slip the can in the holder and turn the handle. Nothing to get out of order. Opens any can, square, round or oval, in a few seconds. And, men, IT'S TRIPLE-PATENTED, so there is no competition.

$2,000 PRIZES
Now Being Given In Cash To Agents. Write For Details.

Double Profits On 4 Out of 5 Sales!

And men, here's a secret! Speedo is a real "twin" invention. Due to a unique interchangeable feature, four out of five homes that buy this new can opening machine from you also buy the novel Speedo "magic groove" sharpener. That means double profits on almost every sale! No wonder your profits pile up with almost incredible speed!

Act Quick For Free Trial Offer

I don't care whether you're an "old timer" or just breaking in—the quickest, easiest money of your life is waiting for you now, right here! That's a mighty strong statement. But all I ask is a chance to prove it at my risk. I know this proposition will coin money for you so fast that it will make your head swim! Territories are being snapped up right and left. The Free Test costs you nothing. We train you and furnish everything. Just mail me the coupon and I'll shoot you the most sensational dollar making plan you ever heard of. Mail it today! Right now!

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
Dept. M-1273, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

REVOLUTIONARY NEW SHARPENER
Works like magic. Puts a razor edge on any knife or tool in a few seconds. Anyone can use it. Sharpens scissors, too. The coupon brings full details.

Central States Manufacturing Co.
Dept. M-1273, 4500 Mary Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

Tell me how I can make $75 to $150 a week through your Free Test Offer.

Name ....

Address ....

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( ) Put check mark here if interested only in one for your own home.

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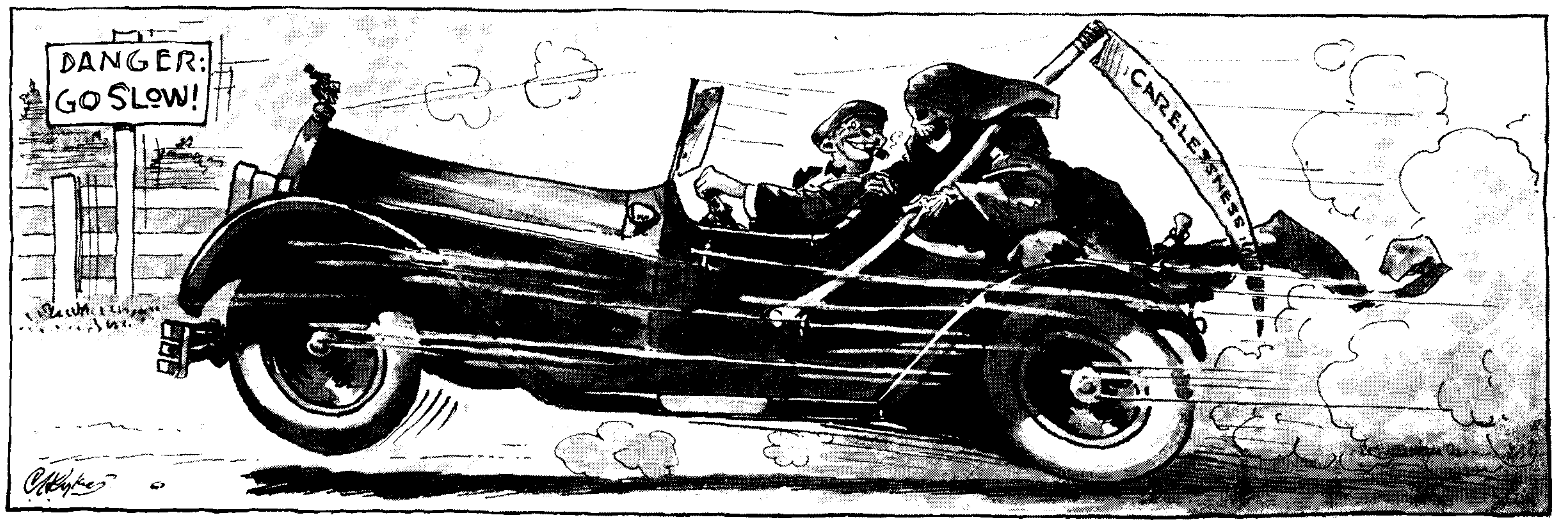


Learn to Drive Well

THE worm turned recently when the Long Island Railroad haled a chauffeur into court for running his truck into a locomotive. The driver was fined twenty-five dollars for reckless driving.

Grade-crossing accidents make up a ghastly chapter in the annals of our automobile experiences. Last year 3,761 crossing accidents resulted in 2,175 deaths in this country.

The perfect way of avoiding grade-crossing accidents is to abolish grade crossings. Where this is financially practicable it should be done and in the wealthier states it is being done.

Crossings which cannot be eliminated because of cost should be protected by lights, bells, watchmen and any other available warning signals. So far as may be, our highways should be made fool-proof.

It is, however, frankly impossible to render anything men use completely proof against recklessness and folly.

Last year twenty-five per cent of the grade-crossing accidents were caused by motorists driving into trains. Recklessness of this sort, incredible though it is, actually killed 277 people.

The fact is that the motor car is a better machine than many of us are fit to handle. Engines have been improved, brakes have been made more responsive, cars have been made more beautiful, but our capacity to drive has in too many cases not kept pace with the finer machinery which invention and industry have put at our disposal.

We are living in an automobile age and our very civilization depends upon the increasing use of the motor car. What we eat and wear, how we play, all of our interests and habits are tied up with the constant use of the automobile. No place is too remote and none is too congested to escape the all-pervading influence of the gasoline engine hitched to wheels and rubber tires.

Our abuse of our automobiles is now costing, in life and in treasure, losses comparable to the injuries inflicted by important wars. We have not yet become the masters of our machines.

Nobody obviously has any excuse for running into a locomotive. Grant that the road was dark and the crossing obscure, it is still the duty of every rational driver to proceed slowly enough to stop in the face of an unexpected obstruction.

The underlying fact is that vast numbers of incompetent drivers are constantly on the road, menacing not only their own lives, but the property, the safety and the lives of all others in their vicinity.

Drastic laws limiting speed have been tried generally and found wanting. Progressive states demand that drivers proceed reasonably, with due regard to the rights of others, but they do not arbitrarily fix speed limits. More backward states set up speed limits which both motorists and the police ignore.

The only sound law is that which demands reasonable driving under all circumstances and which imposes heavy penalties upon those who ignore the rights of others.

Pick up your newspaper on any Monday and you will find an appalling list of accidents and fatalities, due almost wholly to recklessness or inexperience.

A young man in a roadster attempts to go around a corner at a high speed. His car turns over. He and his companion are killed. Possibly other innocent passers-by are hit and injured. It is not hard to place the blame for such an occurrence.

A man takes his family out for a Sunday drive. His machine is capable of doing sixty miles an hour or more. He is not good enough a driver to manage a car at high rates of speed. Unexpectedly his car goes off the road and hits a tree or a telegraph pole. He cannot explain what happened—if he lives to explain anything. The experienced policeman who reports the wreck, however, has no difficulty in diagnosing the case.

It is hard enough for even the most skillful driver to escape mishaps on the road. It is impossible for the less experienced unless a very large degree of caution is exercised. For all that, the rules of safe driving are simple enough:

FIRST OF ALL, ALWAYS DRIVE SO THAT YOU HAVE ROOM ENOUGH TO STOP SAFELY WITHIN THE DISTANCE YOU CAN SEE CLEARLY AHEAD.

NEVER PASS A CAR ON A CURVE AND ESPECIALLY NEVER PASS ONE WHEN APPROACHING THE BROW OF A HILL.

DRIVE ON THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF THE ROAD. WHERE WHITE LINES DIVIDE THE ROADWAY, RESPECT THE LINE.

IF A FELLOW MOTORIST SIGNALS TO PASS YOU, GIVE HIM THE COURTESY OF THE ROAD. DON'T RACE.

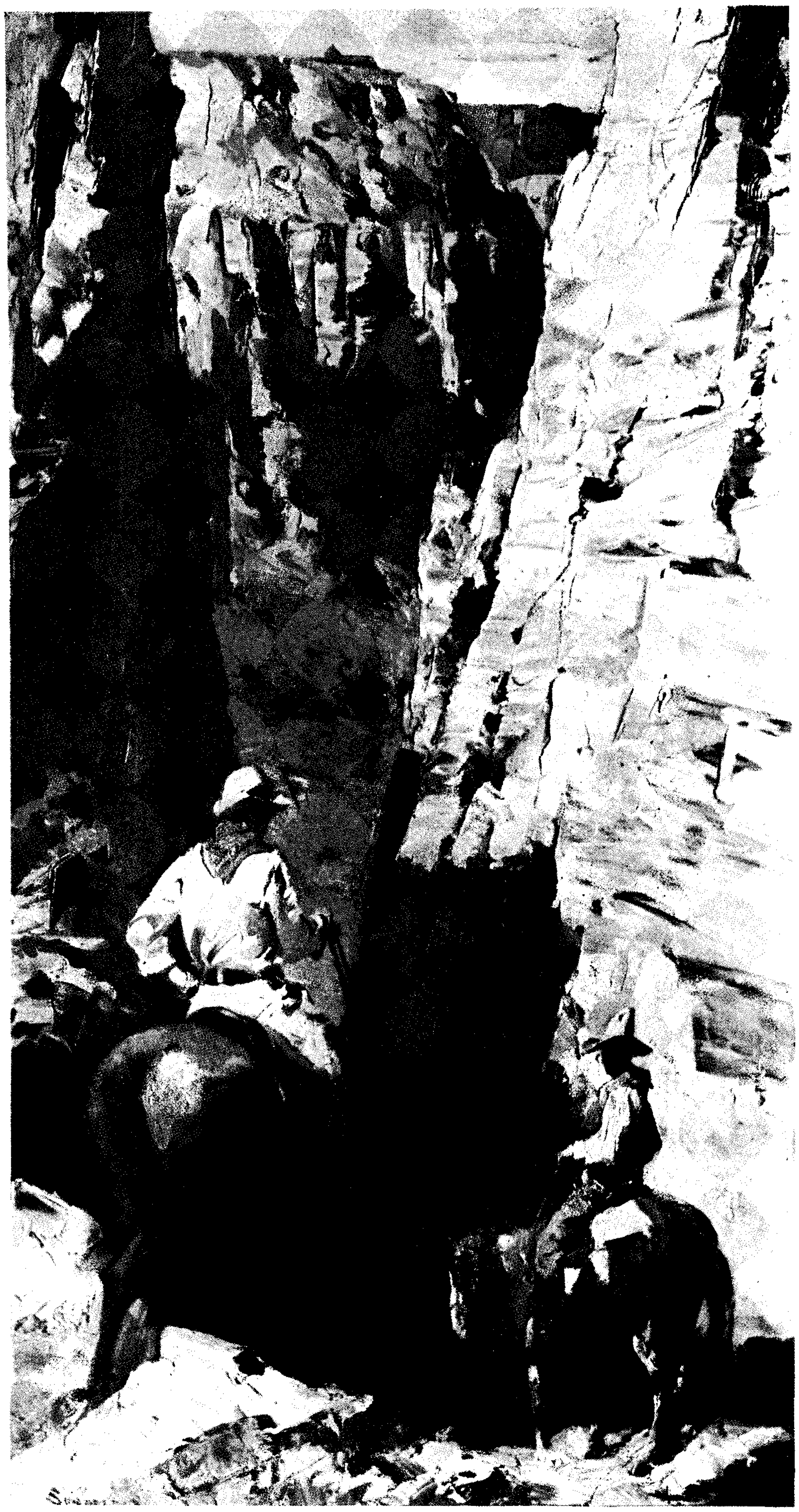
NEVER DRIVE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF LIQUOR. IF YOU CAN'T AVOID ALCOHOL, PUT YOUR CAR AWAY.

IF YOU INTEND TO STOP OR TO TURN, OR TO TAKE ANY UNUSUAL ACTION, WARN THOSE FOLLOWING AND APPROACHING YOU BY APPROPRIATE SIGNALS.

At all times remember that a ton and more of steel in rapid motion is a dangerous instrument and that it is up to the driver to direct it with safety to himself and with regard for all others.

Observe these rules and others which your own experience dictates and you will contribute your share in the lessening of the tremendous waste of property and life now due to our bad driving.

ven BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL leads to a soda fountain and *the pause that refreshes*

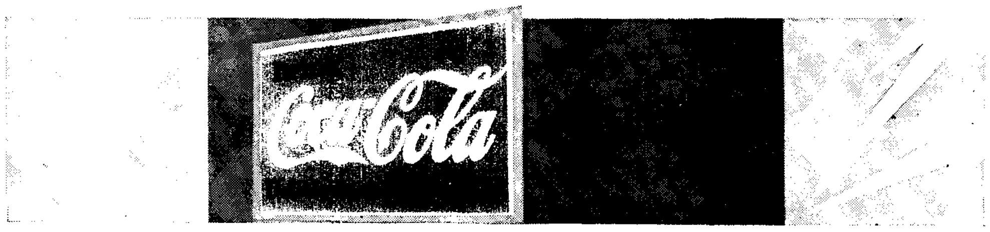


On the rim of the Grand Canyon, in a wing of El Tovar Hotel, *the little red Coca-Cola sign flashes its invitation to a cool and cheerful fountain—telling you how, when and where to pause and refresh yourself.*

A BIG horn sheep might venture within easy sight. A drouth can bring a herd of deer into the open for food. Bold hunters win bounties for mountain lions. Far-away, vast, untamable—the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Yet Bright Angel Trail, mountain-side path into the heart of this wild beauty, like the busy, paved streets of cities and towns, leads to a soda fountain and ice-cold Coca-Cola. Many thousands of tourists recall the day they climbed this trail on a pony or a mule. Then at El Tovar fountain learned what the pause that refreshes really means—and learned why Coca-Cola, with its tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, is ready around the corner from anywhere.

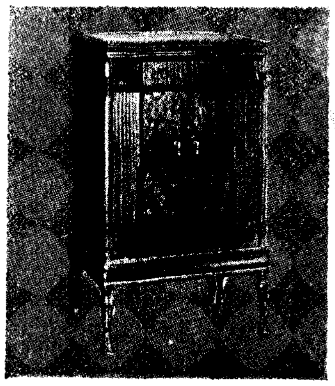
THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.



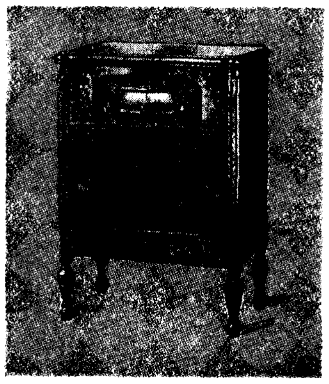
It had to be good to get where it is

Victor-Radio-Electrola **RE-45.** *The modern musical instrument; reproduces both broadcast and recorded music electrically. List price* $275.* *Less Radiotrons.*



"Victor Radio with Electrola is a marvelous instrument and worthy of Victor... Never have I heard my records sound so beautiful and natural!" John McCormack

Victor-Radio Console R-32. *Modernized circuit, very sensitive and selective; new exclusive Victor electro-dynamic reproducer. List price* $155. *Less Radiotrons.*



Victor MICRO-SYNCHRONOUS Radio

Revolutionizes Musical Reproduction

At last a radio that is really a musical instrument!

Here for the first time is a radio that reproduces all the details and subtle variations of tone without distortion. Victor-Radio marks the end of radio's experimental years.

Never before has a radio met the approval of the world's great artists. Victor brings a new ideal of *fidelity*—thrilling *realism*—exact *duplication* of what goes into the microphone. This is the startling triumph of more than 30 years of undisputed leadership in sound reproduction.

Victor-Radio is the first and the only micro-synchronous radio. Victor performance is years in advance. Victor tuning is instant—and micro-exact.

If you love music, whether you have a radio or not, hear the new Victor instruments. You can have Victor-Radio separately or with the amazing new Victor Electrola... broadcast music that is changing the nation's standard of radio entertainment... music from records you will have to hear to believe possible! Play at will from whisper to full orchestra: Victor tone quality does not vary.

Victor Super-Automatic Station Selector. Just slide the knob to right or left—you have the station you want.

You have never seen such distinctive, compact Victor-built cabinets. To the most minute detail, world-famous Victor craftsmanship is your guarantee of quality.

Unparalleled Victor resources only, could make these low list prices possible. Only $155* for the exquisite Victor-Radio Console... $275* for the Victor-Radio-Electrola. Victor Talking Machine Division—Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Victor-Radio

with Electrola